

The MODERN MAIDEN and the GIRL of FIFTY YEARS AGO.  
October, 1910. MRS. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY AT HOME. Price 6d.

# The QUIVER



*I don't mind telling you*



*I TAKE*

*BEECHAM'S PILLS.*

MADE IN  
ENGLAND  
1910

By means of

# Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.



**FREE.** We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Free sample on receipt of 2d. for postage. Apply, Sample Department, Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham.

**Mellin's Food**

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth, will be sent free on receipt of 3d. for postage.

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets, will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants, on application to MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

A Substitute for Mustard and other Plasters.

## "CAPSICUM VASELINE"

Will not Blister the most Delicate Skin.

Its application is the safest, simplest, and best home remedy for all pains and colds in the chest, throat and lungs; stomach cramps, chilblains, and all rheumatic, neuralgic, and gouty complaints; also particularly effective for headache and toothache.

"Capsicum Vaseline" has all the healing qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without its disagreeable features. In the tube it is absolutely sanitary, and may be applied easily, safely, and at a moment's notice. Put up only in collapsible tubes, 1 s.

If not obtainable locally, a tube will be sent post free to any address upon receipt of 1/- P.O. or stamps.

## "VASELINE" HAIR TONIC

The World's Best Preparation for the Hair.

Everybody should realise the importance of giving the hair daily care. Ordinary washing and brushing is not effective in preventing germs attacking the hair—those germs which destroy the roots and prevent growth. Keep your hair clean and the roots healthy by using every day a little "VASELINE" Hair Tonic. No need for vigorous rubbing or to use large quantities. Use it as an ordinary dressing. It will restore and preserve the strength of the hair, maintain vitality, and keep the scalp clean and sweet.

Try a Bottle, 1/-, 2/-, and 3/-

If not obtainable locally, a trial bottle will be sent, post free to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order for 1/-, 2/-, or 3/-, or Stamps.

*Descriptive Booklet of all the "Vaseline" Preparations post free.*

The Word "VASELINE" is the Registered Trade Mark of the  
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 42, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

# Fry's

## ALEXANDRA CHOCOLATES



Fry's Alexandra Chocolates are made from the best ingredients procurable and form a varied assortment of delightful Chocolates of all kinds. Appreciated by Royalty and by all who once try them.

**OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.**



# DON'T BUY A "DOUBTFUL" PEN.



When you've filled some pens, they'll only write **SOMETIMES**.  
When you've filled some pens, they **WON'T WRITE** at all.  
When you **THINK** you've filled some pens you find you really haven't!  
or the Ink won't flow!  
There always seems a doubt about some pens.

**BUT—THERE'S NEVER ANY DOUBT ABOUT**

# THE "SWAN"

—the pen that never fails in its object—writing.  
The "Swan" is made to write and it always writes  
when you want it to write—the ink responds in  
stantly you put pen to paper, and the same "just  
ample" flow continues to the finish.

Price 10s. 6d. up.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

May we send our complete Catalogue?

**M<sup>RS</sup> BIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.**  
BRANCHES: 23, Chesham St., E.C. 1; 25A, Regent Street, W. 1; 3, Exchange Street,  
MANCHESTER; 10, Rue Neuve, BRUSSELS; Boulevard, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS;  
and at NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

## "The Premier Foods of their Class."

See MEDICAL TIMES, 20th June, 1909.

# PLASMON COCOA

PERFECTION OF  
FLAVOUR.

9d. per tin.

"MUCH greater nutritive value than ordinary  
Cocoa."—*BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL*, 19th  
Feb., 1910.

# PLASMON OATS

6d. per  
pkt.

The best that Scotland grows.

"Enormously increased in food value by the  
addition of Plasmon."—*LANCET*.

No husk or fibre—  
4 minutes' boiling  
only required.

"Simply Magnificent."  
—Sir J. C.—*M.D.*

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY  
AND IS OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

**TO EITHER SEX.**—Add largely to your income by  
making Imitation Coloured Stained Glass. Immense profits.  
Anyone can do it. No publicity. Wholesale Houses buy all you  
make. Send Post Card for full particulars to Messrs. Fletcher,  
Ltd., 10, Staines Road, Whitton, Middlesex.

**51**  
PIECES  
FOR  
**25/-**

The Knives  
are warranted  
Sheffield steel  
of high temper  
and finish with  
Ivory texture  
Ivoryette Hand-  
les in faithful  
reproduction of  
choicest Afri-  
can Ivory.

**FOR 2/6** with order

**WE DELIVER OUR "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL**  
to all approved orders complete for 2/6 with  
order and 9 monthly payments of 2/6 (after  
delivery, if entirely satisfied with the goods).

The **Spoons & Forks** are Columbian Silver, a hard white  
metal produced exclusively for our factory, which bears a  
superfine polish indistinguishable from sterling silver and  
wears white all through. A perfectly matched service.

**CONTENTS OF THE "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL**

6 Table Forks	6 Teaspoons	1 Moist Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Knives	2 Table Spoons	1 pair Sugar Tongs
6 Dessert Forks	2 Ball Spoons	1 Butter Knife
6 Dessert Spoons	1 Mustard Spoon	1 Pickle Fork

*All on approval.*

**Grand Free Book** Manufacturers' Catalogue of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, **post free.** Pocket Knives, Razors, Work Cases, Cruets, Tea Services, Jam Dishes &c. **Ask for Catalogue M**

All made in our own factory

**J.G. GRAVES Ltd.**

**SHEFFIELD**

2/- in & Cash Discount

# LOOK AT YOUR "PARTING"

## LEARN THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR

### FREE SUPPLY OF EVERYTHING NEEDED FOR ONE WEEK'S REINVIGORATION OF YOUR HAIR'S HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Baldness is one of the most insidious of toilet troubles.

That is why its cure is so often postponed until almost too late.

That in its turn is the reason why so many men and women suffer from partial or total Baldness or Hair-Poverty at the present time, even although they are still quite young in years.

In the opinion of the greatest Hair Specialist in the world, Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair Drill," Baldness, just like Greyness, Dullness, and other signs of Hair-Poverty, is never absolutely incurable, even in its most advanced stages, if proper remedial methods are adopted.

#### THE "DANGER LINE."

With both men and women, for instance, Baldness or Hair-Thinning often begins at the parting.

Here is the danger zone, or rather, to be accurate, the danger line.

Presently, in the "brushing and combing" process, a few of these weakly hairs fall out, and are not replaced by a new growth.

When you wake in the morning do you ever, for instance, find any hairs on your pillow which have fallen out whilst you were asleep? This is a sign that the hairs are becoming loosely rooted in their follicles; and if this tendency is not checked (as you can check it by the splendid free method mentioned in this article) your hair will become very thin and "skippy" indeed.

Here is another test!

Pass your comb several times through

your hair, and give it a good brushing besides with a brush that possesses fairly long bristles.

Now look at your brush and comb, and if you find them almost "choked up" with hair that has come out in the operation, write at once to Mr. Edwards for his Free Toilet Outfit, and help your hair to regain its health, strength, and beauty.

Ladies especially will heed these tests.

Beautiful hair is the crown of woman's looks, the acme of her attractions. And beautiful hair is healthy hair; and healthy hair is Hair that has been "drilled with Harlene," as every woman knows that delightful Harlene Hair Tonic and Grower which is used regularly every day by the most beautiful women in the British Empire, whether in Society or on the Stage.

#### GENEROUS OFFER BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOILET SPECIALIST.

To every reader of this journal, then, lady or gentleman, young or old, who wants to improve the condition of her or his hair, Mr. Edwards will send, free of charge, everything required for stimulating its growth and rendering more glossy and attractive-looking its condition.

He will send you (if you will fill up the coupon given below and post it to him to-day) a complete Outfit for cultivating your hair in strength, luxuriance and beauty.

In this Outfit you will find:

1. A free bottle of that wonderful Dressing, Tonic, and Grower, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A supply of that equally popular Shampoo Powder for home use, "Cremex for the Scalp."

#### 3. The complete rules for carrying out the world-famous Toilet-practice of "Hair-Drill."

Parting or no parting, then, write for this valuable free Toilet Outfit.

Now is the time. Write to-day to Mr. Edwards, The Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. (enclosing 3d. in stamps to pay postage), and the Outfit will reach you by return of post.

If you are satisfied with the results of the one week's Free Trial, and wish to continue "Harlene Hair-Drill" Toilet Culture, you can obtain further supplies from all the leading chemists and stores throughout the world, or post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., London, W.C., at the

following prices:

"Harlene for the Hair," in 1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d. bottles.  
"Cremex," in 1s. boxes, each box containing six Shampoos.

#### FREE COUPON

To the EDWARDS' HAIRLINE CO., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Kindly send me one of the Free Seven Days' Toilet Outfit you are offering to readers of THE QUIVER.

I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postal charges to any part of the world.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE QUIVER, October, 1910.



#### DO THIS BEFORE YOUR MIRROR:

Comb and brush your hair as usual. Then pull the scalp in the two directions created by the parting. This will serve to show you the true state of affairs with your hair. If you notice a thinness or a widening of the parting, do not lose a day in sending for the Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit, which contains all instructions and materials for restoring health and vigour to the languishing hair-roots. Write to-day, and within 7 days you will be delighted with the improvement.

# Dr. Scott's Pills

**THE CURE BEGINS WITH  
THE FIRST PILL.**

No matter of how long standing your indigestion or biliousness or nervous debility may be, recovery commences as soon as you begin to take

**DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.**

They are specially prescribed by an eminent Doctor, and compounded only of the finest Drugs procurable.

Of all Chemists and Stores  
(in square green packets),

1/1 and 2/9  
per box.

**FOR BILIOUS  
&  
LIVER COMPLAINTS**



## RECIPE TO EXTERMINATE BEETLES, &c.

Genuine recipe for completely exterminating Beetles, Ants, Chicks, eggs, included. **Not** a tobacco dust, and only one application necessary. **Not** a Poison. Also how to keep vicious dogs from biting, and also to prevent them from committing a nuisance at shop doors. Also a liquid physic to keep rats away from visiting premises. Also three recipes sent free on receipt of postal order for 1s. Money returned if not effective as stated. Please mention this magazine.

**WARDE, Hawarden, East Wonford Hill, Exeter.**

## CANCER

**CURED AT HOME**

**NO KNIFE.** All who have tried STROOPAL. **NO PAIN.** will tell you so. Indisputable Testimony.

Sufferers from Cancer, Ulcers, Lupus, Piles, Glandstones, and Kindred Affluents should write for FREE COPY of book entitled, "Cancer and its Cure". Please enclose ad. for postage.

**Stroopal, 111 Windsor Lodge, Hartfield Rd., Wimbledon S.W.**

## Southalls' Towels

**Leading Physicians and Nurses**

endorse the use of Southalls' Towels, the greatest invention of the age for women's comfort. Sold by all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists, in silver packets containing 1 dozen at 6d., also manufactured under their improved Patents, 1/2, 1/6 & 2/6.

**A Sample Packet**, containing 6 towels in the 4 standard sizes, post free in plain wrapper, for 6 stamps, from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham.

**Southalls' Protective Apron** for use with Southalls' sanitary Towels. Very light. Waterproof. Durable and Adaptable. Needs no Adjustment.

Price 2s.

The "TENSFELDT" PROCESS.

## Electrolysis

HOME TREATMENT.

### THE FACE PERFECT.

THE humiliating disfigurement caused by **Superfluous Hair** is one of the horrors that ladies of all ages have to endure. Thousands of so-called cures have come and gone, but it is left to the Tensfeldt Process, now universally known, to completely eradicate this terrible scourge, without leaving any marks or disfigurement. The Tensfeldt Process completely destroys the hair root. Ladies can now operate in the **privacy of their own homes** with results as positive as can be obtained by skilled specialists, at a great saving in expense.

#### SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

I want to place a copy of my book, "The Face Perfect," in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. **It is free to you for the mere trouble of asking for it.** If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of this disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write today. I get all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.

Throw razors, pumice stone, and all injurious preparations away. The Tensfeldt Electrolysis Home Treatment is **THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE.**

**MADAME TENSFELDT,**

HAIR AND  
SKIN  
SPECIALIST,

122 H,  
Princes St.,  
EDINBURGH.



**18 Ct. GOLD, OPAL,  
or TURQUOISE  
HALF-HOOP,  
£2 10s. 0d.**

## RINGS!

OUR Splendid Stock of Artistic Rings and High-Class Jewellery is generally admitted to be the finest in the West of London. If you cannot call and see this unique collection of Jewellery drop us a line and we will send you, Post Free, our Catalogue containing copious illustrations of the beautiful Fancy, Engagement and Wedding Rings, Tie Pins, Tiaras, and other perfect specimens of the jeweller's art sold by us. Write to-day to—  
**GRENELL, FRAZER & CO. (Dept. 64)**  
12, 14, 16, Edgware Road, London, W.  
All kinds of beautiful Birthdays, W's, and Christmas Gifts always in Stock.

**FREE**

# THIS NEW STYLE PNEUMATIC HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH

**£6,500 Worth of these Tatcho Brushes  
To Be Given Away**

£6,500 worth of the improved new style Tatcho Hair-Health Brushes are to be given away absolutely free of charge.

Every reader of THE QUIVER is entitled to one of these pre-entation brushes.

The New Tatcho Hair-Health Brush differs from all other hair brushes. Instead of having the bristles in tufts, the bristles are set separately in a pneumatic cushion. This makes a beautifully resilient brush, the bristles of which are peculiarly penetrating and yet non-irritating.

With the new Tatcho Brush the scalp and hair can be kept absolutely free from unsightly scurf. Further, this brush is the only brush that can be kept clean without trouble. After using, one has only to draw the bristles across the hand, and every adherent particle of scurf immediately falls off.

Most men and women who possess a good head of hair know, and will tell you, that Tatcho, the Hair Grower, discovered, used, and originally advertised and gratuitously distributed by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and an intelligently used hair brush, are the best of all tonics for restoring the vigour of the hair.

With Tatcho and an efficient hair brush you have all you need to cultivate and preserve the hair.

A Doctor whose name is a household word in this country writes: "Tatcho positively grows hair, as I well know and have proved. There is nothing like Tatcho and brushing, provided the brush is capable of instant cleansing. When it is considered that the hair, which is by nature greasy (and often greased as well), is a part upon which millions of floating organisms gravitate every minute of the day, it is clear that the ordinary hair brush, by reason of the close setting of the tufts of bristles, is frequently germ-laden - dandruff and other micro-organisms becoming embedded in and clinging to the tufts, where they germinate and cannot be dislodged. The brush you call your Hair-Health Brush fulfils all the necessary conditions required to prevent the return of these impurities to the scalp."

Since Mr. Geo. R. Sims had Tatcho launched on a commercial basis, hundreds of suggestions have been received as to the method of, and time for, using

Tatcho. The Company make grateful public acknowledgment of such. The medical gentleman's suggestion quoted above is undoubtedly in the public interest, and though it will entail a considerable outlay of capital (£6,500), the Company has decided to give it due effect.

It has been decided to present one of these valuable brushes free of all expense to each applicant who desires to profit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Tatcho, the true hair-grower, in order that he may personally test its estimable advantages. The evidence required that the applicant for the Hair-Health Brush is a user of the Hair Grower will be the purchase of a 2/9 bottle (post free, with the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, for 3/1). Application must be made to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London.

The sole reason for making this unique offer is to enable users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's wonderful Hair Grower Tatcho to obtain the fullest possible benefit in the shortest possible time, thereby adding to the reputation Tatcho in itself already enjoys.

Further supplies of Tatcho may be had from chemists and stores everywhere, 1/-, 2/9 and 4/6.

The present offer is available to November 30 next, after which date it will become void.



*The Tatcho Hair-Health Hair Brush. The best in the world. No other to be given away. Why not get one?*

MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

**FREE**  
To Users of  
**TATCHO**  
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'  
Genuine, Good,  
True  
Hair-Grower.

## FREE BRUSH COUPON.

*One brush only will be supplied to each user*

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the October issue of THE QUIVER.

*Geo. R. Sims*  
*Hair Restorer Co.*

Name of Applicant \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## THE QUIVER

*The Great Breathe-able  
Medicine for Coughs & Colds.*

# PEPS

The sufferer breathes the medicinal Peps fumes straight into the lungs as the tablet dissolves on the tongue. This marks the unique difference between Peps and old-style liquid cough mixtures swallowed into the stomach. Another striking feature about Peps is their absolute freedom from harmful drugs. Being a breathe-able medicine, Peps are unequalled as a remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and sore throat.

**"A PINE FOREST IN EVERY HOME."**

## THE "ZITA" IMPROVED

Your skirt and blouse troubles will vanish for ever if you use the "Zita" Dip Front Adjuster and Skirt Retainer. Your waist looks smaller, and all untidiness in front is avoided. A perfect dip is obtained, and without the slightest trouble the skirt is held up at the back by means of a simple contrivance, which avoids the use of spikes or anything that will damage the material of your dress. Price 1/-

If unable to obtain from your draper,  
write to O.A.S. Fann Street,  
London, E.C.

**DIP FRONT ADJUSTER**  
PATENT

## Mark all your Linen with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES



46 for 12 dozen.  
29 " 6 "  
19 " 3 "  
Illustrated Pattern  
Book Post Free  
from  
J. & J. CASH, Ltd.,  
Coventry.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

**PERMANENTLY REMOVED**  
By my Scientific Treatment, Especially  
Prepared for Each Individual Case.

**I SUFFERED FOR YEARS**  
with a humilating growth of hair  
on my face, and tried many remedies  
without success, but I ultimately  
discovered the **TRUE SECRET**  
for the permanent removal of hair,  
and for more than two years have  
been applying my treatment to others.  
**IF YOU ARE TROUBLED,**  
**WRITE TO ME.** Being a  
woman, I know of the delicacy of  
such a matter as this, and act  
accordingly. Please enclose stamp  
to pay postage.



Heien S. T. Temple, 8, Blenheim St., Oxford St., London, W.



## THE QUIVER



**Dr. H. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.**  
—"The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

**Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.**—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

**FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE**  
from chart, to advertise my success.

**PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.**  
A Professional Man writes:—**YOU**

**ASTONISH & HELP**



**STAIN GREY HAIRS**  
The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows are simply and safely done with

**"NECROCEINE."**  
Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots, it has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. Light Brown, Golden, Dark Brown, and Black. Secretly packed by Post for 1s. 2s. 3s. 6s.

**LEIGH & CRAWFORD (Desk 10), 31, Brook St., Holborn, London, E.C.**

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2s & 4s.

## Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

## Ragged School Union AND Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

**SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,**

Director,

**32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,  
LONDON, W.C.**



**I LOVE A TRAMP**

A long tramp on a country road becomes a pleasure after using

**Thompson's Corn Plaster**  
which ensures  
**COMFORT FOR THE FEET.**  
Thin as Silk, it cures like magic  
**CORNS, BUNIONS and SWOLLEN JOINTS.**  
**NO PAIN—SURE CURE.**  
Large Sheet 1s. 2d. post free.  
Write for some to-day.

**M. F. THOMPSON, 17, Gordon St., Glasgow.**

### COUPON.

### "How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....



## Church of England Waifs and Strays Society

EARNESTLY PLEADS FOR FUNDS.

Nearly 15,000 Destitute Children have been rescued; over 4,100 now under the care of the Society.

CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

Rev. E. de M. RUDOLF, Secretary.

Old Town Hall, Kennington Road,  
London, S.E.

## The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

*The Queen's Hospital for Children.*

HACKNEY ROAD,  
BETHNAL  
GREEN,  
E.

*Late North Eastern Hospital.*

*134 beds always full.*

Economically  
Administered.

*£12,000 a year expenditure.*  
*Assured income under £1,000.*

PLEASE  
HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

*33,000 Out-Patients annually.*  
*87,000 Attendances.*  
*No funds in hand.*

*Inquiry  
System  
in force for  
prevention of  
abuse.*

# BENGER'S

Benger's Food is different from any other food obtainable; it contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and, in its preparation, the degree of pre-digestion can be determined with the utmost delicacy. It can therefore be served to suit the exact physical condition of the patient.

Benger's Food is mixed with fresh new milk. It forms a delicious and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the food elements necessary to maintain vigorous health.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

A LOW PRICE  
AND  
A GOOD FLASK

## THE NEW "SIMPLEX" THERMOS FLASK

KEEPS YOUR COLD DRINKS ICY COLD FOR DAYS  
OR HOT DRINKS HOT 24 HOURS

6/6

PINT SIZE ONLY

ALWAYS HAVE IT WITH YOU

FOR TRAVELLING, PICNICS, AND BABY'S FOOD

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

THERMOS FLASKS HAVE "THERMOS" ON THEM

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Iron-  
mongers, Fancy Dealers, and Stores

Wholesale only:

A. E. GUTMANN & CO.,  
8, Long Lane, London, E.C.

The difference between first-class and inferior cars becomes more apparent with use. Experience proves that after many years of constant use

## De Dion Bouton cars are still in good serviceable condition.

After

Ten

Years'

Use.

A. D. JACKSON, Esq., Clifford Street, York.

3rd August, 1910.

"This is my tenth year for the car, and it is running at its best, and with a dummy bonnet on, looks quite an up-to-date two-seater."

W. MILLAR, Esq., Town Surveyor's Office, Cookstown.

13th August, 1910.

"... From the above you will see that, no matter about the ten years' wear, the engine must be still in fair order."

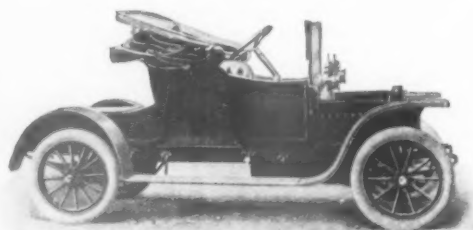
"... Certainly what R. J. Mecredy (Editor of 'Motor News,' D.D.B.) told me about these cars must be true—they are almost everlasting."

T. JACKSON GREEVES, Esq., Portadown, Co. Armagh.

14th August, 1910.

"I still have the little car (delivered in August, 1900, D.D.B.). I have never had cause to open the engine, but, so far as I can tell, it is practically as good as new, and free from looseness of bearings, etc."

**A wise man, especially when buying a motor car, is guided by the experiences of others.**



Interesting Booklets sent post free on request.

"THE COST OF MOTORING."

"GOOD AND BAD CARS."

"THE DOCTOR'S MOTOR CAR."

"OWNERS' EXPERIENCES."

"COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S CAR."

MOTOR CARRIAGE CATALOGUE

**De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd.,  
90, Great Marlborough St.,  
Oxford Circus, London, W.**

# ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I INCREASED MY WEIGHT BY OVER 28 LBS., AND FROM A SCRAGGY, UNDEVELOPED YOUTH EMERGED INTO ROBUST, MUSCULAR, BROAD-SHOULDERED MANHOOD.



TOO THIN TOO MISERABLE

## FREE TREATMENT and a VALUABLE BOOK FOR THE THIN, THE FEEBLE, AND THE NERVOUS

EVERYONE must admit that the doctor who has cured himself of some particular malady must be a better "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than he of mere theories.

Now I actually have transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated being into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health, and brimful of life's best joys.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hypersensitive about my personal appearance.

Tutors plainly told me that my physical shortcomings would materially prevent me making a success as a doctor.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering as I, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I might learn the secret of "putting on flesh." After many years of study and experiment I discovered a safe, speedy, scientific and simple method of producing firm, healthy, muscular tissue and plumpness.

I tried it perseveringly on myself, and I stand to-day a living witness of the fact that the lean, cadaverous, and emaciated may easily be transformed by a simple and safe treatment into plump, robust, and happy beings.

## A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS

The REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, the result of LACK OF NERVE-FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

In my new book, entitled "Emaciation: Cause and Treatment," I have fully described and explained this.

**THE MAN** who is too thin is invariably of an anxious, neurasthenic type, incapable of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage.

**THE WOMAN** who is too thin is anæmic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is building over with joyous vitality.

MY TREATMENT is essentially a NERVE-RESTORING, NERVE-BUILDING, and NERVE-NOURISHING process.

## All THIN People Can Put on FLESH

Under my Treatment ALL, whether their scragginess be due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or any other exhausting cause, can increase weight. As their nerves are nourished they gain in health, strength and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to retard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of emaciation, but to quickly regain condition and weight.

Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:—

**No. 1.** I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, together with my book, entitled

**No. 2.** "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT."

**No. 3.** Copies of and extracts from letters of satisfied patients.

All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, &c. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:—

1. Mal-Assimilation & Mal-Nutrition
2. Getting a beautiful figure
3. Women who are attractive
4. Men who dominate
5. Not too fat, but just fat enough

6. The Essence of Life
7. Neurasthenic Men and Women
8. Nerves that Build Flesh
9. Woman at Her Best
10. The Fuller Life

11. How N.T. to Put on Flesh
12. Good Figures and Clear Complexions
13. The Necessity for Guidance
14. Treatment by Post

Write now, enclosing postal order for sixpence, and immediately my book will be sent you, together with two weeks' free treatment. Address:

**A. GORDON WALLACE, 29 Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.**



I can do for you what I have done for myself and hundreds of others. This lady gained 28 lbs. in a few weeks.

# The Gardener and Poultry Keepers' Guide

And Illustrated Catalogue of Goods Manufactured and Supplied

BY WILLIAM COOPER.



640 Pages. 1,000 Illustrations. Bound in Cloth.

The most complete Work on Gardening and Poultry Keeping, Dogs, Rabbits, Pigeons, etc., ever written. No matter what you require to know about any one of these subjects, you will find the information in this book, written in plain, non-technical language, there being 640 pages telling and illustrating everything on the above subjects. The result is

**THE GREATEST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON GARDENING AND POULTRY KEEPING.**

**100,000 BOOKS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.**

From the opening to the last line it is interestingly written. The Price of the Book is 2/6, but the Author has decided to give away **100,000 Copies Free**, one to each applicant who writes for a Copy.

**COST OF PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OVER £7,500.**

The distribution and production of this Book will cost over £7,500, but a Free Copy will be sent, post free, on receipt of sixpence in stamps (simply for postage and package). As the distribution of every one of these books is an initial loss to the Author, he asks that each recipient, after reading it, if having no further use for same, will favour him by kindly lending it or giving it for perusal to some friend or relative interested in the above-mentioned matters.

**SEND FOR YOUR COPY TO-DAY.**

**WHAT YOU WILL RECEIVE.**

Send Sixpence in Stamps, and you will receive, Post Free by return, the New Book for Gardeners and Poultry Keepers, consisting of 640 Pages, Fully Illustrated and bound in cloth. A Help, Guide and a Necessity to every Amateur.

Address, **WILLIAM COOPER (Book Department), 761, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.**

Ordinary Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free.




**Rings and Jewellery**

Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue. Post Free.

Charming designs in Engagement Rings, Signets, Keepers, Bangles, Pendants, Brooches, the most attractive up-to-date models in Jewellery and a beautiful variety of useful goods for presents at moderate prices. Supplied on our Easy Monthly Terms of payment. All on approval.

Ask for Catalogue B

**J. & G. GRAVES Ltd.**  
SHEFFIELD



**Vapo-Cresolene.**

By inhalation it permeates the whole of the air passages, reaches directly the seat of the disease, and cures

**Whooping-Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, and Catarrh.**

"Cures while you sleep."

Sufferers from Asthma will find immediate relief from Vapo-Cresolene.

Write for booklet on the treatment of these diseases to the selling Agents,  
**ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd., Lombard Street, London.**



## THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER BOX.

This Box of Harbutt's Plasticine appeals particularly to the Young People of the House. It teaches Girls how to make all kinds of puddings and pies, etc., etc., without mess or dirt. No water is necessary. **SPLENDID** Fun for a wet day. One Box will keep a dozen youngsters busy and quiet. Price, post free, 2/4.

**WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,**  
27, Bathampton, BATH.

A Beautiful Edition of Shakespeare as a Special Serial Issue

# The Century Shakespeare

With Introductions by the famous Shakespearean Scholar,

**Dr. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.,**

Assisted by **JOHN MUNRO, F.R.Hist.S.**

— WITH FULL NOTES, MAPS AND GLOSSARIES. —

Weekly in  
40 Volumes

Cloth, 9d. net

Leather, 1/6 net

One Volume  
per week

TWO STYLES of BINDING have been adopted—one, an attractive shade of red cloth, with gilt back, issued at 9d. net; and the other, a charmingly effective red lambskin embellished with gold decoration and lettering, both on the side and back, with gilt top and silk bookmark, 1s. 6d. net.

## DATES OF ISSUE.

1910.  
Sept. 1. King Henry VIII.  
.. 20. Shakespeare: Life and Work.  
Oct. 7. Hamlet.  
.. 14. Julius Caesar.  
.. 21. As You Like It.  
.. 28. Merchant of Venice.  
Nov. 4. Macbeth.  
.. 11. Romeo and Juliet.  
.. 18. Midsummer Night's Dream.  
.. 25. The Tempest.  
Dec. 2. Othello.  
.. 9. Twelfth Night.  
.. 16. King Lear.  
.. 23. Much Ado About Nothing.  
.. 30. All's Well that Ends Well.  
1911.  
Jan. 7. Coriolanus.  
.. 14. Antony and Cleopatra.  
.. 21. Comedy of Errors.  
.. 28. Cymbeline.  
Feb. 5. Love's Labour's Lost.  
.. 12. Measure for Measure.  
.. 19. King Henry IV.—Part I.  
.. 26. King Henry IV.—.. II.  
Mar. 5. King Henry V.  
.. 12. King Henry VI.—Part I.  
.. 19. King Henry VI.—.. II.  
.. 26. King Henry VI.—.. III.  
.. 31. King John.  
Apr. 7. King Richard II.  
.. 14. King Richard III.  
.. 21. Merry Wives of Windsor.  
.. 28. Pericles.  
May 5. Sonnets and other Poems.  
.. 12. Taming of the Shrew.  
.. 19. Timon of Athens.  
.. 26. Titus Andronicus.  
June 2. Troilus and Cressida.  
.. 9. Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
.. 16. Venus and Adonis, Rape of Lucrece.  
.. 23. Winter's Tale.

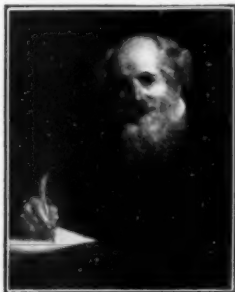


Photo: Elliott & Fry.

characterises many editions, his notes make lively reading. Under his guidance the reader will find "The Century Shakespeare" a most illuminating series.

In view of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's performance of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre, the Publishers decided to commence the weekly re-issue of this famous edition on September 1st, with

## "HENRY VIII."

This volume bears on its cover a beautiful colour reproduction of Mr. Charles Rushe's picture of Sir Herbert Tree as "Cardinal Wolsey."

With the next volume—"Shakespeare: Life and Work"—the most human document about the poet yet written, and which will be issued on September 30th—the Publishers will present a beautiful Coloured Reproduction of the famous picture.

## "ROMEO AND JULIET."

By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

The volumes will be issued weekly thereafter, and will give readers an exceptional opportunity of obtaining this famous edition at the merely nominal price of 9d. net per week.

Each volume contains a beautiful photograph frontispiece, reproduced from original paintings by such famous artists as Sir John Millais, P.R.A., R. Westall, R.A. George Romney, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., David MacIver, R.A., W. Holman Hunt, O.M., D. G. Rossetti, Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., Frank Dicksee, R.A., Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., Emilie Bayard, and others.

## An Editorial Note

With the death of Dr. Furnivall, a few weeks ago, passed away the doyen of Shakespearean scholars.

Among the last of his editorial labours of love was the writing of the Introductions to "The Century Shakespeare," in which he had the assistance of Mr. John Munro, with whom he was jointly responsible for the illuminating Notes, Glossaries, and Maps which adorn this edition.

Those who knew Dr. Furnivall had nought but whole-hearted admiration for this fine old scholar and stylist. The Introductions he contributes to these volumes bear the impress of his simple, gracious, buoyant, and full, bearded style, and as his views are not vitiated by that ultra-German porkiness that



Cloth,  
9d.  
net

Leather,  
1s. 6d.  
net

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,  
La Belle Sauvage, LONDON, E.C.



## Get away from the Spectacle Habit!

It is very rarely necessary to wear eye-glasses or spectacles—no matter how much your eyes may trouble you. Dr. Gilbert Percival's method of eye massage has completely revolutionised the treatment of the eyes. Thousands of people are using the Percival Method with perfect success, and if you suffer with your eyes you can do the same.

**MY FREE BOOK ON THE EYES EXPLAINS HOW YOU CAN OVERCOME ALL EYE TROUBLES, WITHOUT SPECTACLES, OPERATION OR MEDICINE.**

Remember—all minor eye weaknesses are caused by poor circulation of the blood, and such errors of refraction as Near-sight, Far-sight, and Astigmatism are due to the eye being distorted and out of shape. The ideal method of

correct massage which my Free Book describes restores the normal circulation of the blood and the normal shape of the eye. **Why not see Nature with the Naked Eyes?** My Book is published at rs., but in order to teach the public the folly of the spectacle habit and the proper care of their eyes, it has been arranged to give away a certain number each month at cost. Write now for your Free Copy, and you will be able to get rid of your eye-trouble right away. Just send your name and address with three stamps (6 foreign, if abroad), postcards ignored, and mention this magazine to C. J. Percival, Neu-Vita Eye Institute, 55-117, Exchange Bldgs., Southwark, London.



### EYES AND EARS

New Treatment Without Operation.

For all Diseases of the Eye: Deafness in all its forms; Sores in Head and Ears; Discharges from Ears; Deafness from Indisposition and Catarrh. Special remedies forwarded. Hundreds of letters in testimony. No painful instruments. Write for Testimonials and Printed Questions.

To answer, sent free. Mr. T. ISON, Ison's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd., Great George St., Leeds. (Estab. 1871.)

## KEMOLINE Razor Sharpener

REMARKABLE INVENTION.

2/9

This unique preparation is composed of chemically dissolved metal which, unlike any ordinary dressing, thoroughly saturates the leather strop. The effect upon a razor after but a few strokes is extraordinary. No other sharpener in the world will give to your razor the perfected edge which results from using a Kemoline strop.

Makes your Razors last a Lifetime.

A good razor will last for years, but how often is one thrown away after but a short time! Why? Not because you cannot strop a razor, but because you are using an inefficient strop. Do you want your razors to be always sharp and ready for use? If so, you must use a Kem-line strop, and we invite you to

**TRY IT FREE FOR FIFTEEN DAYS.**

Send us a postcard, and you will receive a Kemoline strop by return. If it pleases you, send us a postal order and keep it.

**KEMOLINE RAZOR SHARPENER CO.,**  
114, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.



## The Church Army

PLEADS EARNESTLY FOR  
**DONATIONS AND COLLECTIONS**

in Aid of its Work on behalf of the  
**UNEMPLOYED, OUTCAST & HELPLESS**  
**THE UNCODLY AND INDIFFERENT.**

**FRESH AIR HOMES** for Women and Children stalling in London slums.

**LABOUR HOMES** throughout the land for reclamation of criminals, tramps, loafers, and social failures of both sexes. **RESCUE WORK. HOMES FOR YOUTHS.** Relief by work only for the respectable unemployed.

**MISSIONS IN PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS,** on invitation of responsible Clergy. **TRAINING HOMES FOR EVANGELISTS AND MISSION SISTERS.** Hundreds working in parishes under Clergy.

**SIXTY-SEVEN MISSION VANS** continually itinerating. **MISSIONS TO SAILORS and SOLDIERS.** **EMIGRATION** for men, families, and lads.

**Funds, Old Clothes, Firewood Orders** (gs. sd. per 100 lbs.), and largely increased quantities of **Waste Paper** (for giving employment in sorting) **Urgently Needed.**

Cheques crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE (Hon. Chief Secretary), or Mr. W. F. HAMILTON, K.C. (Hon. Treasurer), Headquarters, 55, Brynston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

## NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.**

It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY FOR WOUNDS AND ALL OTHER DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE FOR ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ETC., ETC.

Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 74d., 1/4, 6d. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 50, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

2/9 POST FREE

Finest Quality,  
Specially Selected  
French Calf Strop.  
Best Finish.

4/6 POST FREE.

We will send you sufficient of the sharpener to dress your own strop on receipt of stamps value SEVENPENCE.

Can be obtained at all

**CLEMENTS' RAZOR DEPOTS**

- 95, STRAND, W.C.
- 66, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.
- 42, OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.
- 4, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
- 49, MOORGATE STREET, E.C.
- 41, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
- 103, STRAND, W.C.
- 127, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
- 17, BILLITER STREET, E.C.
- 16, LONDON STREET, E.C.





# The Allenburys' Foods — Rusks — Diet

As easy of digestion as maternal milk and so designed as to contain its constituents in proper proportions. They give freedom from digestive ailments, and ensure vigorous health and development.

Milk Food No. 1 Milk Food No. 2  
From birth to 18 mths. From 18 to 6 mths.  
Malted Food No. 3  
From 6 mths. upwards

FOR INFANTS

(Malted).

A valuable addition to baby's dietary when 10 months old and after. They provide an excellent, nourishing, and appetising meal, specially useful during the troublesome time of teething. When eaten dry, they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

FOR CHILDREN

Taken by Nursing Mothers whose supply of milk fails to nourish their infants, the "Allenburys' Diet has proved of great assistance. It helps particularly to maintain the strength, to increase the flow of milk, to promote restful sleep, and is of value both to mother and child.

MADE IN A MINUTE—  
ADD BOILING WATER ONLY.

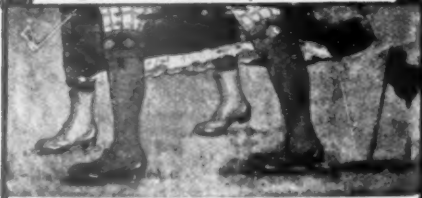
FOR MOTHERS

Descriptive Literature and Samples free on request.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS  
**JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"**  
WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER MARKING INK  
KIND IS PREFERRED. Awarded 45 GOLD Medals and Royal  
Appointments for Superiority.  
**FREE** AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO THEIR NAME OR  
MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 1s. SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER.  
100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.

NORWELL'S, PERTH.



## LADY'S SPORTING FOOTWEAR WITH CHARACTER.

Our long business life has been a concentrated effort to improve and make special footwear for the needs of outdoor service. Our special Scotch Brogues, either Boot or Shoe, are the best in the world of their class. Beautifully made, dry, flexible, leather lined or unlined.

The Lady's "Perth" Golf Brogue Shoe 12/9  
The Lady's Superior Golf Shoe 15/-  
The "Perth" Ladies Field Boots, 16/6 & 20/-  
Free Price List No. 122 (profusely illustrated) mailed anywhere.

**Norwell's BOOT FACTORY, Perth, N.B.**

Established over 100 years.

## HAIR ON FACE,

NECK AND ARMS

Removed by the New Principle

## De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with Electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. De Miracle posted, sealed in plain wrapper, for 4s. 6d. (abroad, 6d. extra). Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. Remember, dealers make larger profits on substitutes. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope, by the De Miracle Chemical Co. (Dept. 102F), 67, Mount Pleasant, Holborn, W.C.

For sale by Boots Cash Chemists, Parkes' Drug Stores, Wm. Whiteley, Army and Navy Stores, Selfridge's, Lewis and Burrows, and all good Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.

## The Beauty that Lasts

is the natural beauty of a normal healthy skin. The only true way to get this is to stimulate the skin and thus restore it to its child-like purity. Nothing in the world can help as much as Icilma Preparations, whose tonic and entirely natural action on the skin is due to Icilma Natural Water, from the natural spring in Algeria.

Especially we recommend Icilma Fluor Cream—the "face cream without grease"—to all who value their complexions. This delightful cream cannot grow hair and leaves no trace on the skin. Used every day it removes irritations, redness, and roughness, makes the skin soft, clear, and smooth, and brings "the beauty that lasts."

## Icilma Fluor Cream

Sold in Pots—1/-, 1/9, everywhere.

**FREE SAMPLES.** We send a box containing Icilma Fluor Cream, Icilma Soap, Tooth Powder, Icimine (solidified Icilma Water), a full-size Shampoo Sachet, etc., and full details free for 3d. stamps for postage and packing, or a single sample of any ONE of above on receipt of a postcard.

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. 72), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.



**FIT'S**  
(CURED)  
Over 1,000 unsolicited Testimonials in one year. Pamphlet containing proof and full particulars post free from  
**TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,**  
303, South Frederick Street, Dublin,  
and 110, St. James' Chambers, Toronto, Canada.

**SIMPLE  
HOME  
TREATMENT**  
Twenty  
Years'  
Success



## A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6

Patronised by H.M. the Empress of Russia.

This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin materials. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7/3. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

(PATENTED.)

**SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),**

33 & 34, Brookes Street, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

## W. HARBROW

Iron Building Works,

S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 17.



### DESIGN 139A.

Containing Drawing Room, Dining Room, Three Bedrooms, Kitchen and usual offices. Constructed of timber framing. Roof asbestos diagonal tiling. Plastered walls.

**PRICE** - - - - **£280.0.0.** including foundations, chimneys, and fittings complete.

**100-PAGE CATALOGUE OF CHURCHES, CHAPELS, MISSION HALLS, BUNGALOWS, COTTAGES, BILLIARD ROOMS, STORES CLUB ROOMS, FARM BUILDINGS, SHEDS, GYMNASIUMS, AEROPLANE & MOTOR GARAGES, &c.** POST FREE ON MENTIONING THIS PAPER.

**SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE. MANUFACTURER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CHURCH FURNITURE AND JOINERY.**

**BUILDINGS SHIPPED AND ERECTED IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.**

*Six-roomed Bungalow complete, at Llanrwst, for sale. £150. Particulars on application.*



**Yes.** There are special merits in CARNA DENTRIFRICE SALTS that others do not possess.

**They** cleanse the mouth to a degree rarely equalled by any other means.

**They** harden the gums and give them a healthy feeling and appearance.

**They** preserve the teeth and arrest decay. Have you a decayed tooth? Use CARNA DENTRIFRICE SALTS and the decay will go no further.

**They** impart a pearly whiteness to the teeth which is much to be admired.

**They** give that cleanly and refreshing feeling to the mouth which is enjoyable.

**After** using them one gets the true flavour of the food one eats.

**No waste in use. Just try them.**  
6d. a Box. **SAMPLE FREE, One Penny Stamp.**

*Of all Chemists, or of*  
**CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., 110, Strand, LONDON, W.C.**



## EVERY BOY

big or little, takes a deep interest in all kinds of Building. Their fingers itch to be doing something themselves—with the **BUILDER BOX** of HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE he can build Model Houses, Castles, Bridges, etc., to his heart's content—without Mess or Trouble. Complete with Brick Maker, Trowel, Roller, Tile Cutter, etc. Post Free 5/6. William Harbutt, 27, Bathampton, Bath.

**12/6**

**POST FREE**

The great advantage of these garments is that they always present the

**Appearance of Ordinary Walking Skirts.**

Fitted from waist and made with our Self-Adjusting "Maturus" Band.

**REQUIRE NO ALTERATION WHATEVER.**

**TAILOR MADE To Measure.**

Black, Navy, Brown, Wine, Green & Royal Vienna Cloth, Light and Dark Grey Tereids. Can also be had in finest quality All Wool Serges, Habit Cloth, Tweeds, &c. Our Catalogue of other designs in Maternity and ordinary Walking Skirts, with patterns, post free. When ordering, state length of back and front, waist and hip measurements of your ordinary skirt, also *greater measurements*. Send for illustrated catalogue, "Everything for Baby." Enquiries to the Manufacturers.

**WOOD BROS.,** Dress 31, North Parade, Experts, MANCHESTER.

**maternity SKIRTS**

## Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

**I**T costs one halfpenny a week to keep the teeth polished and hygienically clean, and the mouth and breath fresh and sweet, with Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste.

And there is no better dentifrice made than this.

1/- Tubes. 1/6 & 2/6 Pots.

**JEWSBURY & BROWN,**  
Ardwick Green, Manchester.

## DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me, and I will refund your money. That is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square—and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. I remember, I use no saws, I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for my illustrated Booklet.

**C. E. BROOKS, 80, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.**

# Grand New Competition

**FIRST PRIZE: 125-GUINEA STERLING PLAYER-PIANO.**

**SECOND PRIZE, £15 cash.**

**THIRD PRIZE, £10 cash.**

**FOURTH PRIZE, £5 cash.**

**10 Prizes of £1 each, and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes**

Our former competitions have been so popular that we have decided to offer another handsome First Prize, and have accordingly made arrangements to offer a magnificent **PLAYER-PIANO**.

## WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below we have reproduced eight picture puzzles, which represent either the name of some article advertised in our advertisement pages, the name of (in the case of a double name) part of the name of the firm advertising it or a portion of their address, provided it is given in the advertisement. One picture out of the first list of eight below is given as an example: "Vaseline."

This Competition is run in conjunction with CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, THE STORYTELLER, THE QUIVER, THE NEW MAGAZINE, and LITTLE FOLKS, and the pictures represent advertisements or advertisers taken from any of these magazines during the six months the competition is running.

We shall publish five more sets—that is one in November, December, January, February and March—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list of solutions sent in.

In the event of no reader giving all the correct solutions, the first prize will be awarded for the list containing the greatest number correct, while should we receive more than one list absolutely correct, a further competition or competitions of a nature which the adjudicator may deem the most advisable to determine the winner will be arranged. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

A competitor may send in only one list. Keep your set until the closing date is announced. The advertisements, names of advertisers and their addresses will be in all cases taken from the advertisement pages of "The Storyteller," "The New Magazine," "Little Folks," "Cassell's Magazine," and "The Quiver," and not from inserted advertisements.

The list of winners will be published in the SATURDAY JOURNAL dated May 6th, 1911.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

## THE PLAYER-PIANO

The Sterling Player-Piano of which we give an illustration, is a magnificent instrument sold at 125 guineas. It is manufactured in the finest rosewood, and would be an acquisition to any home. It is of the best quality manufactured by this famous firm, whose reputation for instruments of this nature is unrivalled.

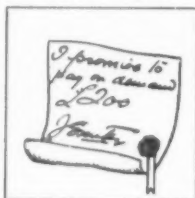


The Player-Piano

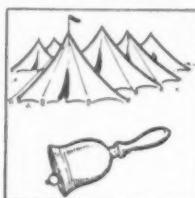
## FIRST SET OF PICTURES



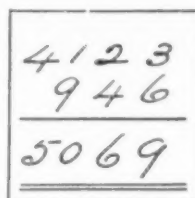
No. 1—Vaseline



2



3



4



5



6



7



8

Name (write clearly in ink) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Keep all your sets together till the closing date is announced in these pages.

# EYESIGHT PRESERVED

AITCHISON'S  
SPECTACLES  
"STRENGTHEN  
WEAK EYES."



Mr. AITCHISON'S "HINTS ON EYESIGHT."

Hint No. 81:

## "SHORT-EYED."

In the short or hypermetropic eye the rays of light do not come to a clear or definite focus on the retina or sensitive coating at the back of the eye, because it is too short. In low degrees of this defect the person appears to see fairly well because it is possible, by strain, to accommodate or alter the lens of the eye so that the rays are bent more and brought to a focus sooner; but this causes headaches, eyestrain, &c. These symptoms are generally more marked after a spell of reading or close work. To remedy this glasses are required, but should only be worn after a most careful examination of the eyes by a skilled optician.

"Mr. Aitchison's system of Sight Testing is as accurate as scientific knowledge can make it."

AITCHISON'S SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES SKILFULLY  
FITTED TO CORRECT DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.

"EYESIGHT PRESERVED," a Pamphlet by Mr. Aitchison.

New Edition Post Free to "Quiver" Readers.

## EYESIGHT TESTING ROOMS AT

428, Strand,  
12, Cheapside,  
6, Poultry,  
167-8, Fleet Street,  
281, Oxford Street,  
46, Fenchurch Street,  
14, Newgate Street,  
285, Finchley Road,  
Hampstead, N.W.  
**LONDON.**

Leeds:

37, Bond Street.

Manchester:

33, Market Street.

# AITCHISON & Co. LONDON AND LEEDS

## Every Shave a Safe Shave

... It goes without saying that, for a man's comfort, nothing equals a first-class Safety Razor. The thing that keeps YOU from buying one, however, is the continual expense of New Blades.

... The Blades of the

# CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

last much longer than those of other Safeties—because you strop them. The Clemak is the **only** first-class Safety Razor sold at a FAIR price—5/-. It is made as well and shaves as well as any Safety Razor sold at a guinea. This is a provable fact.

... The Clemak Stropping Machine, price 3/6 (including good leather strop), compels you to strop at the **correct** angle and pressure. Ensures a keen blade for every shave—and saves its cost many times over.

... The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropping Machine is a perfect shaving combination. They cost together 8/6, and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

Obtainable from Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, &c., or post free, on receipt of price, from CLEMAK RAZOR CO. (Room 8), 17, Billiter Street, London, E.C.

## ... The Clemak 5/- Safety Razor

**Outfit** consists of Silver Plated Frame (beautifully finished); Self-contained Stropping Handle; and 7 perfect Blades, made of the *finest grade of Sheffield Steel*, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process—the whole contained in a case size 2 in. by 3 1/4 in.



## Standard Outfit

(Clemak de Luxe).

... Heavily Silver Plated Frame, *twelve specially selected Blades*, fine Leather Strop in very handsome Leather Case, price to 6.



## THE QUIVER

### Billiards at Home.

The correct game of billiards can be played at home if you have one of Riley's Miniature Tables. Scientifically designed so that, no matter what the size of the table, the game is the correct full-size table game. These tables can be placed on your own dining tables and easily lifted and stored when not in use. They are exact reproductions of the Standard tables and afford amusement and recreation to ladies as well as men—to young as well as old.



### RILEY'S Billiard Tables

To place on your own dining table. Cash or Easy Payments.

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, etc.

Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in. ...	£3 7 6	Or in 13 Monthly	13 Monthly Payments of	5/6
" 5ft. 4in. " 2ft. 10in. ...	£4 7 6	payments as here	" " "	7/0
" 6ft. 4in. " 3ft. 4in. ...	£5 5 0	shown, being only	" " "	8/6
" 7ft. 4in. " 3ft. 10in. ...	£7 5 0	5 per Cent on	" " "	11/6
" 8ft. 4in. " 4ft. 4in. ...	10 0 0	Cash Price.	" " "	16/0

Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station at our Risk. No charge for packing.

ages. LISTS FREE. Folding Bagatelle Tables from 30/-.

### RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables.

(AS ILLUSTRATED).

Fitted with Riley's Patent Action for Raising, Lowering, and Levelling. A handsome piece of Furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c. Prices range from £13 10s. to £24 10s. according to size of Table. Cash or Easy Payments. Full details in List, sent on application.

**FREE** On receipt of postcard, full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Birch Mills, Accrington.

O1 LONDON SHOWROOMS: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.



# GLOBE METAL POLISH

Don't envy your neighbours' bright brasses.

Use "GLOBE" and have bright brasses yourself.

"Globe" alone can give the "Globe" shine—the shine of surpassing brilliance—the shine that lasts—the shine that is so easily obtained.

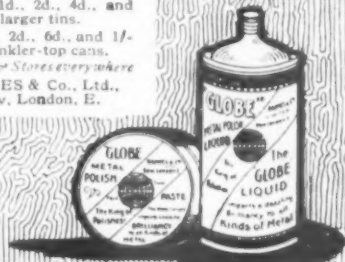
Globe Metal Polish, Paste and Liquid.

Paste, 1d., 2d., 4d., and larger tins.

Liquid, 2d., 6d., and 1/- sprinker-top cans.

Grocers & Stores everywhere

RAIMES & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.



J22



# THE QUIVER

## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1910

Frontispiece: "The Tender Grace of a Day that is Dead." *From the Painting by Walter Langley, R.I.*

A Flower in the Wilderness. Complete Story. By ETHEL F. HEDDLE. <i>Illustrated by W. Herbert Holloway</i>	PAGE 1065
The Modern Maiden and the Girl of Fifty Years Ago. By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>	1072
The Rector and the Girl. Complete Story. By H. L. ANDREWS. <i>Illustrated by P. B. Hickling</i>	1078
Little Prisoners of Pain. By ERNEST H. RANN. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>	1085
"The Desert Shall Blossom." Complete Story. By FLORENCE BONE. <i>Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw</i>	1091
Authors and Readers. An Interview with Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. By DENIS CRANE	1099
LOVE'S BARRIER. Serial Story. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Chaps. XXIV.-XXV. Conclusion. <i>Illustrated by W. E. Webster</i>	1103
The Hero of Child-Life. An Appreciation of the Earl of Shaftesbury. By the REV. A. B. BOYD-CARPENTER	1114
Dicky. Complete Story. By RAMSAY GUTHRIE. <i>Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson</i>	1119
Beside the Still Waters	1125
Sundials—Old and Curious. <i>Photographs by E. W. Jackson</i>	1127
The Culture of the Emotions. By GEORGE HAMILTON ARCHIBALD	1128
How Fortune Came to John Ford. Complete Story. By CONSTANCE CLYDE	1131
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
The Uses of the Potato. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR	1136
Negligeé Slippers. By HELEN BRUFORD	1138
What Women are Doing for Women. By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEY, M.B.	1141
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR	1145
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT	1147
After Death—What? By the REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, B.A., LL.B., D.D.	1149
Sunday School Pages	1150
BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES:—	
How, When and Where Corner. Conducted by "ALISON"	1152
From a Carriage Window. By EMILY HUNTLEY	1155

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 9s. per annum, or 4s. 6d. for six months.

## WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF? "MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE  
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE  
NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE  
OF ALL STATIONERS CHEMISTS & STORES OR POST FREE  
FOR 12 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD 7 & 9 ST BRIDE ST.  
LONDON E.C.

# THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

BY THE EDITOR

I AM glad to report that in response to my appeal in last month's issue of THE QUIVER, I have received subscriptions from various old members, whilst several other readers have joined the League and been received as new members.

But still the funds show a sad falling off—largely due, I believe, to the influence of the summer months. May I again ask old members who have not done so, to forward a small subscription for the year, whilst new members will be heartily welcomed. The entrance coupon appears on another page. It should be sent to me, together with a subscription of One Shilling or upwards.

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including August 31st, 1910:—

£1 each from M. E., "Thankful."  
5s. from Emma Blease.  
3s. from Mrs. L. S. Belcher.  
2s. 6d. from Mrs. Gibson.  
2s. each from the Misses Wainman, Mrs. Lusty, Miss M. A. Brown, I. M. G. P., Alison Carnigy.

1s. each from Miss G. M. Hughes-Games, Miss E. Jenkinson, Arthur S. Larand, J. Switsur, Miss Martin, Miss M. H. Patrick, Kate Housell, Mrs. Holditch, Miss F. Butler, Annie Percival, Miss A. Getty, Sister Augusta.

## "THE QUIVER" FUNDS

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including August 31st, 1910. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Mrs. Sandilands, 6s.; Bradford, 5s. Total 11s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: "An Old Ramsey Reader," 5s.; N. L. E., 10s.; M. Smith, 2s. 6d. Total, 17s. 6d.

For *The Ragged School Union Fresh Air Fund*: E. F., 4s.

For *The Ragged School Union*: B. S., 10s.; Ernest Thorpe, 1s. Total, 11s.

For *The Church Army "Rest Homes" for Women*: B. S., 10s.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Alpha, £1; E. L. H. (Harborne), 2s. 6d.; A. M. B. (Peterborough), 10s.

Sent direct to *The Ragged School Union*: "A Lover of Children," 10s.; Y. E. S., 10s.

Sent direct to *The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society*: L. E., 5s.

## A Well Paid Profession



**£600 to £1,000 a Year  
For MEN and WOMEN!  
Learn in Class or by Mail**

If you are not satisfied with your present occupation or income—if you are earning but small, meagre wages—we say don't do it; get out of the rut—become a

**Doctor of Mechano-Therapy**

Don't be a Wage Slave, when you can earn from £600 to £1,000 a year as a Doctor of Mechano-Therapy. We teach you in class or by mail. Easily learned at home during spare time.

**FREE Book**

explains all. In a few months you can begin practicing Mechano-Therapy, an elevating, highly paid profession for men and women—simpler and more comprehensive than Osteopathy. A fascinating study, easy to learn. Not an experiment, established 12 years. We guarantee success in the study—an ordinary education and our course of instruction fits you for a profession, to graduates. Work abundantly interesting. Vast opportunities for social and financial betterments.

**Highest Endorsements**

Our method is endorsed by Judges, Lawyers, Bankers, Ministers and Physicians, who give our course of instruction unqualified praise.

Mechano-Therapy is recognized as the most successful system of treatment of chronic diseases. A wonderful profession in which many men and women are making independent incomes. Special terms now. Write today for our new book **FREE**. It tells all about Mechano-Therapy, and our money refunded method of study.

**AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY**  
Dept. 242, 12J-122, Randolph Street, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

## ONE SHILLING

Will Feed and Clothe

## ONE CHILD

for

## ONE DAY

Will you kindly help this good work, which has been carried on by the Charity for 151 years? How many of these children will you feed and clothe for a day or more?

I shall be grateful for your gifts.

ALEXANDER GRANT,  
Secretary.

Offices:—

73, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

The Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage at Haverstock Hill, London, N.W., provides a Home for 500 Fatherless Children.

THE QUIVER



# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The only sure and harmless treatment that entirely destroys hair growth permanently, inexpensively, and without pain.

Ladies whose beauty is marred by unsightly hair growths have long sought for an effective and permanent treatment that will entirely supersede Electrolysis, which causes so much pain and expense, besides the uncertainty of permanent cure. The CAPILLUS MFTG. CO., wish it known that they are in possession of a marvellous home treatment that quickly and permanently removes all superfluous hair: **it goes right to the root and destroys it for ever.** The treatment does not cause the slightest pain or injury to the most delicate skin. This new method being so simple and harmless, any lady can use it in her own home without entailing the slightest inconvenience and with perfect success.

We have received thousands of testimonials from ladies testifying to the remarkable success of CAPILLUS. Hundreds of these ladies state that they have tried electrolysis, powders, lotions, and cosmetics without permanent benefit, and wish they had known of our wonderful method before.

**Send no money!** we want to give you positive proof of what CAPILLUS will do for you before you spend a single penny. Send your name and address to-day, enclosing stamp to pay postage, and we will forward a full description of this inexpensive home treatment, that will fully convince you of its efficacy. Don't hesitate; it will cost you nothing. Write to-day; it will be to your advantage.

THE CAPILLUS MFTG. CO., 309, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

Prescribed by  
the Medical  
Profession for  
45 years.



This is the wrapper of  
**WRIGHT'S**  
The ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE  
**COAL TAR SOAP**  
4d. per Tablet.

# MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

BUTTER SUGAR  
AND CREAM

Made in the  
Mackintosh Way



"IT'S RIPPIN'!"



**Don't Wait**

till the home is wrecked  
by disease, but remember  
that "Prevention is better  
than Cure," and that

**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

is more than Soap, yet  
costs no more. It Cleans,  
Disinfects, and

**SAVES  
LIFE.**

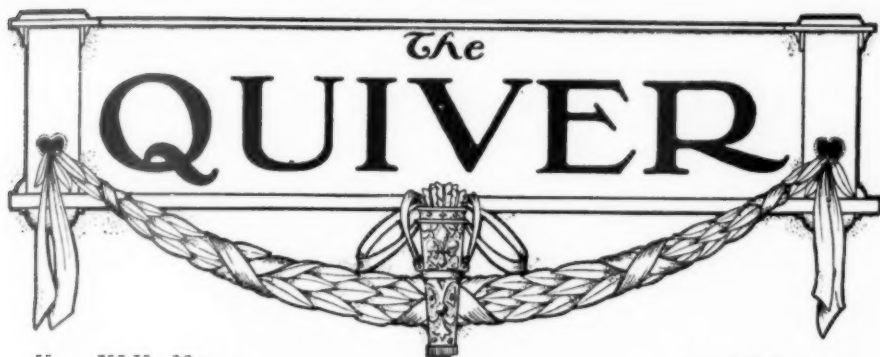






"THE TENDER GRACE OF A DAY THAT IS DEAD"  
*From the Painting by Walter Langley, R.I.*





VOL. XLV., NO. 12

OCTOBER, 1910

## A Flower in the Wilderness

A Complete Story

By ETHEL F. HEDDLE

### CHAPTER I

#### LOST

VAL was lost!

He came to the conclusion at last, optimistic though he was—and moreover decided that a storm of some kind was coming on.

All the sunset light had gone—the flaunting flag of gold, and saffron, and apricot, had fluttered into nothingness, and blackness as of Erebus had enfolded the prairie. He could not see the trail—he could scarcely see his own hand.

A large drop fell on Val's brown face as he raised it enquiringly to the sky, then—the advance guard of many more. Soaked to the skin, too! Well, it would not be pleasant.

"When sorrows come they come not in single spies," Queenie," Val remarked to his horse; "the bard of Avon is right. A wet night on the prairie—Hulloa! What's that? A light?"

A light it was. A little spark of gold in the surrounding blackness.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world," quoth Val, his spirits going up at least ten per cent. "We are quite Shakespearean to-night, Queenie, you and I. Now here goes for the light. It means a camp or a log cabin. Taking the weather into account, I hope it's the latter!"

And the latter it was.

Val could feel the framework of the rough little door, as he approached, his steps already drowned by the rush of the rain, for the "single spy" had been hastily joined by battalions, but he paused a moment, even in the rain, held there by the surprise of hearing the soft sound of a girl's sweet voice, singing.

It was a quaint old early-Victorian song—in some dim cave of memory he thought he had heard it before.

"What would you do, love, if I were going,  
With white sail flowing, the seas beyond;  
And I abiding 'neath foreign skies  
Should think other eyes as bright as thine?"

"I wouldn't," Val said to himself, smiled, and knocked. "Of all places—to find a flower in the wilderness—a voice like that!"

He was looking eager, expectant, when the door opened, and he saw, framed in the lamplight, a little rough room, with untrimmed log walls and floor, and before the stove a girl's slender figure. He could see her, beyond the fallow, harsh-featured face and the dry, elderly grey hair of the woman in the barbaric checked gown, who was gazing in his face.

"Land's sake!" she ejaculated, "a stranger. And, my, ain't he wet!"

"I am, as you observe, madam, a little wet," Val said. He was looking not at

## THE QUIVER

the speaker, but at the charming, vivid face beyond. "And so is my horse. May we beg shelter for the night? Could you put us up?"

"Well, come now, I don't know about that. You see it's just me and Miss Pleasance—and you never can tell."

"Sally"—the voice of "Miss Pleasance" had a little soft, cooing note—"there is father's room, you know."

"Guess you're right, honey lamb. And it does rain. Come in, stranger, you can meal here, anyhow, and I'll take round your horse myself to the shed. Since we lost Blue Bonnet he can take her place for the night. And I guess there's a feed left too in the shed. Blue Bonnet, she went off like a jerk of a lamb's tail."

He was left alone with the girl, and she was looking up at him earnestly. He could see cornflower-blue eyes, and a mass of fair hair—she looked barely eighteen. And she was English by her voice.

What was she doing here, in the prairie?

"Sally will take a light to my father's room when she comes in," the girl said. She moved back from the stove, and pulled open the little door.

"Won't you sit down? Have you come far?"

"I was on my way to Stanley City," Val said. He was more and more consumed with curiosity when he noticed the girl's small hands and little, high-arched foot—she was putting on the kettle now, and stirring something in a pot. "The dark came so suddenly, I was lost before I knew. And these prairies are like the sea—only never a sail crosses."

"I often think so," she said. "Father never let me ride far alone."

Sally came in then, and with a whispered word Pleasance took a light and he saw her go into another room.

"It's her father's. He died a month ago."

Sally gave him this information as she set the table with a rough cloth. "I'd come over to the shuck to nurse him, and I stayed on. She wasn't fit to be left, and I'd lost my own girl. She was just like a flower, dashed down by the wind. They were English, you see, and he'd lost every red cent he had. That's why she's here, still, with me. We haven't a red cent to get a move on—and her relatives over in

England don't disturb themselves to do anything for her. And she's a peach, I tell you, stranger. She won't be beholden, or ask. We have the cow, and hens, and a pig or two; she's always telling me God will remember her. That's her child's way. The good Lord would need a good memory, I say, if He's to remember all the young folk left desolate in this queer world."

Sally set down the soda biscuits with a clash, and yet a good-humoured smile. She derided the world, and yet had a kind of good-natured tolerance for it. You must take it as you took people—as you find them.

When Pleasance returned Val looked at her with new interest. A girl like that, delicate, beautiful, left stranded here with only honest Sally. What would become of her?

"I can't bear to think of her marrying some rough backwoodsman or lumber king," Val thought. "If I'd a rap myself, I'd take her to Aunt Susan. But we're all paupers, too! And Aunt Susan has never forgiven me for refusing to marry her protégée."

He ate and drank with enjoyment. He was desperately hungry, and Pleasance sat opposite glancing at him shyly now and then. She liked the look of the big Englishman with the blue eyes which made her think of the sea—also the humorous quiet gaze. The figure had a look of power, though the riding breeches were shabby, and the shirt of the roughest flannel. He talked a good deal, and they listened with great interest. It was a breath from another world.

Then Sally gave him the candle and ushered him into the little bare bedroom.

"It was Mr. Lovell's," she repeated. "We've left it just as it was; it's warmer in the kitchen. Good night, stranger."

"Good night," Val said.

He sat down on the chair, after Sally's spare figure had gone, and pulled off his boots. Sally had given him hot water, and he did what he could to take off the dust of travel. The little candle sent a feeble light over the room, but Val was too tired to look at it attentively. He merely noticed that it seemed to be papered with something, and then varnished.

Pleasance's face danced before his eyes, aureoled in misty fair hair. The eyes were child eyes, and she was so alone in the



"'Land's sake!' she ejaculated, 'a stranger. And, my, ain't he wet!'"—p. 1065,

## THE QUIVER

world, save for Sally. And Sally was of another type and mould.

"What if the faithful Sally died?" Val thought, putting down his boots on the rough floor. "'Not a red cent,' the woman said. That child here in the wilderness, clinging to a little spar of faith. As Sally remarks, the good Lord's memory would need to be pretty catholic. And some of us cannot act Providence, even if we would."

He blew out the candle then, and lay down.

The bed was comfortable enough, but he could not sleep. That was odd.

He tossed and tossed.

Such a little, sweet face. Somehow it made him think of a pansy; he smiled at the thought. How soft it would feel to stroke—to put back the hair, as one does to a child, to look deep into those soft, dewy eyes.

He gave himself a little shake—he, Val Strong, at his age—nearly thirty-five—and never before had he been so great a fool. He had never thought of women. He had been too busy battling with one fair lady, fickle Dame Fortune, who would have nothing to say to the last of the Strongs—in England, at all events, and had sent him adrift, a soldier of fortune. And no victory was his yet.

He would read Aunt Susan's last letter; it was in his breast pocket. It scolded him a good deal, and would divert his mind from the peachy face, and the sweet eyes, and the hair that waved back and rippled from root to tip.

He sat up and lit the candle. As he did so his gaze rested on the wall.

What an odd wall-paper!

He turned round and held the candle nearer.

As he did so he heard nothing but the incessant patter of the rain on the roof.

What a night!

## CHAPTER II

### THE SCRIP

"OF all odd papers! It's scrip. Scrip pasted on, and varnished over. What a mad idea!"

Scrip it was. He examined the sheet next him, holding the candle steadily.

### "SHARE WARRANT TO BEARER FOR 10 SHARES OF 10 DOLLARS EACH

*"This is to certify that the bearer of this warrant is the proprietor of ten fully paid shares in the capital of the Silver Star Mine, Texas, subject to the articles of association and other regulations of the Company for the time being.*

*"Given under the Common Seal of the Company, this 17th day of December, 19—."*

"What on earth——? Pasted on the wall! Wonder if his brain went. She said he had lost every red cent. It's scrip—and 'Silver Star.' This is dated three years ago. But what did I hear of 'Silver Star' lately? Quite lately? Why, it was the mine that was having the boom. It had struck a rich lode. Unless I'm dreaming! Am I dreaming?"

He examined the scrip carefully. It ran all over one side. Yes, if the shares had reached the level he thought, the "bearer" owned about five million dollars in the mine! He looked at the flamboyant picture—Mercury at one side, a child on the other, with a cornucopia of fruit. He read the words again, then blew out the candle.

"Some mystery here!" he said to himself; "I must ask Sally in the morning. If it belongs to Pleasance—sweet Pleasance—the little flower may not bloom in the wilderness, after all."

He forgot all about Aunt Susan's letter, and her sarcastic enquiry if he had "struck oil" yet; he lay listening to the patter of the rain, and thinking, thinking.

Pleasance's face was still there, in a nebulous vision, with the gay scrip as background, when he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

When he awoke the sunshine was kissing his face good-morning. He could hear the cheerful frizzle of bacon next door. The sunshine showed him the scrip again, more closely than the candle; and as he dressed he pondered over it. Then he went in to greet Sally, her face flushed as she bent over the frying-pan. Pleasance, she said, was out milking.

He tackled her at once.

What was the meaning of the odd paper on the wall of his room?

"That was poor Mr. Lovell's last work,"

## A FLOWER IN THE WILDERNESS

Sally said, "He had lost every red cent in a mine. He believed everything in it, and put in everything he had. But it was worth nothing, and they gave it up, and the thing broke his heart. He said he had meant to save Pleasance from poverty, which was the cruellest thing on earth. And before he went I think his brain was a little touched. Just brooding, night and day, on that mine. He got me to bring up some varnish from the store, and when I went in one day he had papered the room, as you see it. 'That's the use I make of the mine, Sally,' he said to me. 'The mine that broke my heart, and took the last pound I had. I swore it should serve some purpose, so I've papered the walls of the room, and varnished it. It will keep out draughts, Sally,' he said, and laughed fit to break your heart. That's why Pleasance can't bear the room; yet we don't like to touch it or tear off the paper."

"I should think not," Val said. "And, do you know, I believe it was Providence after all. I don't want you to hope too much—or Miss Pleasance—but I'm going to ride on to Stanley, and wire to Chicago to a stockbroker friend there, for maybe the mine has struck oil, after all."

"Good land!" Sally cried, and clasped her hands in ecstasy. "Good land! Miss Pleasance an heiress after all. And to think of poor Mr. Lovell lying there under the sod—and never to know. Seems as if some people died too soon, Mr. Stranger, don't it? or if the world was some way mismanaged. Come in, honey lamb, and hear the noos!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was evening next day when Val rode back, and his face seemed to have lost its tan, Pleasance thought. Almost he looked a little pale. He told her in the little kitchen—they were alone, for Sally was out getting in the cow. Pleasance had fastened a little bouquet of red and yellow maple leaves in her plain, dark frock, her hair was like threads of molten gold. She looked up at him, quietly and gently.

"It's all true. It is the Silver Star Mine," Val said. "I got back the reply at once. They set to work again, and bored deep, on a last hope. The shares are worth forty and fifty times more . . . I made a rough calculation before I left. You are

very rich, Miss Lovell, very rich! . . . I shall take these boards down, and take them in to Chicago for you. I'll guard them carefully and go straight to Chicago. That is, if you will trust me. They are payable to bearer, you know. And then I can cable back money for you and Sally."

"Very rich?"

She looked up at him with a bright smile.

"Shall I be able to send old Beale, at the store, a new wooden leg? And buy Sally a silk dress? It is her dream of bliss. Shall I be able to go back to England and see where the Lovells are buried? Shall I be able to put the cemetery nice, where dear father lies, and a stone to mark the place?"

He looked at her almost shrinkingly.

Somehow this great fortune had come between them already. She would be worth a million at least. She was an untried child. Yes, the money was between them, already. And night and day he knew no peace because of her blue eyes.

"You will be able to do all you wish," he said, and tried to laugh. "Sally can wear silk attire to fry bacon in if she likes, and old Beale have a new leg for every day of the week! Money can do anything, anything in the world, and buy anything—"

"No," Pleasance said softly, "it cannot give me back my father—heal his broken heart! Money cannot buy love!"

And next day, the planks carefully laid across Queenie's back, Val left the shuck and made for the rail at Stanley City.

## CHAPTER III

### A GREAT HEIRESS

PLEASANCE LOVELL was standing at the window of the great hotel in Chicago, looking down disconsolately into the courtyard. Her little face was shadowed, she was toying with the string of pearls round her neck. A richly-dressed little Pleasance, now; and Sally, in a wonderful gown of the latest fashion, was busy packing, in a corner, one of Pleasance's new steamer trunks.

"What did he say, Sally? Tell me again?"

"Tell your mistress I think all will go well now. Mrs. Silver is a very nice woman, and she can trust Silver." He was kind of white, and hurried. "I'm going off again,



## THE QUIVER



"Val came behind her, tall and strong."

Sally,' he says, 'on my travels. I've got my fortune to carve,' he says. Well, I felt as if it wasn't right, and I said so. 'Look here, boss,' I said, 'you did all this, you know, and got Miss Pleasance the fortune, and you could have gone off with every red cent of it. And she won't like but that you should take something.' And then he got real mad, and proud. 'Do you think I did it for that?' he says; 'I hate it, Sally! I hate it! The gold is between us, and will be for ever—I daren't stay—I daren't, for I might forget. She should marry an English nobleman,' he says, and then I knew he'd heard Mr. Silver say that, and he just took my hand and squeezed it. 'Don't ever leave her, Sally,' he said; 'never!

For she's right, money can't buy love,' and with that off he goes. Slick off!"

Pleasance said nothing at all.

Strong had done everything for them. She guessed he loved her. She had waited, with a child's sweet trust, for him to tell her; her whole heart was his, and had been, she thought, from that very first, when she had seen him standing there, smiling at her from the wet, purple gloom of the night. She had never dreamed the money would part them, because all along she had appraised it at its own worth, pleasant and bewildering though it was to be so rich. And now he had gone out of her life for ever, leaving no

address, no clue, without a word or "beckon of farewell."

He was too proud. His pride was dearer to him than her love. Great tears welled up in the soft eyes, and were forced back.

"Some men are real silly," Sally said succinctly, folding frocks, as if summing up the whole situation. "They have no sense, and I always said it! If they ain't wild, then they have no common sense. . . . For evermore! Honey lamb, where is your pale blue organdie?"

Pleasance answered nothing at all.

The roar of the street reached her faintly like the sea on a far-off strand. She had a strange new sense of desolation. She was more alone than on the prairie, under the

## A FLOWER IN THE WILDERNESS

stars. There, because there seemed nothing to come between her and the Infinite, she could touch the fringes of Peace—hear the “choir invisible.”

In Chicago she was alone, afraid, rich though she was. And Val Strong had gone for ever!

He had not even let her thank him!

### CHAPTER IV

#### CONCLUSION

“DON’T know who she is waiting for! All the Dukes are used up. America bags them all.”

The voice had a little languid drawl. “No, she isn’t American. It’s a true British blend. But the father made his pile in some Mexican silver mine. They called her ‘The Silver Queen’ in her first season. Old Lady Sophia Lovell brought her out. Remembered a sixteenth cousinship—after the fortune. But she refuses offers in shoals. They call her the ‘Destroying Angel.’ They say she hasn’t much go, and rather peculiar ideas. Philanthropic!”

“She looks to me as if she were waiting for someone,” the second voice said. “Look at her eyes. Worth a cool million, isn’t she?”

“She’s fast giving it away, if report speaks true. Says she mustn’t die rich, like Carnegie. Who’s that man just come in? He’s brown enough!”

“Val Strong. Just got back from the wilds. Done rather decently, last year, in East Ontario, he told me. But he’s been a while doing it.”

“Seems to know ‘The Silver Queen.’ He made straight for her.”

The two men passed on.

Val Strong had indeed made straight for the window balcony, on which Pleasance was standing, in her white gown, looking down absently on the line of waiting carriages below, and up to the rim of blue night sky, over the Mayfair houses. Her eyes had the old childish appeal, as they did so.

The quiet night sky always made her think of the prairie. It was the one thing which had remained untouched, unaltered. The sky and the stars, and the peace of the night!

She was dressed very simply in soft white. The string of milky pearls with which her small fingers played were no queen’s ransom. In the three years the face had gained in strength and expression.

Val came behind her, tall and strong, his brown face cast into strong relief by the whiteness of his shirt.

She thought it was her partner, and scarcely looked round. Partners did not interest Pleasance as a rule.

“Pleasance!”

He spoke very quietly. Through the window the “Merry Widow” waltz melody wailed sleepily. Pleasance gave a great start, and into her face there came the look of a happy child, who hears, at last, a home voice calling.

“I have got back at last—to try and find you! And you are unchanged!”

They looked into each other’s faces. In the rapture of love in his blue eyes, Pleasance’s soul seemed to float away, as on a smiling summer sea.

“I have seen you always—just like that—your face has gone with me everywhere! Little Pleasance! Do you remember that first night in the log cabin? And your song ‘What would you do, love?’”

He laughed, low and happily, and came still nearer. “‘What would you do, love, if I were going, with white sail flowing, the seas beyond?’ How often have I heard it, in my dreams!”

“But you—went away——”

“Darling! I didn’t *want* to go. You were so rich, and I so poor.”

“There is neither richness nor poverty to love,” Pleasance’s voice said. “It knows neither. Love is all!”

In Society they all said she was “peculiar.” The reader must excuse her.

“You should have known that, Val!”

“Pleasance! You open the gates of Paradise! The first look in your dear eyes has beckoned me within.”

She put up her hand, and nestled it under his arm. She had always been fond of pretty fancies.

“Come right in, dear Val,” she whispered. “We have waited so long! Come right in! Now!”

# The Modern Maiden and the Girl of Fifty Years Ago

A STUDY AND A CONTRAST

By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER

NOWADAYS, when manners and customs relating to any division of humanity alter rapidly and comprehensively, one need not go so far back as the time somewhat vaguely described as "When Grandmother was a girl," to fittingly place the starting point of a chronicle of the most potent evidences of change as supplied by the Young Woman of England. The contrast offered by all that touches the life of the modern maiden with conditions prevailing half a century ago should afford ample field for observation.

The difference is very notable even during the years when once young girls were wont to be kept in the schoolroom and were not expected to make their appearance at table in the presence of visitors, for now it is not unusual for them to be called upon even to hold their own at a

bridge party all the afternoon, or to replace an absent guest at a late night-sitting. The practice is, of course, disastrous to the pursuit of serious study and entirely reprehensible, while the taste thus early imbibed for hazard and excitement often leads them anon into inextricable difficulties. Fortunately, however, such indiscretion on the part of

parents is the exception rather than the rule.

As to whether the old-time system of education conducted in seclusion by the home governess tended to more comprehensive information than present-day methods there can be no question—"information" not considered merely as book-learning, but in its wider sense of general knowledge. Though it must be owned that against the advantage of the wider outlook enjoyed by our class-attending girls of to-day must be



(F.R.G. BULLOCK.)  
A MODERN WOMAN AT HER WORK: MISS LE LACHEUR, OWNER  
OF LOVEGROVE'S FARM, CHECKENDON.

## THE MODERN MAIDEN AND THE GIRL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

reckoned their loss of proficiency in some of the gentler arts and crafts that go to make the comfort of the young matron's home—such as really admirable needlework combined with more than rudimentary notions of cutting out and construction, and familiarity with the practice as well as the theory of cooking.

But whereas during the early reign of the loyal Briton's ideal Wife and Mother there was a tendency among the heads of families to look with complete approval upon one career only for well-brought-up daughters—matrimony—there is in this enlightened new century offered to them a choice almost as wide as that from which the sons are invited to make selection, accompanied by facilities for the acquisition of appropriate training.

Parental toleration of outdoor employment for *all* the young folk has in recent years quite doubled the number of openings for the energetic feminine creature. That she has been quick to avail herself of this state of affairs is abundantly evident, since already she has reached an equal proficiency with the hardier sex in several branches of work hitherto considered its monopoly. In horticulture, dairy farming, motor driving, for instance, all possible success has been attained by her. Now aviation



AN EARLY VICTORIAN.

(From the Painting by William Logsdall—copyright reserved.)

## THE QUIVER



(Photo: *Re'f'out*.)

ONE OF THE PUPILS AT THE GARDENING SCHOOL AT GLYNDE, DIRECTED BY THE  
HON. FRANCES GARNET WOLSELEY.

tempts her invincible courage to venture on the conquest of the air. Imagine the consternation of a Jane Austen heroine, muslin-clad and ringleted, among whose keenest interests was reckoned the transference of a new pattern from woodcut print to her embroidery frame, if confronted with such a proposition! Think even of a Dickens' damsel in intimate association with the daily needs of terrifying brindled cows, and eke of pecking poultry!

The fact that gardening has been chosen as her profession by the Hon. Frances Garnet Wolseley, only daughter of Lord Wolseley and heiress of his title, points to the influence of heredity, Lady Wolseley having as a hobby the culture of flowers. Intensely interested from childhood in the growth and improvement of plants, and having a keen sense of proportion and design in their arrangement, she has but followed Nature's suggestion in becoming steward of some of Nature's treasures. The scene of her activity is Glynde, in Sussex, where she has established a school for lady gardeners, which provides such thorough training that a student at the end of her course is ready not only to execute any division of a specially well-informed gardener's work, but to take charge of an entire property

—grounds and hot-houses—where numerous assistants, men and women, depend on her direction.

It needs considerable force of character to hold one's own successfully against a tyrant of such old-established authority as the male gardener whose disapproval of the gathering of a flower or the removal of a fern has often robbed the actual owner of all pleasure in proprietorship. Indeed the endeavour to secure immunity

from his wrath has been known to prompt such piteous subterfuges, when dinner-table decorations had to be provided, as the careful planning that a raid on one's own conservatory should occur during his unsuspecting absence. Not to thwart him in even smallest measure has become almost one of the unwritten laws of the land; yet does the modern maiden, emboldened by superior knowledge, valiantly pit her strength of will against the autocrat, and not only secure a temporary victory, but compel permanent obedience to her edicts. She does not *talk* over much, since to tempt him to argue would probably lead to mutual provocation; but having demonstrated as clearly by example as by precept the superiority of her "new-fangled ways," she gives unmistakable evidence that she relies on complete co-operation.

What a contrast to the girl of fifty years ago is to be afforded, for instance, by a visit to the neighbourhood of Checkendon, near Reading, at Lovegrove's, the farm belonging to Miss Le Lacheur, where she and her associates run a prosperous retail milk-business, delivering daily into the villages of the district by motor van. The farm is about 120 acres in extent, chiefly grass land, where eleven milking cows are kept, besides



## THE MODERN MAIDEN AND THE GIRL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

young stock. Women have entire charge of the milk-round and the accounts connected therewith; the dairy where butter, cream-cheese and Devonshire cream are made; and of the cows, including feeding, cleaning and milking. In addition horses, calves, pigs and poultry are kept on the farm and are all tended by women. Very thoroughly too, with evident enjoyment, yet with a certain grace that beautifies enterprise; stout boots, short skirts, and white jackets making an agreeably appropriate attire.

What an utter change is expressed in that freedom to live in open-air activity. What a contrast it offers to the time when the only career available for the impecunious refined was that of governess, often in the homes of the vulgar rich, where the manners of employer to employed accentuated all too crudely the great gulf fixed between ease and dependency. Vivid pictures of Jane Eyre-like poignancy come instantly to remembrance in this connection, allied to other equally autobiographic records of early Victorian days, and one is glad to reflect that of the many noteworthy items of social reform observable in a review of the past half-century is undoubtedly the improved tone adopted towards the gentlewomen who, by force of circumstances or from choice, earn their living in the service of Fortune's favourites, governesses, secretaries, etc.

Changed, too, is the attitude of the young Englishwoman towards the stronger sex. The maiden of early Victorian literature, who endowed her male contemporary with fictitious attributes which troubled her peace of mind in distant reflectiveness and robbed her of self-possession in personal associations, no longer exists. Her successor is able to suffer his presence without embarrassment. She no longer blushes at his approach, nor loses the power of distinct utterance if unexpectedly addressed by him.

No longer is he to be regarded as Lord of Creation, but as companion and friend. Having acquired the power to keep her balance she does herself justice, and is meanwhile assuredly much less irritating to him than heretofore.

The existence of the possibility of solid and mutually beneficial friendship between young men and maidens is one of the greatest blessings of this unsentimental age; indeed, many an unwise marriage has been thereby averted, since in the easily accorded opportunities for better acquaintance now so much more general, saner views of the likelihood of lasting happiness have frequently succeeded to hastily formed convictions. Mutual attraction having in the intimacy of reasonably unrestrained intercourse given place to mutual, or even partial, boredom, there is now, thanks to modern enlightenment, a more open way of retreat from the hitherto implied moral obligation



"REVERIE": THE IDEAL GIRL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO  
(Drawn by Frank Dicksee, R.A.)

## THE QUIVER

to hold a probably uncongenial position. No longer is it necessary for young people to wait until the most serious step in life has been taken before they are permitted to learn enough of each other's character to be able to gauge its worth.

The desire of women to take an active share in many branches of work has made a change so far-reaching that it is noticeable through the entire social system—from the noble daughters of ancient families who nurse the sick in our hospitals and serve in millinery shops, on all through the immense army of industry, consisting of pen-drivers, private secretaries, clerks in offices, clubs, Government servants, typists, telephone operators, and so on almost indefinitely; all the lecturers, practitioners and students of science and art and other callings too numerous to particularise.

Take one small but typical case showing the passing of the years. A new organisation called "The Busy Bees" has been brought into existence at Buckingham Street, Strand, for the purpose of providing little comforts for bachelors who have to live away from

home. These girls undertake to sew on buttons, darn socks and keep men's wardrobes in repair for a fixed amount per month. In the intervals of their needlework the "Bees" will carry messages and act as guides to feminine strangers in the metropolis, hence the outdoor characteristics of their uniform.

The possibility of getting congenial employment opens a new world to the growing girl. Its existence colours her thoughts through her whole school life, helping her whilst learning to live so to accustom herself to the idea that if she would take her place in it creditably she must use her time to the best advantage, not merely pass it dreaming all day long.

But *how* good they are, some of the women who bravely range themselves amongst the breadwinners to secure personal independence and often for the benefit of dependent relatives! How splendid, too, those who in easy circumstances themselves yet ceaselessly strive in honorary appointments or on their own initiative for the common welfare of their sister women!

That there are still amongst us those to



(Photo: Hulton-Deutsch)

LOADING THE MOTOR MILK-DELIVERY CART AT MISS LE LACHEUR'S FARM.



*(Photo: Hulton-Deutsch)*

THE "BUSY BEES" AT WORK.

whom the old methods appear the only admirable cannot be denied. To them publicity is horrible, and even the fact that pretty manners and gentle bearing are by no means incompatible with proficiency in money-making offers no palliation for its existence. They insist that a woman's rightful sphere is her home, though they sometimes overlook the fact that if all the women stayed at home there would soon be a disastrous lack of daily bread in many households.

But, as is the case in every sweeping assertion, their statement is in part just. It cannot be denied but that the new ways bring with them new dangers and new problems. Many and many a woman who would prefer to stay at home, and make it the centre of her ambitions, is forced to face the great world, and often succeeds after much labour in only getting a miserable pittance.

Many, on the other hand, accept light work at low wages, merely to escape home ties and duties. There are cases where, by her work, the daughter who goes out to employment does not benefit either herself or her family, for her earnings being so nearly all spent in fares and food and in paying for ready-made clothes, there remains not enough to recompense

anybody appreciably for her effort. Therefore are they justified who would have her lend her aid at home in the old womanly ways, in sewing, and by participation learning all that it behoves a housewife thoroughly to know.

The past fifty years have undoubtedly formed an epoch-making era, but in the record of the times dealing with national development probably no entry will be more striking than that applying to the transitory period through which woman is now passing. Fifty years ago woman's life had certainty about it, even though it was the certainty of monotony; surely the uncertainty of prevailing things is the note of to-day. Whither does it all tend? Shall we see the gradual sweeping away of all the old traditions of the home and the universal application of women to the work of the world, or is the present condition of things merely a phase in the struggle, conscious and unconscious, of woman to find her true sphere and her true self? Some of our grandmothers will tell us they miss the little arts and graces of an older generation, but surely all will admit that the girl of the present day is much healthier, stronger and happier than her predecessor of fifty years ago.

# The Rector and the Girl

The Romance of a Rectory Garden

By H. L. ANDREWS

"HE was our new rector, and I was in my garden waiting with a posy to give him welcome."

Madam, as sweet a piece of humanity as one could meet, frail and delicately coloured as an arbutus blossom, gazed reminiscently at the little church and rectory as she thus began the story I had asked her to tell me. The air was sweet with the breath of early summer. There was a softness, a beauty, a restfulness about my surroundings and my hostess which were singularly peaceful to me. Near us a humming-bird darted, now at a rose, now almost disappearing in the heart of a crimson trumpet. The steeple of the little church cast a long finger of satisfying shade across the rectory lawn.

"I don't know just why I made that posy for him," Madam continued, "for we do not often give flowers to men—that is, till after they are dead, and then we put them on their graves. But I have found them a great help over life's lonely places if we only listen to their message, and somehow I felt he would understand—and he did."

"He seemed young to be a full-fledged rector, even of small St. Michael's. At least that was my first thought when he smiled his thanks in such frankly pleased, boyish fashion. But later, as I watched him in his work, I realised his was a youngness of the heart, the kind that would not count against him."

"He had not occupied the rectory a week before I was quite certain he was in love, but John only laughed at what he called my romantic notions. I was certain, however, and gathered up my bits of evidence for his benefit till he was forced to admit it looked as though I knew what I was talking about. When people have been sweethearts as long as John and I—we've been married nigh on to fifty years—they gain considerable experience in such things, and recognise signs which mean little to eyes which haven't looked deep into life's mysteries."

Such a beautiful look came into Madam's

face at every mention of John's name!—such a lighting as only the lamp of true love can give!—such a linking him close in every thought.

"And then we dearly love the young folk. Deep down in our hearts are laid away in Love's rue and sweet lavender, memories of the little clothes and shoes, and books and toys, and high chairs and cribs, of the babies that, alas, were never ours—babies we've prayed for and yearned to hold in our arms—babies growing up about us, teaching us to grow. The babies! Ah, me!"

Madam's eyes had a far-away look, and when she turned them to me after a little while, they were deep and shining.

"Well, maybe, that unfulfilled hope, that unquenchable longing, and the effort to live so we'd never be ashamed to welcome the wee ones if they did come; that deep-down, unspoken sorrow for the blessing of motherhood and fatherhood which we shall never realise, helps us to understand such things better. Sympathy grows more often on the tree of Lack than of Fulfilment. Maybe the Father had use for ours. Anyway, as I said, I knew before he had been in the rectory a week, that he was in love."

"One day he walked by our home with the girl! How did I know? Why, dearie, his eyes flashed it straight into mine as he lifted his hat. They stopped a moment looking into the rectory grounds, and I heard her say: 'What a desolate place!' as they moved on. Truly it was a desolate place, but I was quite indignant with that slip of a girl for saying so when I saw the shadow which settled on the face which had beamed so brightly the moment before."

"It was the one ugly spot in the village. The house itself was not so bad, but it was situated at a public corner where farmers considered it their privilege to leave their teams all day; and there was nothing to shut out the curious gaze of idle passers-by. The west sun burned down upon house and yard, and there was not a flower nor a shrub to relieve the expanse of dusty, sun-

## THE RECTOR AND THE GIRL

browned grass. The trees, the only beauty of the place, were at the back, and seemed to belong more to us than to the rectory.

"Several days after the girl's exclamation, I noticed the rector, and Henri, the sexton, busily astir in the rectory grounds. They seemed greatly excited. The rector was walking about gesticulating, the happy look once more upon his eager face, and Henri trotted beside him, receiving instructions. When the rector went into the house Henri espied me, and, rubbing his hands together, bade me 'Good-morning, Madam!'

" 'You're out early this morning, Henri,' I said, returning his greeting.

" 'Eet vas ze sermon, Madam! Vas eet not vunderful? He turned ze vaterpots into ze vine! And, Madam, ze rector say zat eez vat ve vill do. Oui! Oui!'

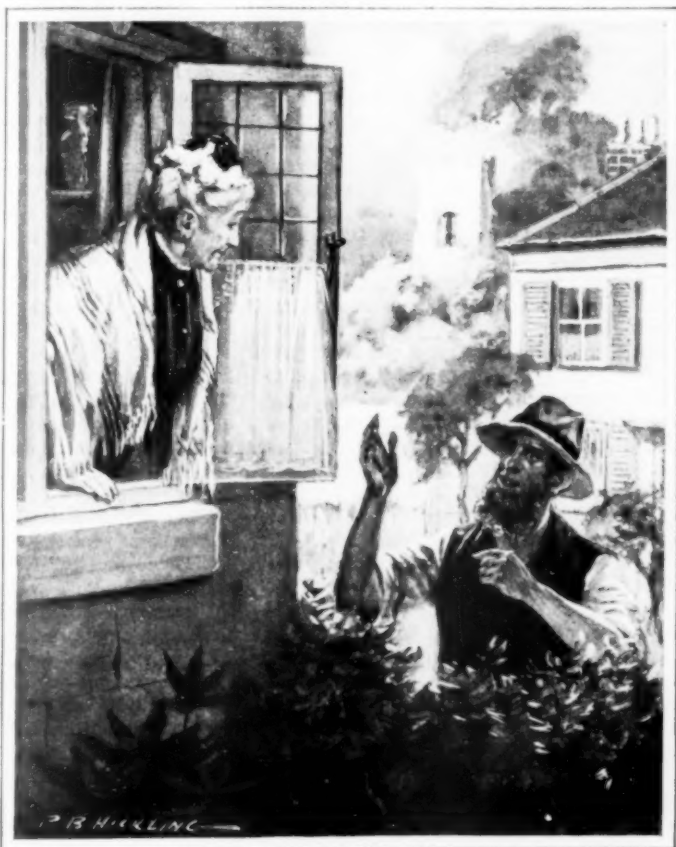
To hear her imitate the sexton was irresistibly droll.

"When the rector reappeared he began eagerly to unfold his plan in answer to my interested inquiries. His sermon of the preceding day had greatly impressed Henri, who had made a special visit to the study afterwards to discuss it, returning again and again to the text, which he had repeated in his broken English: 'Ze vaterpots into ze vine!' The words had become an inspiration to the rector, suggesting a plan to turn this deso-

late desert into an oasis, a setting fit for a queen. 'Or a bride?' my eyes queried. 'How did you know?' he answered, beaming with delight."

And Madam's own eyes beamed at me over the cleverness of her guess, but she did not interrupt her recital.

"Then he told me all about her; how he loved her; how he wanted, above all things, a home—not just a house!—a garden, not a desert—a refuge—a nest where he might bring her if she would come to him, where the best in them might find expression; how she loved the beautiful and dainty herself; how, now, after a while, maybe, when he had made a home—a real home, he might have the courage to ask her to share



" 'Eet vas ze sermon, Madam! Vas eet not vunderful? He turned ze vaterpots into ze vine!'



## THE QUIVER

it. And a great deal more of a similar nature, interesting to us, but quite beyond the comprehension of poor Henri, who fidgeted about, repeating: 'Eet vas ze sermon! Ze vaterpots into ze vine!'"

Madam possessed the true story-teller's art, and her little hand had a charming way of emphasising a point. Her interest in her recital was so real that I caught the excitement of Henri and the rector, and leaned eagerly toward her, scattering my cushions right and left. When she had arranged them with motherly pats she continued:

"Day after day Henri worked busily, and the rector spent every moment of leisure in his labour of love. I watched every step, and John and I talked of the miracle that was to be, and I prayed for the rector and the girl and the nest.

"Dearie, Love is the great teacher—unselfish, real love that labours for others; and as he worked I saw the rector grow more tender with the erring ones, more full of sympathy with the sorrowing ones. And so, as I said, I kept watch, and every evening I reported to John the progress.

"The first thing they did was to erect tall posts just inside the fence; then they stretched wire netting from post to post, and across the front of the house they put more posts and stretched more netting. Vines were planted, the dainty balsam and brilliant morning-glory, and roses red and white. For the outer screen they put in honeysuckle, and in one corner of the lawn they erected a small arbour, and the rector made a rustic table and seats for it. Then came the sowing of the seed, and such care was given to this part of the garden that between the three of us it seemed no blossom could be neglected.

"These details seem commonplace now to tell about, but I did not find them so, and neither did my dear John; neither did the rector, nor even lazy Henri. Love was exercising its influence over all. The house was also undergoing a transformation. The ladies of the parish had discovered the rector's secret and were determined to have a hand in the preparations."

Madam laughed softly and laid her hand on mine. "My dear, I confess it: I was a bit jealous then. I had wanted to keep that secret for John and me, but by that time anybody could have read love in the rector's face.

"There was a smell of fresh paint everywhere, and such goings on, my dear, such excitement, that everything might be fresh and sweet for the rector and the girl. His salary was small, for his people, most of them, were of slender means; but everybody worked with a will, and finally everything was ready save one room. We had many anxious visits to the shops, the rector and I, but nothing was good enough for that room—that is, within his means. The furniture to be had for the sum set aside for that purpose was quite impossible. John and I did so want to furnish it, but we knew better than to propose such a thing, and, do you know, I grew quite sleepless over the problem."

I could well believe it, for the dear old face looked anxious even as she spoke.

"It became the paramount topic of conversation between us till the rector announced that he had overcome the difficulty. Just how he would not say; but I was so firmly convinced he was equal to any emergency that I waited as patiently as I could. But, oh dear, my curiosity grew and grew. I wondered and guessed in shameless fashion whenever I had an opportunity, but he would give me absolutely no clue to his plans. We made no more visits to the shops, and for many days I scarcely saw him. When he was not busy in church and study, or with other parish duties, I could hear him in his workshop. Often late into the night John and I heard him, and Henri told me he scarcely took time to eat. Once I actually sent for him and scolded him roundly for his secrecy, but he only chuckled and answered teasingly: 'Patience, Madam. Remember, ze vaterpots into ze vine!'

"Then one day Henri came for me, and you may be sure I lost no time in getting to the rectory. I went straight to that particular room, sure of finding him there.

"Oh, my dear, I wish I could make you see that room!—so dainty, so homely, so different in its furnishings from the ordinary every-day room, so unlike anything anyone could buy ready made. It was in mission style, and each piece of furniture had an individuality, a distinction all its own. I sank down in one of the chairs and gazed about me from room to rector, from rector to room, my eyes eagerly questioning: 'But how? But where?'

## THE RECTOR AND THE GIRL

"When I told John the how and the where—how that dear lover had solved his problem by making the furniture himself, and most of it at night when everybody else was asleep; how he had fashioned and stained every piece, and worked and planned till the little green-and-rose nest seemed to need but the girl to make it perfect—he gave me a beautiful, understanding smile, and, bending down to kiss his old wife, said: 'Love always finds a way!'"

Madam's voice was very soft and sweet as she finished, and her shining eyes showed that her thoughts were travelling a long way, carried back, no doubt, by the memory of her dear John's kiss, over those "nigh on to fifty years." A butterfly hovered above her head, poised an instant on the bit of lace, then floated away to the honeysuckle vine which was spraying the air with its sweetness. A woodpecker hopped about on the church roof and then began to tap-tap-tap at the cross. It served to recall Madam's wandering thoughts.

"And now comes the part that made us all very sad. The rector had not yet told the girl he loved her—not in so many words, that is—but he knew she must know. He had loved her a long time and was only waiting till he had a home to offer before he asked her to marry him. So when all was ready he wrote and told her how dear she was to him, and asked her to be his wife—but he did not tell her about the miracle he had wrought in the desolate place. That was to be his surprise if she loved him and answered 'Yes.'

"When the answer came, dearie, all the joy of the miracle was gone, for she said 'No!' Oh, I was upset over it, and so, dear, was John. I simply could not think or say a nice thing about that girl. That worried the rector, for he loved her very dearly, and he wanted us to love her too. Bit by bit he told us little things about her to keep us from blaming her. How, when she was only fifteen, her father failed in business and died, leaving her penniless; how, without any business training, she had been forced to go out into the world to earn her living; how her changed position had separated her from most of her former associates, and her pride from many of her old friends; how at last, a distant cousin, a wealthy, worldly woman, had grown interested in and adopted

her; and how this cousin did not approve of him, and discouraged the close friendship between them. But, dear me! he wouldn't even let me abuse the cousin, but declared she had acted for the best. It was he who was to blame for his selfishness in asking the girl to give up so much when he had so little to offer.

"It made me indignant to hear him—'so little to offer!' I told him that what he had to offer outweighed everything else in the world; but I don't believe he heard me, for he just went right on talking, as if he were answering some inward voice. And he marshalled such an array of arguments to uphold their decision and to prove his own selfishness that if I hadn't known better I should have been impressed. Finally I just refused to listen to any more of it. I told him his love was too good for that girl, and I was glad she had shown her true colours before it was too late.

"At that, dearie, he showed me a part of her last letter. Poor little motherless lamb! I cannot remember it all, but I wrote it down, little by little, in the dark days that followed, when I had to think of what she had written in order not to be too severe on her."

Madam was gone but a moment, and then she read the letter which had taken the joy out of the miracle:

"'Poverty—ah, dear friend—what do you, a man, know of poverty?—or what poverty means to a woman? You may have known want, you may even have been hungry; but you are fighters born, you men, and you can meet it armed. But we poor, untrained victims, what can we do? You can fight it. It fights us, and it fights in ambush and in open. Like an octopus it stretches out its tentacles, and, one by one, they fasten upon some vital part—our hope, our courage, our strength, our health, our ambitions—out of our very love they squeeze the sweetness and drop us crushed and lifeless in the end. And it is in the home that a woman feels most the lack of means. The very thought of living my life in that desolate place makes me shudder. You see what a coward I am. But the sight of it that day seemed to embody all the bareness and struggle of the past years, and to foreshadow the future if I should displease my cousin who has been so good to me.

## THE QUIVER

"Not even for you can I face such bareness, such a struggle again. I dare not; my experience has been too bitter—I dare not marry a poor man. I want the comforts, the luxuries, the power that only money can give. I want it not only for myself, but also for what can be done through it. Do not think I mean to tempt you. I honour you for your stand—that personal ambition for position and power should have no part in a minister's plans; but—I am not so brave and so noble—and I dare not—no, I dare not answer 'Yes.' Even if I loved you as you do me, I would not dare.

"If you knew how I am this moment despising myself for writing so and wounding the truest and best friend a girl ever had—

"Oh, I wish—I wish I might say what you wish! No, no, I do not!—it is only that I am tired to-night—so tired! and the very thought of your friendship rests me, and yet—I must learn to do without you. Since I cannot have you for a lover I must not have you for a friend.

"You must not write to me again. It is best for you that you do not; you will find it easier so to forget me. Go to the dear Madam; she will comfort you. How I would like to put my head this moment in her lap and have her motherly hand smooth away all my tangles, my selfishness and weakness, and make me good and strong. Only—since I will have none of you she would have none of me. But you may go to her and she will help you.

"And now, dear friend, good night—for all the sympathy and friendship—yes—for all the love you have given me, I thank you. The God you serve so faithfully bless and keep you—and me."

When Madam finished, a little silence fell upon us. Then: "Dearie," she questioned eagerly, "didn't you see it all through the letter—the love that was crying out to him even while she was denying its existence?"

Without waiting for my answer she hurried on: "When he left me I sat down and wrote the girl a letter, and after I had written it I was in two minds about sending it. But she had no mother to guide her, and I was sorely afraid her weakness and her cousin's influence might tempt her to choose something far worse to a woman

like her than being poor—I mean a loveless marriage. And at last I mailed it.

"I felt if I could only make her see that such love as he offered was a priceless gift, and not to be lightly cast aside for any worldly gain, that where two people are consecrated by such love no woman need fear any material lack she may be called upon to endure. I told her to search her own heart, and if she loved him—"

Madam broke off abruptly. Then:

"Never mind, my dear, just what else I told her—it wasn't much, but I felt if I could only make her see these things with clear vision all would be well.

"But I was only a meddlesome old woman, and—she did not even answer my letter. Instead her cousin wrote to the rector to say that they were about to sail for Europe, and that she—our girl, dearie, the rector's and mine—was, on their return, to marry— Oh, his name doesn't matter; but he had money, money enough to tempt a girl who was as afraid of its lack as she was.

"Well, he closed that room, and locked the door, and put the key away. It nearly broke our hearts—John's and mine—to see him. Not that he moped, or anything like that, but the youth of him seemed gone. The flowers bloomed and the one-time desolate place blossomed into such a bower as he had planned. But what was the use of a nest without a mate?

"I pored over John's newspapers with a care I had never before given them, but I was only studying the social columns for news of her. The day the engagement was announced I went to bed with a sick headache—John declared it was heartache. You see, dearie, never having had a son of my own I must lay claim to the sons of more fortunate women. John, to please me, bought up every copy of that newspaper which had come to Arden, so the rector would not see that announcement.

"A few days later Henri came over with a telegram from her which the rector had bade him bring. It was addressed to him, and read:

"Come to me."

"The rector had already gone. Henri had scarcely left before another telegram came, and again signed by her, but this time it was to me:

"The announcement was false. Your



"We heard a quick, glad cry of surprise as the girl appeared in the doorway"—p. 1084.

## THE QUIVER

letter just received. I have weighed all things, and choose love.'

"This was followed soon after by one from him:

"'Dear mother, the key is hanging over the door. We reach home to-night at ten.'

"I knew what key he meant, and what door."

Madam and I were both leaning forward now, and her voice, as she spoke that word "mother" had the sweetest note I ever heard.

"Dearie, I did not tell a soul, except John and Henri, about those extravagant telegrams. I just could not. On the morrow the parish would receive its rector; that night it was my son I was welcoming, even though I should not see him. Together we three lighted the lights all over the house and filled every corner with posies; but when we heard the carriage we slipped away.

"I followed them in my heart as he led her about the Home."

It was lovely to hear Madam capitalise that word.

"I heard through the open window her voice mingling with his, and her tender exclamation of delight when they reached her room, and I thought of the morrow and his happy pride in the revelation. John, too, was thinking of the wonderful miracle of love, for his hand groped about in the dark till it found my wrinkled one, and together we sent up a little prayer to the great Heart of Love for the rector and the girl and the nest. My yearning vision, straining into the future, saw my own desire fulfilled in these dear ones, and in that room yet another piece of furniture, and the rector and the girl, now the wife, then, please God—

"But Henri had stolen to us for sympathy, and was bidding us 'Good night!' muttering, as he left: 'Vas eet not vonderful!'

"Perhaps, dearie, it was the chattering of the birds in the trees that brought me out in my garden so early next morning, but—"

Madam's face wrinkled at the little joke.

"I can see you doubt it. Henri, the indolent Henri, was there even before I was. He could scarcely restrain himself at sight of the rector stirring in the house.

"We heard a quick, glad cry of surprise as the girl appeared in the doorway, and beheld, not the dreaded desolation, not the dusty street and unattractive lawn, but sheltering walls of delicate vines and a wealth of bloom to gladden the eyes; while everywhere the perfume of roses and honeysuckle breathed sweet welcome.

"Henri could restrain himself no longer. He burst forth: 'Eet vas ze sermon, Madam! Vas eet not vonderful? Ve turn ze vaterpots into ze vine!' The rector laughingly corrected: 'Vines, Henri, vines!' But the girl, tremulous with love, only looked into his face, and"—Madam gave a sweet little laugh—"Henri need not have tiptoed so quietly away, for—well, dearie, the rector had forgotten our very existence at that look on his wife's face."

She paused. Her eyes were glowing. Her mouth had the tremulous look of a girl. Her cheeks were delicately flushed. It was quite plain she had forgotten my very existence.

Through a break in the dividing hedge appeared a tiny figure, a dear, dimpled baby thing—wee hands clutching at anything within reach, and wee feet making little uncertain rushes towards us: "Ganny—ganny!"

With tender, cooing cries Madam gathered the baby into her arms, finishing her story in silly baby talk: "And did its naughty cousin tell stories on its mamma, and hide its grannie's letter; and did its mamma find its grannie's letter, and did it make its mamma cry?"

The baby seemed more interested in the lace of her cap than in her conversation, and Madam was silent. I dropped a light kiss on the two heads so close together, and slipped away through the garden, carrying with me something sweeter than the fragrance of the flowers about me.



# Little Prisoners of Pain

And what London Does to Help Them

By ERNEST H. RANN

A FAMILIAR sight in our London of to-day is the London County Council ambulance van which bears the crippled children to their schools. It is an outward sign and manifestation of the fact that our education authorities are gradually coming to recognise that every child, whether mentally or physically defective, has a certain value in the social system. There was a day, less than a hundred years ago, when the little ones, especially those belonging to the lower classes, were regarded simply as so many machines for the making of profits. Scarce out of their cradles, they were caught in the industrial mesh and condemned to a life in the mine or the factory, compared to which the life of the little slave on the sugar plantation was Elysium.

"For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal-dark, underground ;—  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round."

The national mind has boxed the compass since then, and there may perhaps be a danger that excessive care for the children—in their education and their recreations—may lead to pampering, and produce a less hardy race than that from which our forbears sprung. But it is better to err on the side of kindness than on that of cruelty. We are moving on the right lines to-day. The coal mine and the factory—black in their moral as in their physical influences—have little lot or part in the life of the children of the present generation.

## The Halt, the Blind, and the Lame

It is not with the average healthy child, but rather with the halt, the blind, and the lame that we have our concern in this article ; with the children who, if untended and uncared for, would go to swell the population of our asylums, or that large army of workless and shiftless and hopeless that constitute one of our most serious social dangers. Without daring to jest on a solemn subject, one may point out that less than a century

ago the victim of blindness was generally associated with a dog and a string ; the lame were left to hobble through life—hobble in more than one way—as best they could ; and the mentally defective were consigned to the tender mercies of the asylum, or if sufficiently harmless were left to run loose as "village idiots."

Under the present enlightened scheme, as manifested by the ambulance van, to which we have referred, the blind, the deaf, the lame, and those whose mental brightness is clouded, are taken at their worth for social service, and the utmost efforts are made to develop their slender faculties to the highest pitch. Later on, we will inquire if that work is worth while ; at present we are mainly concerned with the work itself.

## A Family of 12,000

At the present time there are in London nearly 12,000 blind, deaf, mentally defective, physically defective, epileptic, or imbecile children, who have to be educated and trained unless they are to become a heavy burden on the community. It is only in recent years that education authorities have been empowered to deal with the abnormal or defective child. The education and training of afflicted children first became the definite duty of the school authority by the passing of the Elementary Education (Blind and Deaf Children) Act of 1893. Prior to that, Poor Law guardians could send "blind, deaf, dumb, lame, deformed, or idiotic" children to schools or institutions, and in the case of blind, deaf, or dumb children the help of the guardians was not counted as Poor Law relief. What a magnanimous concession !

Thirty-five years ago the London School Board, considering themselves responsible for *all* children, attempted to meet the special needs of the blind and deaf ; but very little could be accomplished until the passing of the above Act, when wider powers, which they were compelled to exercise, were conferred on the school authority. It became legal for them to provide and maintain resi-



## THE QUIVER

dential as well as day schools for the blind and deaf, and to pay expenses for guides and travelling. The Elementary Education (Defective and Epileptic Children) Act of 1899 brought these unfortunate little ones also within the ken of the School Board.

It would be unfair, however, if in this connection one did not recognise the splendid work of the Ragged School Union, of men like Lord Shaftesbury, Leoni Levi, Quintin Hogg, and Sir John Kirk, in preparing the way, in dragging the children from the gutter, and in showing how the worst material in child life may be shaped and turned to good account. Speaking of the Ragged School Union, Sir Walter Besant once declared that "we go back to the grand discovery of Francis—say rather the interpretation of Francis—that the great sluggish, apathetic mass in which are born creatures of hideous mien and malign brain can only be moved by personal service." In the schools which are dotted here and there over the vast Metropolis, ministering to the needs of the abnormal child, personal service is the keynote and the inspiration. Without it the work, with its admirable results, could not proceed for a single week.

It was recently my good fortune to visit a few of these schools, and see how the abnormal child was being cared for. (And, parenthetically, I may remark that no comparison with other schools is suggested; they, too, are doing good work, as one may see from the annual reports.) Hard by the Beresford Chapel, where Ruskin used to worship as a boy, stands the John Ruskin School, one of the newest of its kind, as bright and wholesome as light and sunshine and human cheerfulness can make it. I was prepared for pain and discontent and woe; pain there may have been, but it was hidden under happy smiles, and the majority of the children gave little evidence by their countenances of what their sufferings were. Both "P.D." and "M.D." (physically defective and mentally defective) children are educated there, the former under the able superintendence of Miss Agnes Dawson, the latter under Mr. J. Huggins. I thought at first that I had mistaken the place, for through the glass doors of the school one could see the heads of the little ones, decked out in fantastic paper caps, bobbing up and down in the evolutions of the Sir Roger de Coverley dance. Children,

mind you, of the like of Tiny Tim: one with a crutch, another with a lame leg another with a club-foot, another suffering from a diseased hip, and so forth; but each doing his or her little best to keep time to the music and to extract the greatest pleasure from the old dance.

### With the Ambulance Van

The children, almost without exception, had come from homes that must be classed as poor. At an early hour in the morning the ambulance van of which I have spoken, with a nurse aboard, had made its rounds. In school she may see that the doctor's orders in regard to the child have been obeyed, that the bandages are properly fastened, the splints securely fixed, and any other surgical appliances adjusted; but on the morning round she may not leave the ambulance, and the parents are responsible for these details, in accordance with the splendid principle that the whole system of education shall tend towards making the little ones, however physically or mentally imperfect, self-reliant and helpful to themselves. Some of them are well enough to sit in the van on the special seats provided; others, who are condemned to a reclining posture, have to be lifted in and out, and in this task the attendants render active and sympathetic aid.

Of the blind and deaf, whose schools are scattered all over London, similar care is taken. "The guides," says Mr. Jones, the Superintendent of the Instruction of the Blind, "who are often either brothers or sisters, attend the normal school near the school for the blind. The conductors of trams, etc., are found to be kind, and give particular attention to children travelling to special schools. This method of getting about is in itself an education for the children, accustoming them to the habit of crossing the streets, getting in and out of trams, trains, etc., and giving them a wider experience of the ordinary routine of life."

And thus, as their respective infirmities permit, the children are brought to school. It is easy to believe that they are better off under the care of teachers than if left at home, possibly in the care of themselves alone, for the mothers in many cases have to go out to work and can only give intermittent attention to their offspring. In



THE VAN WHICH CARRIES THE CHILDREN  
TO SCHOOL.



THE END OF THE DAY: READY TO BE  
TAKEN HOME IN THE VAN.



MISS BULCRAIG, MISTRESS OF A SCHOOL FOR  
DEFECTIVE CHILDREN IN WHITECHAPEL.



CRIPPLED CHILDREN PLAYING FOOTBALL  
IN THE PLAYGROUND.

(Photos: R. A. C.)

(By kind permission of the L.C.C.)

## THE QUIVER

the classroom each child is provided with a chair or couch suitable to its peculiar defect: the weak back is supported, the tired leg is rested, and every comfort that science can suggest is there to relieve the pains of the body.

Of course, it must be evident that each child has to be treated on its individual merits if good results are to ensue. There can be no dead level of training for scholars whose ages may be equal, but whose physical characteristics, mental equipment, and early upbringing are widely diversified. Basket work for blind boys, cookery for deaf girls, shoemaking for deaf boys, and cookery and laundry-work for the mentally defective—such are some of the subjects taught in these special schools by teachers whose whole-hearted devotion to the work, in the face of difficulty and discouragement, approaches the heroic.

### The Work of Eleven Years

It is little over eleven years since the first school for the physically defective was opened at the Settlement, Tavistock Place, where Mrs. Humphry Ward had gathered together a number of crippled children, who were taught on two half-days each week. To-day the Board has nearly 3,000 physically defective children on the roll. Besides the basic three R's, they are taught history, drawing, geography, singing, painting, Scripture, and varied occupations, such as rug-making, knitting, needlework, dressmaking, chair-caning, shoemaking, tailoring, wood-carving, or metal-working. There is neither indulgence nor pampering of the scholars, and in this respect the moral effect is greater than it would be at home, where the cripple child is too often the recipient of so much pity that it comes to regard itself as the centre of its little world, and to develop into a selfish tyrant whose every word is law. In the special schools he is taught to look on himself as no different from his brothers and sisters, and at work or at play he has to understand that idleness and dependence mean misery.

The children look forward with intense interest to their daily lesson. I have in mind one poor little girl who was condemned to lie full length in class. The position entailed a great deal of strain on her eyes, and in the interest of her sight she was for a time kept at home. It was a time of

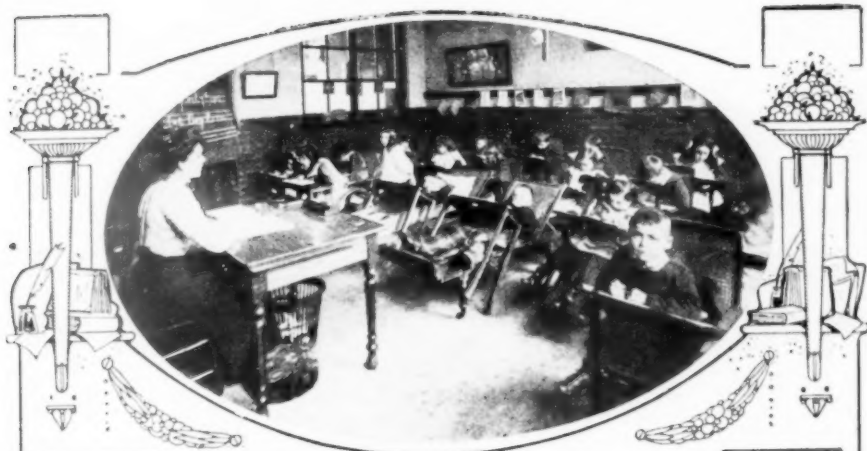
misery, and out of consideration for her general health, which had begun to suffer through the absence of the brightening influence of her teacher and fellow pupils, she was allowed to come back to class.

The training of the mentally defective children proceeds on very similar lines, although in their case a wider latitude has to be allowed for individual idiosyncrasies. I saw boys at the Ruskin School whose mental equipment did not surpass that of a Hottentot; but in making shoes, in carpentry, and in metal work they showed wonderful adaptability and cleverness. It seemed impossible for them to conjure up the ideas necessary to add four to five and make nine, but with unerring accuracy they could line out nine squares on a sheet of metal, three in each row. And at this point it should be said, in order to meet the possible objection of critics, that the aim of the training is not to teach trades but to promote habits of order, industry, and observation, although, as will be plainly seen, these children, whose brains seem to lie at their finger-ends, are much better equipped when they leave school to earn their own living, than if their education had been confined entirely to mental processes.

### Caring for the Body

As might be imagined, the physical needs of the children require considerable attention. At every school there is a large bath, and although it is only used compulsorily for those who have not been taught at home the need of cleanliness, its mere presence is a reminder of the virtues of soap and water. Drill is also included in the curriculum, as an effective means of counteracting the slouching gait and unsteady poise of the pupils. I stood in a playground in Whitechapel, and watched with surprise the comparatively smart movements of the little cripples as Miss Bulcraig put them through their paces in the ten minutes' "breathing time." A master of deportment might have "turned up his noble nose with scorn," but the non-specialist would have to admit the value of the marching and turning in the training of these misshapen little ones.

But the midday meal—that is the great daily festival. It was found to be a very necessary one, too, owing to the long distance which many of the children had to



HOW CRIPPLED CHILDREN  
ARE ACCOMMODATED WITH  
SPECIAL DESKS AND CHAIRS  
TO SUIT THEIR NEEDS.

TWOPENCE COVERS THE COST  
OF AN APPETISING MEAL OF  
MEAT, VEGETABLES, AND PUD-  
DING.



DRILL IS INCLUDED IN THE TRAINING, AS A MEANS OF COUNTER-  
ACTING THE SLOUCHING GAIT AND UNSTEADY POISE OF THE PUPILS.

(Photos: "Relief")

(By kind permission of the L.C.C.)

## THE QUIVER

come from their homes, and their delicate state of health. And so the London County Council provided the facilities for the meals by fitting up a kitchen in every school; where the nurse, cook, and helper are in charge, and the Invalid Children's Aid Association sometimes sends in voluntary helpers. The parents, when able to do so, provide twopence to cover the cost of the food in each case. For twopence there is provided a warm, appetising, and nourishing meal, consisting of meat or fish, vegetables, and pudding—"just like mother makes it," only much better in many cases, for cooking is not a fine art, or an art at all, in many a London home.

You remember what happened at Bob Cratchit's Christmas party: "A great deal of steam. . . . A smell like a washing-day! . . . A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that"—well, it is like that in the school every day as twelve o'clock approaches. The nurse is responsible for the provision of the food and also superintends the cooking. The girls themselves do not assist in the preparation of the food, but in turn help to clear their own tables, as training in domestic habits. A special arrangement is made by the mistress of the Whitechapel School, with the object of teaching kitchen work to those girls who are physically able, and may go out to service when they leave.

### Fingers Busy and Deft

Handwork is an essential feature of each special school, not necessarily to train the children for any particular trade, but to make fingers clever and that the children *may learn by doing*. This is directed in the case of the eldest children towards the needs of the district in some of the schools. Hat-making and blouse-making, for instance, are taught in Whitechapel, for these trades flourish there. I turn to the latest available report, and I find that one physically defective boy in Bermondsey has been apprenticed to a watchmaker; another to a basket manufacturer; a Deptford boy is earning five shillings per week in a printing office; a Greenwich boy is paid six shillings weekly in a metal works; a Hackney boy gets 7s. 6d. per week for making blinds and caning chairs; and girls are doing excellently at art

needlework, dressmaking, and other industries. Occasionally it happens that one of the scholarships awarded by the L.C.C. is won by a scholar from these schools, by which he passes to the study of lithography, shorthand, and commercial subjects, or, if a girl, to embroidery, drawing, or design.

But among these children, as among their more fortunate fellows, the spirit of Empire is strong, and it is not an uncommon thing for the teachers' best efforts for the future of a girl to be opposed by a wild desire to "go to Canada" or some other part at the uttermost ends of the earth. It is only just to mention that the future of these children is largely in the hands of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, which has done splendid work in helping to provide instruments, high boots, or crutches needed by physically defective children, while the After-care Association puts them in the way of earning their livelihood, and follows the case so as not to lose sight of a child if he should remove to another district. Nor must I omit to mention the important point that the doctors of the London County Council make periodical examinations of the children, whether physically or mentally defective, to discover whether they are sufficiently recovered to return to the ordinary schools. It is another manifestation of the abundant hope which characterises all this work.

Well, the question is sure to be asked, Is the work worth doing? Undoubtedly. From a health point of view the children are far better off than if they stayed at home, subject to the tender, but necessarily imperfect and intermittent, care that the home provides; they gain in weight as a result of the good food; the regulated physical exercises increase their physical strength, while the regular occupation and the organised games develop their mental powers. Sir Walter Besant once estimated that in 1847 London actually lost, by its army of ignorance and crime, the sum of £26,000,000 every year. To-day London has doubled in population; but that proportion of ignorance and crime has not been maintained. The vast city is better than it was; it will be better than it is; and towards that glorious end the special schools of the London County Council, with their painstaking and enthusiastic teachers, are helping in no inconsiderable degree.

# "The Desert Shall Blossom"

A Complete Story

By FLORENCE BONE

ANNE KENYON stood leaning over the low stone wall that separated her rose garden from the paddock beyond. All about her was the scent and stillness of summer, the shimmering haze of cornfields growing gold, and the murmur of bees gathering honey.

She leaned her arms on the mossy wall, and looked down on her roses, on the old-fashioned southern-wood, the lavender, and the evening primroses pushing their way through the fence. For years she had been making that rose garden; and its old-world beauties, its precious new varieties, its striped but dearly loved York and Lancasters represented many finds, many golden hours, and a long succession of associations in the happy, quiet life of Oldstead Manor.

This garden had been the favourite haunt of Hugh, her invalid brother, with whom her home had been for all the thirty years of her dear but uneventful life. As a little child his step sister had been bequeathed to him, already a man, and he had so fulfilled that quest as to leave her a woman now, and owner of the broad lands of Oldstead. She had no zest for life, no passion for the summer, without that long grey figure on the couch in the shade, whose outstretched hand, whose own particular smile and voice, had made her world.

Anne was a slender figure against the old walls, in her long black muslin gown, and more attractive than she knew. The shady black hat half hid a wistful face, a mass of soft fair hair, and a charm that lay in atmosphere rather than in feature.

She looked away across the cornfields with a sob. There was no summer in the beauty of the land for her this year. It was laid away in a quiet grave behind the yew hedge of the old churchyard beyond the paddock.

Anne had become a rich woman in the eyes of the unsophisticated villagers, and in her own, but she only longed to lay down her possessions with her life, and to follow Hugh into the shadow that hid him from

her earthly sight for ever, and seemed to give back no answer to her heart.

She turned with a sigh and left the rose garden, trailing her long gown over the path of thyme that gave out its fragrance when it was pressed by tired feet. Hugh had planted it there to send out sweetness in its crushing, and so to whisper a message to those whose hearts were crushed to earth like itself.

Anne smiled sadly as the scent swept up to her, and her feet quickened a little as she crossed the lawn and passed under the cedar tree where Hugh's couch had stood so long. She stepped inside the old grey house and entered the library, which with its books had been the centre of life in wet weather and dark days.

On the big writing table, now so sadly tidy, lay a packet and a letter with an Italian stamp. Anne took up the packet with trembling fingers, for she knew what it was—a slender, grey-covered book holding a sheaf of poems that had begun to make her name known in some of the day's magazines, and that had been gathered here for Hugh, but never seen by him.

Anne cared nothing now for fame, or even for appreciation. All she wanted was to creep away and hide with a grief that seemed to her like no other that this old experienced world has ever known.

She laid down the book, and looking through a mist of tears, took up the letter. It was a long one, and she turned to the signature in surprise to see the name of her godmother, her own mother's cousin, who had evidently heard a distant rumour of her loneliness, and remembered the connection between them.

"I am an old woman," wrote Mrs. Hughenden, "and I have left England behind me, for it is too full of memories of days that are no more. I have nobody belonging to me but an artist nephew and his little son, who are themselves lonely people. David married a pretty, passionate wife, who only lived long enough to disappoint him. He is here to-day and there to-morrow, though



## THE QUIVER

his work is better than the reward it meets with, and I am generally alone. I have rooms in Rome, and they are thought delightful ones, I believe. There is one for you, if you care to come and make your home with me. I have little to offer you, but I can give you that, and with your mother's little income it should suffice. Come to me before September has gone and you will see this land in its beauty."

Anne laid down the letter with wondering eyes, and a sob rising from her heart. It was many years since she had heard of Mrs. Hughenden, whose kindness to her in childhood she well remembered. Evidently the older lady had taken it for granted that Oldstead Manor would pass away from a woman, as it used to do before the breaking of the entail, and that Anne would be but slenderly provided.

To go to Italy—it had been the dream of twenty years, but again and again Anne had refused to go alone, and Hugh found he could not undertake it. Some day, he had always said, he would be well and strong again, and they would wander together wherever they chose.

"It was to have been the time of our lives," whispered Anne, "and now to go alone—oh, how could I?"

She looked across at the photograph of her brother that stood on the writing table. She knew it would be his wish, she knew how he had often urged her to go out into the world, and not to tie herself to Oldstead Manor because he was there. But it had been her world, and she had wanted no other, until the white cross gleamed sadly new above the green grave where Hugh lay so still.

Anne took up the letter again.

"She imagines I am poor," she said aloud. "That makes me inclined to—ah, what if I don't tell her that Oldstead is mine. Just for a while I will go as poor Anne Kenyon, for indeed that is what I am without Hugh, and see whether people will be kind to me. I know there are many that would be if they knew."

A fortnight later Anne Kenyon had said farewell to the roses which were drooping now, and taken her last look for a long time at the old house which had been such a dear home. When she stepped into the bustle of Charing Cross, and the crowded boat train, she felt that she had left the old quietude behind her for ever.

It was a white and weary Anne who looked up from the deck of the Channel steamer to the great crucifix that broods above the dull roofs of Boulogne. This journey was indeed a crucifixion to her, but that sacred Figure against the flaming September sky gave her strength to go on.

Anne was travelling second class according to her godmother's direction, and she felt rather forlorn as she picked her way across the railway lines, and towards the Customs. More than one brown Frenchwoman thrust a fisher doll into her face and called out her wares in the raucous voice that brought back to Anne old tales of Sansculottes and the Terror. It was the first touch of new lands, and she pushed her way through the crowd at the counter, and out to the train, already feeling that a gulf lay between her and the old life.

The train was rapidly filling with a cosmopolitan crowd, and a babel of languages surged round Anne. Seizing a pillow, she made for the only unoccupied corner seat she could see, and piled up her belongings, while a company of soldiers blocked up the corridor, and a French priest was careful to shut out the evening air.

The train started with its human freight, and Anne sat back in her corner looking out into the gathering dusk that was carrying her she scarce knew where. It was so like England, and yet all life had taken for her a new significance, and she peered through the window to hide the tears that were always so near her eyes.

Suddenly, in the dimly lighted carriage, she felt something touch her knee. She looked up, and opposite to her she saw a little boy of six years old, whose face was like a cherub's above his round white collar, and who was looking at her with two big, sympathetic eyes.

"Scuse me," he said, "I—I thought you were crying. P'raps you feel sorry about something. I do often, until daddy talks to me, and shows me something that would make a picture. This is a nice train, isn't it? I think we're going to have a good run, an' hadn't we a splendid passage? Are you going through to Bile?"

Anne smiled at the small traveller so much more experienced than herself.

"You seem to have been before," she said. "And what are you doing all alone in such a place as this?"



"'Scuse me,' he said, 'I - I thought you were crying.'"

## THE QUIVER

"I'm travelling to Amiens, where my father will join me," was the answer. "We're going to It'ly for the winter, an' I've come from Folkestone in charge of the captain, because daddy couldn't do with me at Amiens. The train gets there at midnight, and he'll walk down the corridor till he finds me. I've done it before."

"Bravo," said Anne, her own courage rising as she looked into the firm little face and the thoughtful eyes. "We must be friends until your father finds you. I am going to Italy too."

"Oh, indeed," politely said her companion, and then added, "I'm glad, because I think you look so nice."

Anne laughed, but once more a mist of tears filled her eyes. There had only been one voice that had ever told her she looked nice.

"Here's the man to tell us dinner is ready," she said presently to her little friend. "Will you join me? You see I am alone too."

The little boy looked grave.

"It's terrible 'spensive," he said. "We never have it. I've some buns in a bag—but I b'lieve they have ices in the dining car."

"I'm sure they do, and I've plenty of money for us both; and I sadly need a gentleman to take care of me."

"Oh, if you need a gentleman, in course I must go," and the little boy sprang up with alacrity. "My name's Michael," he informed her as they went down the corridor hand in hand, "Michael Lang; and daddy—his name's David Lang. Now you know us, don't you? We're friends together, aren't we, an' I'll take such good care of you."

Anne's lips trembled again as she led her small companion into the bright car where he looked eagerly at the rows of tables and the agile waiters. Never before had he had such an experience, and his face beamed, as soup and fish, and finally the much desired ice, disappeared from his plate.

"What 'ventures I'm having," he said, as they went back to their carriage, past the unsavoury blue and red soldiers who blocked the corridor. "I'm hardly Michael to-night; I think daddy would say I was Don Quixote or Rob Roy, or somebody like that; and you—why you must be a fairy godmother. I hadn't thought of that."

"Not much like one, I think," said Anne. "And now I am going to make you so comfy, with this pillow of mine, because I have a cushion too. Put your little head just here against the wall, and stretch your toes across my bag. I think you will be fast asleep when daddy comes."

"I 'spect so," said Michael sleepily. "How kind you are—it's so nice—I think—I think—you're like a mother 'stead of a fairy godmother."

The train shrieked through the night on its way to the eternal snows and the South. Michael slept as soundly as though he had been tucked into a white cot, while echoing to the vibration of the train his words sang themselves over in a lonely heart: "I think—you're like a mother. I think—you're like a mother."

For the first time in her life Anne longed to hold a child close to her heart for ever, and suddenly she could have wished that Amiens and the strange, absent father were many leagues away.

But in spite of the weary languor of the passengers, and their close quarters, Amiens came at last, with midnight striking from the great cathedral, and the turning out of the blue and red guards to the relief of the air-loving English.

There was a bustle and noise that roused the train, but little Michael slept on, confident in his trust in his coming father and his new friend. Anne looked out of her corner anxiously as the train started again, and presently a tall man, looking like an Englishman who had lived long abroad, appeared in the corridor.

"Ah, here he is," she heard him say, and David Lang entered the carriage and sat down in the empty seat beside his boy.

"Somebody has made him very cosy," said the newcomer, looking round him and fixing his gaze for an instant on Anne. She suddenly longed to claim some part in the tiny boy, but said nothing as she sank back again and closed her eyes.

Dawn was breaking over the border of Switzerland when Anne looked closely at her fellow travellers again. Here and there through the window could be seen an old turreted chateau, or a belt of delicate wood against the faint clear blue of morning. David Lang had closed his book, and was looking across the landscape with an artist's eye. Anne ventured to glance at his face,

## "THE DESERT SHALL BLOSSOM"

and her gaze went down to his book. She started and turned away with crimson cheeks and quick breath. It was the little grey-covered volume of her own verse with which he had been wiling away the long night.

A sudden interest in her own work came to her that she had never thought to feel again, and she wondered almost with shame what this man thought of her little verses, though she shrank into her corner, and surreptitiously removed the name from her travelling bag.

"Daddy," said a piping voice, eager and gay to meet the new day. "Ah, I knowed you'd come though I were fast asleep. And this lady, she gived me her pillow, and we'd dinner in the dining car, with ices. I thought I must go, 'cause she'd no gentleman to take care of her."

"Quite right, my boy," said his father's deep voice, and the man turned to Anne with a look that at once invited her to share his pleasure in his boy.

"I must thank you for a great kindness to a little lonely boy," said Michael's father in the deep voice whose tones said more than its words. And he looked across at Anne with an interest which he was not wont to feel in women, and began to talk to her. Presently he found himself trying to call up the slow smile which illumined her tired face into something better than beauty, and wondered what was the story that had sent this woman alone to Italy, for he felt certain that he read one behind her eyes.

"Have you seen this?" he asked, when Michael's chatter had made the three acquainted, and he held out to her the book she had written.

"Yes," she said, as she took it with a hand that trembled. "Do—do you think it at all good?"

"Yes—I like it," said the man. "I like this," and he took the book, and pointed to an open page.

The yellow tassels of laburnum,  
The lazy dreams of afternoon,  
The scented glory of the lilacs,  
Were just a commonplace last June.

The grace of white madonna lilies,  
Whose proudest petals fell too soon,  
Was but a part of all the glamour  
Clinging to that enchanting June.

In that far twilight of the spirit  
With which your own was long in time,  
I give back to me now and for ever  
The dim, dead rapture of last June.

Anne gave him the book back quietly. "I think it a little feeble," she said, "but it rings true."

David Lang smiled and put the book away, as daylight broadened, people awoke from unrefreshing sleep, and the corridors became alive with human beings.

The long train steamed into Bale, and as Anne gathered her possessions together, and made for breakfast in the station, she had a last glimpse of Michael clinging to his father and talking hard, and as she followed other solitary travellers she was conscious of a sudden foolish disappointment that she had seen the last of the little cherubic face.

Next day she encountered it once in the corridor, on the long, hot journey to Rome. Little Michael's chin was resting on the open window, and the grime on his chubby cheeks rather belied the far-away expression in his eyes as they rested on the wonderful white mountains of Carrara. He looked up and saw Anne. "Oh, is it you?" he asked in friendly fashion. "Look at those! Daddy says they're half marble and half snow. We're going some day to make pictures of them—when our ship comes in. It's been coming a long time. I wonder if it ever will come really."

"I expect so—if you keep looking out," said Anne.

"Has yours?" inquired Michael eagerly.

"Mine has only put out to sea," was the answer which Michael tried in vain to understand.

It was after midnight, when feeling that she had come a long and weary way from the grey walls of Oldstead, and the dear green grave, Anne caught a dark gleam of the Tiber, and then stepped out into the eternal city. A drive through dim, mysterious streets, past plashing fountains and old, worn churches left Anne at the bottom of a long flight of stairs. Two minutes later she was standing in a salon bright with flowers, and as English as a Roman room may be. A white-haired lady rose up to meet her with outstretched hands, and Anne felt that she had come home.

It was late next morning when she opened her eyes and wondered where she was. Far below her narrow window the cries of Rome came up, and springing out of bed she went to look.

A procession of scarlet priests passed out of sight behind a gay coloured wine cart.

## THE QUIVER

Here came a contadina from the hills, and there passed the seminarists—boys in petticoats. Nearly opposite, on the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, the flower market gleamed and blazoned with colour. Anne drew a long breath, and then stopped short. Who was that, with his arms full of roses, coming with a radiant face towards Mrs. Hughenden's stairs? It was Michael, and suddenly the truth flashed upon Anne. She had travelled with her hostess's nephew, the lonely artist, and his little son. Half an hour later she came down into the salon to find David Lang sitting talking to his aunt, while little Michael leaned against the elder lady confidingly. This was a place where they too were evidently at home, and as the circle widened to admit Anne, it did not seem to either them or herself that it was an intruder who entered there.

\* \* \* \* \*

The spring had come to Italy—the wonderful swift spring of the South, with a sob and yet a song in its throat, with peach blossom against the dark cypresses and the sad grey of the olive, and yet with the snow still on the hills.

And the longing of the spring had come to Anne, flecking the shadows with a golden light of which she did not closely ask the meaning. All through the winter she had kept her secret, and none in Rome knew that she was the owner of Oldstead. Once or twice Mrs. Hughenden had looked on with anxious eyes at the pictures brought so eagerly to show Anne, and the artist's pleasure in her quiet appreciation. Was David Lang, after these years of loneliness, courting disaster on rocks ahead? For it seemed to the gentle, experienced lady that no tie could exist between the poor artist encumbered with a child, and the delicately nurtured woman, who had already lost the gracious home which was her natural atmosphere.

But beginning with the little grey book, the winter had meant to Anne a growing comradeship that was becoming closer even than the old sweet one with Hugh. This man not only answered her thoughts, he made pictures of them, and brought them back to her transmuted by some wonderful alchemy of his own. And so the greatest alchemy of all crept between them, and although they scarcely knew it, they loved each other.

Anne stood at the salon window, idly, in the April afternoon, looking down into the Piazza di Spagna, with a wonderful sense of content. Opposite, the spring flowers were spread in glorious masses—banks of violets, bunches of stocks, masses of white iris, and pots of forget-me-nots. Anne looked at them with a flower lover's eyes full of dreams, and then her gaze wandered to the narrow house beside the steps, where, long ago, Keats died. He "whose name was writ in water" had brought many a message to Anne's heart, and one of her favourites had been a line that spoke of "joy, with his hand for ever at his lips."

Joy had for long been a sad word to Anne. Was it possible that in the glowing Italian spring it was going to be a glad one?

A man came with a swinging stride down the steps among the flowers. David Lang walked with a new tread on these April days, and he paused to fill his hands with freesias and Parma violets. As Anne watched him she knew they were for her.

And so they were. He came up the long staircase two steps at a time like a boy, and burst into the room with his offering, filling her hands, and holding them both for a moment.

"A bit of the spring," he said, "Miss Anne—though not the spring of cowslips and buttercups. Is it 'Oh to be in England now that April's there,' with you?"

"Yes—and no," said Anne. "But I wouldn't miss the bluebells at Oldstead."

"You are going back?" His face fell.

"I don't know," faltered Anne, and both their faces were grave as she brought her hat, and agreed to his request for a walk.

Up the steps among the flowers they went, she with the violets tucked almost lovingly into her black and white gown. Then under the ilexes they came out into the Pincio Gardens, past the cinerarias in bloom and the English daffodils.

Carriages filled to overflowing with ponderous signoras and dainty signorinas rolled on their fashionable way, unheeded by the two. The soldiers, who look so much like toys, the scarlet priests, the gay nurses—all went on their way beneath the cypresses, while David and Anne walked slowly, conscious only of their own dreams.

The April sun was setting in gorgeous splendour over the dim, mysterious shadows of the Campagna. Line after line of rose



"Leaning on the wide parapet, they looked away to the west together"—p. 1098.



## THE QUIVER

and gold melted into a mystic haze. And, far below, the spires of Rome loomed black and mellow and wonderful against the western glow.

David drew Anne to the edge of a broad path and, leaning on the wide parapet, they looked away to the west together, and sheer down on to the city which is rightly called eternal.

Spite of the crowds behind them, and the American tourists all about, the two were alone with the old meaning of everything in life and death.

"Look at the golden sky," said David, his artist's eye aflame. "It is that splendid background makes Rome look dark."

"Yes." Anne was too content to talk.

"And—and—don't you think? Don't you wonder—when our lives look black it is in order that we may see the background there, if we look."

"Perhaps!" Anne's thoughts went swiftly to the far-away grave under such different trees. She had not forgotten it for an hour; but perhaps for her the golden background was coming over the horizon.

There was silence for a moment, and then a fine nervous hand came down upon Anne's as it lay ungloved on the stone balcony.

"Anne," said a husky voice, which she had to bend to hear, "hasn't this wonderful winter made a new background for us—for you and me? Shall we paint the rest of the picture together?"

Anne forgot the life and fashion of Rome, the colour of the land, and the tall, sad cypresses. She only knew that both her hands were held fast for evermore, and that she breathed rather than whispered, "Ah! Yes."

Then not only Rome lay at her feet, but the world, because the greatest thing in the world had arisen in her heart, and her desert blossomed like a rose.

They found Mrs. Hughenden and Michael awaiting them in the flower-filled salon, and

the little boy cast himself into Anne's arms as he had often done of late.

"I've been thinking," he said. "And this is what I've thought. Wouldn't it be nice if you could be my Mother Anne—my own Mother Anne? It's such a nice name for you."

"It's the sweetest name in the world," murmured Anne, as she put her arms round him, and hid her tender face amid his curls.

"Save one," whispered David, as he stood beside them and looked down at the woman of whom no vicissitudes could rob him, whether their life meant storm or sunshine.

Anne elected to spend her honeymoon at Oldstead, in the tiny cottage that David thought to be hers, and which was to be their summer home.

He was nothing loth, and the barley fields were growing gold again when they drove together towards the old grey mansion among its quiet English fields.

They stopped on their way at the green graveyard, and stood together beside the stately lilies under the white cross. It was there that Anne pointed to the gables of Oldstead Manor, and gave David her home as well as her heart.

"You were proud and I was lonely," she said. "If you had known you would never have asked me. Don't tell me I've deceived you, for I shall never do it again."

He folded her to his heart and his voice trembled.

"Yes," he said, "your gold would have come between us. I should have crushed my love out of sight. And oh, Anne, I think I loved you that night at Amiens, when I saw Michael lying on your pillow. I have sighed because I could not give you riches—only love."

"The only thing I wanted, and in which you have made me rich indeed," whispered the woman as they went home through the long grass and the moon-daisies to the dear grey homestead behind the trees.



*In my next issue will appear the opening chapters of a new and charming serial story by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey, entitled "Cynthia Charrington." This makes doubly interesting Mr. Denis Crane's talk with this gifted and popular authoress.*

## Authors and Readers

An Interview with Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey

By DENIS CRANE

ALL fiction, we are told, is to some extent autobiographical; that is to say, it reflects the writer's personality and experience.

If this be true, it throws light on the popularity of those fascinating stories from the pen of Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey, who is contributing the new serial story, "Cynthia Charrington," to commence in the November number of *THE QUIVER*.

Mrs. Vaizey is a woman of quick and tender sympathies, clear perceptions, and charming personality. A keen observer, her favourite study is mankind, particularly the members of her own sex, into the shadows of whose life she has deeply penetrated.

In a conversation at her flat overlooking one of the most picturesque parts of Hampstead, she expressed her mind with some precision.

"I am not a Suffragist," she said, "but am deeply interested in women, and have a tremendous sympathy for them in the disabilities under which they labour.

"The life of the unmarried woman is so hard. Parents, I fear, are often unfair to girls. A boy's life is all mapped out. A profession

is chosen for him, and in many cases a sum of money is laid aside to launch him on his career; but for the daughter no such provision is made.

"The thought at the back of the parents' mind is, of course, that she will marry; but, as you know, a woman's prospects of marriage are, from various causes, not great. There are more women in the world than men, for one thing; or perhaps the right man does not turn up; and so when their parents are dead many girls are stranded with nothing they can do to earn a tolerable livelihood."

In this sympathy for the unmarried woman, Mrs. Vaizey's new story has its deepest roots. I asked her to tell me its

plot, and she replied that it was a tale of two girl friends, one rich, and the other, through a disastrous turn of fortune, poor. Around the former, she said, centred a strong love interest. The history of the other girl afforded vivid insight into the struggles of a young woman stranded in life without adequate means of support.

"In my story, 'The Daughters of a Genius,'" she said, "which appeared in the *Girl's Realm*, I related the history of a girl with a



MRS. DE HORNE VAIZEY.

## THE QUIVER

certain amount of musical talent who became a children's entertainer, telling fairy tales and providing other intellectual dainties, such as young folk love, at children's parties.

"This suggestion of a new mode of livelihood for unmarried women possessed of the necessary gifts brought me some correspondence, and among it a letter from a girl who had, with what success I know not, carried the idea into practice.

"Now, in my new story," continued Mrs. Vaizey, "I have offered a somewhat similar suggestion. The poor girl is intelligent, well-educated, has her head screwed on her shoulders, is, in fact, a good all-round creature; but is possessed of no sufficiently outstanding quality to ensure her success in any of the ordinary avocations open to her sex."

My curiosity thus piqued, I naturally inquired the nature of Mrs. Vaizey's proposal.

It would, however, be fair neither to her, nor to the reader, to divulge what must for the present remain a secret. All I need say is that the new calling which the popular authoress suggests is of even greater utility than that embodied in her earlier story, and one more easily within the reach of sensible young women void of false pride and anxious to be at once useful and happy. It is one, too, that would allow any who might care to follow it considerable liberty, while the employment in itself would offer variety and change.

The thread of the story as it affects this heroine introduces a number of episodes of deep human interest in the lives of those with whom she comes in contact. The present writer has had the opportunity of reading the opening chapters, and can testify to their interest and charm of style.

It should perhaps be added that Mrs. Vaizey has no moral to force upon her readers, nor is the story written for the sake of her theory. It is told primarily for its own sake.

This is in close accord with her general ideals as an authoress.

"My aim in writing," she said, "is purely and simply to amuse. I hold that the first object of a story is to refresh

people, and if you give your readers healthy refreshment you have fulfilled your mission. Of course," she added, anticipating a question, "I don't disparage what is ordinarily known as the 'story with a purpose.' I have simply indicated my *own* ideals."

As to her methods of work, Mrs. Vaizey has, partly of necessity and partly from instinct, reduced the art of story-writing, on the mechanical side, to its simplest form. She writes directly into a large exercise-book, filling the right-hand pages and leaving the others blank for revisions, interpolations, and the like. This practice has the advantage of keeping one's MS. together in a handy portable form, ready to be taken up or laid down as circumstances or the mood of the moment may decide.

"I should think," she said, "that I am the only woman author living who has not her own particular 'den.' I sit in any cosy corner, and in any room, that most appeals to me. Any books of reference I require are always ready at hand, and I write comfortably with my MS. on my knee. When the story is done I just send it to a typist, afterwards making with my pen any final revisions that may be necessary."

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mrs. Vaizey cannot write at night, nor before breakfast. She once tried the latter plan with a short story, which, she declares, was the unhappiest piece of fiction she ever wrote. Of course, by working in the morning she is exposed to inevitable interruptions. "But," she added with a smile, "I have got used to that now."

"Do I ever get fast with my plot?" she repeated, the smile broadening into a laugh. "Yes, in nearly every story I get to the discouragement stage, when it seems impossible to proceed. I am afraid I worry a great deal at such times, and at the breakfast table sometimes my husband and daughter, noticing my abstracted air, whisper to each other, 'There's something wrong with the plot.' I remember that I got so fast in the middle of one of my most successful stories that I walked up and down my room weeping, while a friend who was staying with me vainly offered con-

## AUTHORS AND READERS

solation. After a while, however, the difficulty vanished and the wheels once more revolved."

It may be interesting here to recall that Mrs. Vaizey's first story was written almost as soon as she could hold a pen, at the age of six years. It was written in an old exercise-book, and the details of it she still vividly remembers. The opening sentences were these:

"There was once a family of twenty daughters. I will now give a description of each."

Beyond the said "description" the story never advanced, but a few years later she was writing numerous stories for the private delectation of her girl friends. Seated in the huge net at the school gymnasium, she would read to them stories of her own composing, to their delight and her own intense gratification.

Her first success was with a story entered in a competition arranged by the *Boston Youths' Companion*, the prize being £50. Ultimately she heard that some of the judges had been in favour of her story, but that the majority

of votes had been cast for a rival production. The Editor was, however, so pleased with Mrs. Vaizey's story that he decided to publish it at the usual rates, and enclosed a cheque for £14.

This opened her eyes to the fact that money might be made by story-writing, and she began to send out MSS. in all directions.

Her friend, Sir Edward Russell, when spoken to about her ambition, said it was just a question of "how much heart-breaking" she could stand; while an old aunt, who had seen the MSS. go out and in due time return, declared it "a fearful waste of stamps."

All of these old stories, touched up or re-written, Mrs. Vaizey has since succeeded in selling—except one, which, she says, has been refused by almost all the magazines in the country, but which to this day she still believes to be one of her best.

Among the many other prizes she has won was that of a hundred pounds, offered in its early days, for a short story, by *The World and His Wife*. Another, also for a short story, was a sixty-guinea



A CORNER OF MRS. DE HORNE VAIZEY'S DRAWING ROOM AT HAMPSTEAD.

## THE QUIVER

tour down the Mediterranean and through the Holy Land, offered by the proprietors of *Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Vaizey's own favourites among her books are "Pixie," and "A Rose-Coloured Thread," a popular re-issue of which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell at one shilling. The former was published nine years ago, and the royalty still continues yearly to increase. The book has been translated into French, German, Swedish and Norse, besides being printed in Braille for the blind.

She admits that the public in its reception of new books is somewhat of a "dark horse," and that an author can never be quite sure what will be the fate of his volume. She also shares the opinion of a well-known critic and author, that the public soon wearies of a writer, and that it is sometimes advantageous to alter one's pseudonym.

Asked whether the literature provided for the young people of to-day compares favourably with that of a generation ago, Mrs. Vaizey said that she thought it more brisk and alert.

"I used to think," she said, "that Ethel, in 'The Daisy Chain,' was a most dashing heroine. My daughter thinks she is a prig. There, perhaps, you have the difference between the literature and the point of view of the two generations. Popular as such books as 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'The Old Helmet,' and other volumes were, I think that the story-books issued to-day are much more natural, while at the same time equally elevated in moral tone. Some people, perhaps, might say they are less educational, but even that I should dispute."

Concerning the literary tastes of the "general reader," Mrs. Vaizey thinks they must be improving. Proof of this she finds in the quick and enormous sale of the popular sixpenny editions of books whose merit has justified their re-issue, or that are the work of competent and popular writers.

"It used," she said, "to be the custom when going a journey to buy one of the old 'yellow-backs.' Now it is 'Miranda on the Balcony' that we buy, or a volume of R. L. Stevenson. The other day a

friend of mine was surprised to see a fellow traveller of shabby attire absorbed in a cheap copy of Ruskin's 'Modern Painters.'"

Mrs. Vaizey, by the way, does not share the common horror of the cheap novelette that circulates among factory girls and domestic servants. The morals of this type of literature, she holds, are higher, rather than lower, than those of the erotic novel devoured by more fashionable readers. The notes of the cheap novelette are love and money. The plots are concerned chiefly with the adventures of Lady Ermytrude and other characters in high life, and the *dénouement*, like that of popular melodrama, invariably leaves vice punished and virtue triumphant.

"Why do so many girl and women readers," I asked, "turn to the last chapter of a story before the book is well begun?"

"Either because they are frightfully bored and want to know whether the story is worth proceeding with, or because they are so extremely interested that they feel they cannot bear their life until they know what is going to happen. This turning to the last chapter rarely happens with the novel of medium interest. It is confined to the very good and the very bad."

"But is the practice quite fair to the author?"

"It depends on the nature of the story. In a plot novel, like Miss Fowler's 'Double Thread,' for instance, it absolutely ruins the book. But in a character novel I consider it rather a good thing, because it relieves you of the strain of excitement and enables you to give undivided attention to the study of the figures on the stage. By glancing at the last chapter of a book of this kind we perceive those touches of truth and artistry which might otherwise escape us or disclose themselves only on a second perusal."

Mrs. Vaizey smiled when I asked her why girls like boys' books, while so few boys like books for girls.

"Because nine girls out of ten want to be a boy," she answered promptly, "and only one boy in a hundred wishes to be a girl."

# Love's Barrier

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE CONFLICT

SECRETAN came in from the early service to find his wife busy with her letters. He observed her slip one into her pocket at his entrance, and though he made no remark his face perceptibly hardened. There was now a wall of restraint between them. The old sweet comradeship had undoubtedly suffered serious hurt. She scarcely smiled at his entrance, and no word of pleasant greeting or inquiry passed between them. They had ceased apparently to have a common interest in the happenings of daily life. It was now the month of October, and the world in these high latitudes was full of the premonitions of an early winter. Already the robins were hopping familiarly about the garden paths and on the smooth lawns, where the hoar-frost had not yet been melted by the morning sun.

Four cups and saucers stood on the tray in front of Helen, the children's visit to Midcar having been prolonged far beyond their anticipation. Their mother was still abroad, where apparently she had found something to interest her, but Helen had that very morning received some definite information regarding her movements.

"I've had a letter from Cynthia," she said as she proceeded to make the tea. "She is coming actually this afternoon! So like her! She never troubles to consider the convenience of others."

"It is certainly very sudden. Where does she write from?"

"Baden-Baden, and she is down on her luck. She says another of the mushroom friendships, for which she has a peculiar penchant, has burst like a bubble. Consequently she rails at the world in general. Will you read her letter?"

"No, thank you. I will speak for the fly as I go down. I am going to London myself this afternoon."

"To London!" she repeated, and looked

at him with a swift inquiry. Time was when she would have known all his movements; when even his intentions would not have been hid. But the barrier had grown up, had been growing steadily since the breaking of Audrey Hayes' engagement, and nothing had been done to break it down. If Helen felt that she had been unjustly blamed, she gave no sign. She loved, but her pride was very high. She would not stoop to beg the explanation for which her soul craved. She hungered for the expression of the love which had become so dear a part of her life, but she would not beg for it. She had no idea of the depth and darkness of the passion that smouldered in Secretan's soul. He was the prey of distrust, of foreboding fears, of a jealousy as cruel as the grave. He misunderstood her silence and magnified every trifle to her condemnation. They had never spoken of the matter since that miserable day when they had met in the Mardocks wood. Secretan had fully expected an explanation, but when none came he hugged his suspicions to his soul and sat in judgment.

He no longer believed that the story she had told him that day in the Castle Gardens had been true, at least it had not been the whole truth. He felt himself aggrieved; he was the prey of the most miserable feelings that can rend the heart of a man, and rob him of the zest of life.

Outsiders saw no change in the Rectory life, and even their few intimates were deceived. Helen was absolutely mistress of herself. She was less bright, perhaps, and there was an habitual seriousness in her eyes, but she made no change in the order of her life. She was busy all day, apparently, with affairs of the house, with the work of the parish, which had gradually increased on her hands. None hesitated now to come to the Rector's wife: she never failed them. And there was a particular depth and sincerity in her sympathy which helped more than anything. The woman who has suffered never makes light of the suffering of others. More change was visible in



## THE QUIVER

Secretan. He possessed less share of self-control. Helen came of a race of soldiers, and had learned to endure and make no sign. Secretan chafed under the cloud that obscured his personal happiness, but did not know how it was to be removed. There were moments when he bitterly regretted those hours in the Luxembourg Gardens which had made such an upheaval in his life. He showed a lack of charity, a harshness of judgment, which would have surprised those who only knew him as a genial person, always ready to do a kind act. Helen resented his coldness, and had no idea how his soul was tormented for himself, and for her. A chance word, dropped one morning as she had been getting ready for the early service, caused her to understand that he was not certain that she was eligible. It was only a word, but it sped like an arrow to the mark. She quietly laid off her things, and from that day had not entered the church. As yet, however, the parish had not passed any strictures; they imagined another reason sufficient to excuse everything. But both Secretan and his wife were aware that this sort of life could not go on.

"I think I will take a holiday this month. It will be a suitable opportunity when you have Mrs. Revell with you."

"Very well. Where do you think of going?"

"To Holland and Belgium. Westerton, who disappointed me last year, is free now. If you have no objections, I will go to-day. I have made full arrangements for supply. You will only have the preachers for the week-ends. The Ifley curate has undertaken the rest of the work."

"Very well," she repeated. "How long do you expect to be away?"

"About three weeks." At that moment the children came bounding in, with their morning faces full of the usual fun and high spirits, which were perceptibly damped when they heard who was coming.

"But we shan't have to go to Colchester, shall we, Helen?" cried Margot. "You won't let mummy take us away!"

The look of appeal sent sudden swift tears to Helen's eyes. Secretan noticed them, and they stabbed him to the heart. She was still dear to him, though he had tried to harden his heart against her. He thought she had failed in duty to him; that he deserved a fuller confidence regarding what

had happened at High Ridges. That it was Helen who had broken the engagement he had no manner of doubt; it was the cause that tormented him.

And now her tears haunted him. She was unhappy, her face was pathetic; and he had not the right to comfort her. She had refused him that right, and until she came to him of her own accord he could do nothing. But he did not see gathering slowly in her heart a resolve to mend or end this state of affairs that had become intolerable to her. Early in the afternoon, when all the arrangements for the journey had been made, she tapped at the study door. Secretan, making a few last notes of forgotten duties, bade her come in. She was rather pale, but her face wore an expression of great sweetness.

When she spoke her voice was without a tremor.

"I have come to ask, before you go, Claude, why I am treated like this; and whether, when you come back, you will go on treating me in the same way?"

His face flushed, and something flashed in his eye.

"It is a painful subject to go back upon, Helen," he answered. "But surely there is no need to ask such a question! You did not treat me fairly about the affair of Major Hunt and Audrey. You have never explained that ghastly day when I saw you and him together in the Mardocks wood. I am a mere man, Helen, and you left me to draw the usual deductions."

"What were they?" she asked, a little hardly.

"Why, that you had kept something back, of course."

She put up her hand suddenly as if the words wounded her.

"You took my word that day at Colchester. I told you all that was necessary. You believed me then, Claude, when you had less cause. I mean I was then a stranger to you. I have been your wife to very little purpose indeed, if you can condemn me now."

"It was a matter on which I had the right to your full confidence; the right of a husband. I have been waiting for that confidence. So long as it is denied me, I must continue to draw my own conclusions."

"Against me?"

Her sad eyes, full of that haunting pathos,

## LOVE'S BARRIER

made him feel miserable and mean. He avoided their steady gaze, and, moving towards the writing-desk which stood across the smaller window, fumbled in his pocket for the keys.

"There was nothing to tell," she said, with extreme difficulty. "The matter was an entirely private one. It concerned the happiness of another. I thought it my duty, however, to intervene. A year ago I should have been less insistent on duty. Life got a new meaning for me here; but now the clouds have rolled up again, and I don't know where I am, or how I stand."

Her words moved him mightily, but again he hardened his heart. Fitting the key in one of the drawers, he drew forth an envelope and took a folded sheet of note-paper from it, which he handed her without a word. She glanced over it; her face flushed deeply, and with a sudden gesture of passion she threw it into the fire.

"So you condemned me on that, on an anonymous letter! Then, indeed, there is no more to be said."

She went out of the room with her head high in the air. They had no further opportunity of private speech that day; indeed, neither sought it. Secretan's quick temper had been roused by her action, and his jealous heart continued to be tormented by her silence. It was a miserable day.

He bade her "Good-bye" in the presence of the children, and not one word of a tender or hopeful nature passed between them. Helen did not know that he had another appointment with the bishop before he set out on his holiday.

It was well that he had kept his intention from her. She would certainly have misunderstood and resented it.

Secretan did not show himself strong in this crisis in his life. He had not Jane's clear fixity of purpose and calm judgment. In his marriage he had perhaps shown himself at his best: all his manly qualities had come to the front; he gloried in the idea of being a tower of strength to the woman who had trusted him, and whom he loved.

But the close strain of married life, the daily round, the common task, had found him sadly wanting. He preached charity,



"He took a folded sheet of note-paper, which he handed her without a word."

## THE QUIVER

forbearance, long-suffering to others, and lacked them all himself. He had even, through the strain of his mental anguish, become irritable, fault-finding, wholly changed.

Helen, on the other hand, had changed but little. She had been trained in a harder school; and had grown accustomed to disappointment, to disillusionment and to silence. Once more disappointment was hers, and the tower against which she had leaned had failed her; that was all. She became a little more self-contained, a little less demonstrative, but was invariably gentle. Otherwise more acute friction must have ensued. She was conscious of a great relief when Secretan left the house. No longer subjected to the strain of the dual life, they might arrive at some better understanding; at least, there would be time to face the situation fairly and frankly without prejudice from without.

Soon after Secretan left the house, Jane arrived to spend the afternoon. She had given Sir Anthony Brede a provisional promise to marry him some day, and she was astonished at her own happiness. Perhaps happiness makes us selfish; certainly Jane had not observed anything amiss between her brother and his wife. As a house of defence she, too, had failed. She was unaware that Helen had had anything to do with the breaking of Audrey Hayes' engagement.

"Claude has gone away on his holiday, and alone," she cried incredulously. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! Why couldn't you have sent the children up to me? Or I could have come here. You ought to have gone, Helen! You need a holiday desperately. I was only thinking so the last day I saw you."

"Claude is going with Mr. Westerton to Holland and Belgium. Besides, I could not have gone in any case. I am expecting Mrs. Revell this evening."

"She comes to take the children away, I suppose? Then you will follow Claude, join them somewhere? Do, Helen; it would do you immense good; and I am sure Claude will never get the good of his holiday unless you are there."

"On the contrary, he will enjoy it better," replied Helen, with a slight cold smile. "Well, and how are you, dear Jane? We don't see much of you in these days. Pro-

spective matrimony seems to be an absorbing occupation."

Jane sat back in her chair and laughed cheerily.

"It isn't that. My hands are full with Tom! What a baby he is; I believe he is going to marry Anne Coyne's niece. Things are shaping that way, and it would be a very good thing for her."

"But isn't she very young?"

"Not so very; six-and-twenty, and an uncommonly sensible girl. She's very fond of the children, too, and she has both tact and firmness. She isn't at all afraid of Tom. Oh, poor Emmy! What mistakes she made! I can see them now. She ought never to have been Tom Courtney's wife."

"It seems to me," said Helen, hardly, "that most husbands and wives would be happier yoked to somebody else."

Jane pondered these words later, and remembered their significance.

When Helen met Cynthia at the station she was surprised to feel that she was quite glad to see her. Dressed in a most becoming travelling costume and a coquettish hat, Cynthia was looking her very best. She kissed Helen effusively and appeared really glad to see the children.

"So your parson has run away! I'm very sorry; I was looking forward to seeing him, you may tell him. I think he might have at least waited to receive me; especially as I have only two days to stop. Yes; they've left the house, and I must get home at once to put it in order. I have visitors coming on the twentieth. I'm really awfully obliged to you for looking after the kids so long. They look blooming both of them, though I expect they will never be happy in Colchester any more."

A little later in the evening, when Cynthia had explored the house and professed herself enchanted with everything, she put the question Helen had been dreading.

"I met Lady Angela Hunt at Adelboden, Helen; she's going to stay there for the winter. I want to hear what happened about Major Hunt's marriage. Did you put the spoke in the wheel?"

"Yes."

"But, why, Helen? It couldn't do you any good. Lady Angela was sure you had done it, but I protested you were above such a mean trick. It was a mean trick, you know—the sort of thing I might easily descend to;

## LOVE'S BARRIER

but you, a parson's wife, too—and such a charming parson! Why did you do it?"

Helen remained silent, wondering whether it would be possible to make Cynthia understand. She was surprised that she felt relief now that the ice was broken, and that she was even anxious to vindicate herself.

"I didn't think he was a fit husband for Audrey Hayes; you would not have thought so either if you had known her."

"But heavens, Helen, what had that got to do with you? I should have thought, now, you had enough to do with your own affairs. I'm sure I have. I never meddle with anybody. Besides, it wasn't a Christian act. I thought you had got religion. Somebody told me that, but like most gossip it can't be true. Of course, no Christian would have done such a thing. Whatever the man was, you were done with him, and he ought to have had his chance."

Helen sat very still, and something seemed to close about her heart. Cynthia's opinion might be taken to represent the world. She felt uncomfortably stabbed. After all, it might be true; it was no concern of hers. She had destroyed her own happiness, and the happiness of others, for an idea of duty wholly mistaken. The cup of her misery seemed full.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE UPWARD WAY

AN English lady in a quiet brown travelling suit and carrying a small valise, got off the boat at Charenton at sunset on an autumn evening. The air was mellow, yet cool; and the fading leaves were swirling gently in the pensive wind. A few workmen, returning from their occupation further up the river, were the only other passengers, and they regarded her curiously as she stepped off at the little landing-stage. One brown-faced elderly man in a blue smock made pause a moment, and asked whether he could carry her valise. Helen thanked him in excellent French, and indicated her destination, the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur*. Instantly a look of sadness overspread the face of the workman, and he shook his head.

"Ah, madame, it is impossible! It is no more!"

"No more!" cried Helen, her tone shrill with apprehension. "Do you mean that

it is knocked down? Why, that is its bell ringing now for vespers. I remember it well."

"The bell may ring, madame, though always to us now it sounds like a knell," he made answer. "The cruel fate has overtaken the *Sacré Cœur*, the fate that threatens all France. The Sisters have been turned out, and some say they have gone to England. *Mon Dieu*, that He should permit such things to happen and send no fire from heaven! They who do not believe say He sleeps and laugh with scorn. But for the poor it is a serious thing. Here in Charenton they were our only friends."

Helen looked inexpressibly shocked, and at the same time perplexed. She had made so certain of this refuge that she had made no plans beyond it. Now it was late evening, and Paris some distance away.

"Madame was for the *Sacré Cœur* then?" said the old man inquiringly, with sympathy written on his face.

"Yes, I was educated there, and I thought to see them all again. I know not what to do now. Perhaps I ought to take the boat back again, but it has just gone."

"Only for fifteen minutes, madame; there will be another one, but what will you? There is no hotel good enough perhaps in Charenton. We are only simple people, and the great do not visit us."

Helen smiled once more at the quaint and humble speech inseparable from types of his class, but stood still undecided.

"Madame is undecided, but there is one of her own people still in the white house on the hill. The old English clergyman who used to live at Marny. You remember him perhaps? He was greatly beloved."

"Why, yes, of course, I attended his church. Can it be possible that he is alive still? Why, he was an old man then; he must be very, very old now?"

"He is hale yet, and full of service for the poor. His heart ached with us when the Sisters were driven forth, and in some measure he takes their place. He fills his days with good deeds for the poor; and though he is not of our faith, what matters it? What are we but children of *le bon Dieu*, every one of us, whatever name we call ourselves by."

Helen looked no longer undecided.

"The white house on the hill! I will go there. Is it far?"

## THE QUIVER

Jacques set down the valise, and pointed with his brown and withered forefinger up the slope to a white house with green shutters set in a pleasant orchard on the ascending slope.

"I can walk that distance if you can help me with my bag. I will give you two francs."

Jacques' answer was to shoulder the valise, and turn his face manfully towards the house on the hill.

"But first take me round by the *Sacré Cœur*. I know the way. It will not add more than five hundred yards to our walk."

Jacques cheerfully acquiesced, and they trudged by the river bank a few yards until the whole edifice of the convent, with its high protecting wall, its iron gates with the branching chestnuts flanking its pillars, came into view. Arrived before the gates, the old man set down the valise and took off his cap. Helen stepped forward, and looked through the bars, up the long, straight line of the chestnut avenue, which terminated in the open space before the cloisters. A deep and melancholy silence brooded over the deserted place; the grass was grown between the round cobbles and the flags of the courtyard; the windows were darkened; the doors, that had ever been open wide to succour the poor and the needy, were bolted and barred. The whole place murmured of death and decay. Helen's eyes filled with tears. She had yearned for the peace of the place, for its old memories, its aloofness from the sin and sorrow of the world. And lo! it seemed to her overcharged heart that the last prop was taken away, and she was left desolate and stranded in a wintry world.

Jacques loved her for those tears; and when she wiped them away, and began to walk again, he trotted contentedly by her side, telling of the evil times just before the Sisters were swept out, and of how their ministry was missed in the place.

"Look you, madame; there is no sense nor justice in it. It is true that some were bad, very bad, and that the scandals called loud for redress, but here it was different. *Le bon Dieu* Himself could not have done more for His children than our little Sisters."

Helen sighed as she acquiesced. She had followed with interest the cleansing of the religious houses of France, but had never

dreamed that the only example she knew would be called to suffer the common fate. Charenton had always seemed immune, remote from the world.

They did not talk further as they walked; and in a short time they had climbed the gentle ascent, and arrived at the white and green gate of the Parsonage House.

"Monsieur is at home, I know," observed Jacques cheerfully. "But perhaps madame would like me to wait till she makes certain."

"Yes, wait, in case I wish to go back to the boat."

Jacques stood still in the narrow path, keeping guard on the valise, while Helen walked up without shrinking to the door. Her knock was answered by a middle-aged servant wearing a blue linen frock and a white mob cap; who, in answer to her inquiry for Mr. Bethell, bade her enter, and at once showed her into a little *salon*, where the old pastor was reading the evening paper. Helen remembered his tall, spare figure; his thin, fine, intellectual face; and found him little changed, except that increasing age had created a more *spirituelle* look. His smile was benign as he rose to greet her.

"You do not remember me, Mr. Bethell," she said a little eagerly. "I was a pupil about twelve years ago at the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur*. I came here to-night thinking to pay them a surprise visit, and remain quiet for a little. I find nothing. A workman who carried my valise told me you were still here, and I thought I should like to see you."

"Surely," said the old man, with his ready and beneficent smile. "You are very welcome; and if you can stay with us for a little, my daughter, no less than I, will be pleased. We do not often have a visitor from the outside world." He searched her face as he shook hands with her, but failed to recall her by name.

"There is something familiar, but there were so many in the years we were at Marny."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand. My name was Revell—Helen Revell. I came from India; perhaps that will help you."

"Your father was a soldier—a distinguished soldier, I think. Am I right?"

"Quite right," said Helen hastily. "And if you are so kind as to permit it I should very much like to remain all night, to hear further about the convent, and all that has happened in Charenton since I went away."





"She set before him in simple, clear language the story of her life"—p. 1110.



## THE QUIVER

I have never had happier days than these I spent with the sisters at the *Sacré Cœur*."

"They are sadly missed here, Miss Revell, or perhaps I ought to say madame now?"

"I am married," answered Helen simply. "My name is Secretan."

"And where have you left the man with the valise?"

"He waits outside. May I ask him to bring it in? But you spoke of your daughter. Will it not be better to ask her first whether it is convenient to have an unexpected visitor invading your house at this hour?"

"Lucy has gone to Paris, and will not return before nine. I shall be having my evening meal presently, and you will share it, which will be uncommonly pleasant for me. It is sure to be convenient. Lucy makes no trouble of anything. Let me send Babette for the bag."

"I must see the man myself to pay him and to thank him, he has been so kind coming out of his way with me," said Helen gratefully, and left the house to relieve Jacques, feeling a wonderful sense of relief and peace. Within half an hour she had made herself at home in the Parsonage House, and the feeling of blank disappointment she had experienced before the closed gates of the convent had passed away.

When Lucy Bethell, a handsome middle-aged woman, with a kind face and a genial happy manner, returned, she was both surprised and pleased to find a guest in the house. She took it all as a matter of course, bade Mrs. Secretan welcome; and Helen fell asleep that night with the comforted feeling of one who, wandering in the wilderness, suddenly had come upon a home.

She did not leave Charenton next day, nor the day after that; a week found her still an inmate of that peaceful home, endearing herself to the inmates, and giving them so much new interest in life that they would not listen to her talk of going. They easily surmised that she had some trouble at her heart. Beyond informing them regarding her husband's vocation and the situation of her home, she spoke very little, at least directly about herself. But during the long talks they had, both indoors and out, Mr. Bethell and his daughter arrived at the same conclusion—that their guest was wrestling with some problem, seeking the solution of the difficulty that had brought such a pathetic look into her eyes. It was

no part of their creed (who had comforted so many) to seek to probe into the inner sanctuary of her heart, but the day came when she spoke out of her own accord. It was on one of the golden afternoons when they wandered together in the apple orchard, where the fruit was ripening red and gold in the sun, that Helen unburdened her heart to the old man, who, though living out of the world, had never lost the understanding heart. He listened with the greatest attention, never interrupting her once, while she tried to set before him in simple, clear language the story of her life, more especially the story of the past two years.

"I have arrived at a point where I need someone wise and good to tell me what to do," she said in conclusion. "Will you be that one? Perhaps God guided me to you. Certainly I felt that I must come to Charenton, though it was to the Mother Superior of the *Sacré Cœur* I expected to tell my story."

The old man hesitated a moment, looking with great compassion and kindness into her beautiful face. He laid his hand gently on her arm, and drew her to a little arbour that had been set up in a sheltered corner of the orchard and made a charming retreat, alike from the summer sun and the autumn wind.

"Sit down here, my daughter, and let us look this thing squarely in the face," he said; and Helen, conscious of nothing but profound relief, waited without tremor or haste for the verdict. It did not in the least surprise her when it came after a few moments in accents quite clear and firm.

"The way of duty is clear, my daughter. You will have to go back. You will have to take up your life where you left it. There is no other way."

"But I am misjudged, mistrusted, kept on the outside," said Helen with difficulty. "You can never have lived in such an atmosphere, and you do not know what a soul-destroying thing it is."

"I think I can understand. But it is just here where you must show yourself a strong and a true woman. You must rise above suspicion, distrust, coldness, and by love conquer them all."

"But there is no love to help me," said Helen in the same difficult voice, for it was a hard thing for her to lay bare her soul, and only dire need could have made it

## LOVE'S BARRIER

possible. "A heart constantly thrown back upon itself becomes slowly, but quite surely, hardened. I can live away from my home in peace, but I cannot live in it under the conditions that exist as I have tried to describe them to you."

"It seems to me," said the old man slowly, "that the whole situation is based upon a false conception of your duties to one another. As you have confided in me, we will confine ourselves, in the first instance, to that particular duty. Shall I tell you how it appears to me?"

"Yes, surely. It is what I wish to hear."

"Then, undoubtedly, you have failed in not laying bare your whole heart to your husband. He was entitled to it. A priest is only a man, and his failings are very human. You might, I think, have trusted to his judgment, his Christian tolerance. You did not give them a fair chance."

"He did not give *me* a chance," she retorted quickly. "He condemned me unheard on the evidence of an anonymous letter. Could anything be more degrading to a woman?"

"He suffered, too, my dear. I do not seek to defend him, only I see in him the conduct of a man who was distraught, and who did not know where to turn. Can you not give him the benefit of the doubt, and grasp the fact that his very hardness arose out of the depth of his love for you, his fear to lose you?"

"It seems to me," observed Helen in a low, tired voice, "that there is something in the marriage bond which makes things harder than they are elsewhere. Even when there is love, it is always a jealous love."

"Then it is of the earth, earthy, and has never been purged by the divine fire," returned the old man without a moment's hesitation. "I have seen and known much of the sorrow of life, but I have never known love—the true love, which has very little of self in it—to fail. It conquers all."

"Mine will never reach such a height, then," said Helen hopelessly, "because I want personal happiness for myself."

"Tell me, why did you make this marriage, which you have admitted was not, on your side, wholly disinterested at the beginning?"

"I thought I had made that clear—I married to escape an intolerable situation."

"And now you would leave it to escape another intolerable situation," he said, with

a gentle irony which slightly deepened her colour.

"Then your sympathy is not with me?" she said a little hurriedly, as one who has been wounded by a word.

"My sympathy is entirely with you. But I would be just, my dear, and prevent, if I could, this shipwreck which is threatening your life."

"It is not only threatening it; it has overtaken it," she said, quickly. "I shall never go back."

The old man stretched out his thin hand, and laid it with a firm insistence on hers.

"'Never' is a long word, my child, and should not be spoken in haste. As you say, the desire for personal happiness is insistent, and while it is not in itself a wrong desire it should not be the first. The whole lesson of life, as I understand it, is this—that we are put here, not so much to obtain happiness for ourselves, as to create it for others. Your heart, no less than your conscience, will tell you how far short you have fallen of this ideal."

"I did my best," she answered, simply and humbly. "And I thought some of the people loved me."

The humility and pathos with which these words were spoken touched the old man inexpressibly.

"It is because you have this power to win others that your responsibility is the greater. You can influence many, and you must be above reproach yourself. More is required from those to whom the gifts have been given."

"More sacrifices, do you mean? Then I am to cease caring about my own happiness?"

"You grasp my meaning, though you take out of it more than I wish. My daughter, you will learn, as you grow older, that in the pathway of duty, even while the skies are grey and weeping, the only true happiness is to be found. All else is confusion; God has so ordained it."

"So my duty is to go back?" she said dully, for it was borne in upon her that there was no escape.

"Undoubtedly. What you did was a noble thing; you saved a sweet and pure young life from degradation without counting the cost to yourself. That will not be forgotten, nor yet go unrewarded. But the action was incomplete. You must make

## THE QUIVER

full confession to your husband, and then abide by his decision."

"He is a hard man, and though I go back I might have to leave my home again, and in more painful circumstances. When must I go?"

"There is no haste," he answered affectionately. "It is a great joy to Lucy and to me to have you here. Stay and rest. Your husband is away; and even if he were not, it will be good for him to feel your absence a little keenly. Stay and rest, until God shows you the way."

With this suggestion Helen was only too glad to comply. She felt happier, having relieved her mind and made her whole position clear to her kind entertainers. A few more days slipped away in quiet Charenton, and Helen felt

herself gaining in bodily strength as well as in peace of mind. On the fourth day she wrote to Jane, and likewise to Cynthia at Colchester. And still she waited, with a curious certainty that a day would dawn when she should be left in no doubt as to the way in which she should walk.

She was lying down one afternoon in the little guest chamber which looked out upon the laden orchard, not asleep, but going back, as she so often did, on every detail



"The next moment she felt herself wrapped warm and close in his arms."

of the past, when Babette knocked lightly at her door.

"If you are not asleep, madame, will you come to the *salon* to Mademoiselle Lucy? She has need of you."

Helen sprang up ready and willing.

"In a minute, Babette. Tell mademoiselle I shall be down immediately."

She plunged her face into the cool water, hastily brushed her hair, and slipped down the polished stairs. The house was very still. She imagined she heard the sound of voices proceeding from the *salon*; but when she opened the door there did not seem to be anyone there. The long window of the room opened upon a small terrace, and as she stepped towards it someone came from the outside—a tall figure, in a very English overcoat, his face

turned eagerly towards the door. The next moment she felt herself wrapped warm and close in his arms, and heard his voice, broken by the deepest feeling that can stir a man's heart, murmuring words of endearment and imploring her forgiveness.

"My wife, my own darling, my Helen, can you ever forgive me? I have been hard, unjust, cruel; but I did not know I made the place so bitter for you that you

## LOVE'S BARRIER

could not bear it. My poor wife, forgive me and come home."

She suffered herself to rest quietly for a moment, conscious of nothing but an overwhelming sweetness and joy. She had no questions to ask; it was enough that by some strange means the curtain of shadows had been rolled back, and the sun was out upon her life once more. It could not be her letter to Jane or to Cynthia, because they could not yet have received them. After all, what mattered the means so the end was here? For her heart told her this was love, the love which can so illumine the pathway of life that it becomes a heavenly place.

"When I got home and found that you had left me I was a man distracted. Yes, it was a week earlier than I expected. My conscience would not let me rest. I came to myself. Why did you leave Midcar? I want to know the worst, to see myself with your eyes."

"I had to get some light on my life. I needed peace, and did not know where to turn. But if you had stayed away the full time you would have found me at home before you; I was going back to-morrow."

"I am in time to take you then. Thank God!"

"But, Claude, I have been wrong too. You will hear my story first?"

"I will hear from you only one thing, Helen, and that is that you forgive and love me still. I know enough. I went to Geoffrey Hayes in my misery, and he told me everything. He said you would absolve him from silence because of the issue at stake. You are enshrined in that good man's heart as a saint might be. It is only I who have been blind."

Her hand on his lips sought to silence him.

"Tell me how you knew I was here," she asked at last.

"I wired to Cynthia, and she answered

bidding me try Charenton. But before I started I received Mr. Bethell's letter, and here I am."

"So he wrote!" said Helen with a little smile, and at the moment the door was softly opened, and the kind old face with its halo of white hair peered in. They made haste to draw him into the room to thank him for what he had done and to assure him that all was well.

So they were called back to earth, which promised them something of that happiness which gives a foretaste of heaven.

Some years have passed away since these poignant weeks in the experience of Claude Secretan and his wife. They have left Midcar, and are to be found in a large and important parish in a great city. Secretan has made his mark, and those who know predict a bishopric for him while he is yet in his prime. He is ably assisted in his many labours by his wife, and their home life is happier than most. Bound together by their common love for the Lord Jesus, their lives are consecrated in the best and widest sense. They have never been forgotten in the moorland parish where their married life began, and, with their children, pay frequent visits to Jane, the beloved Lady Brede of Mardocks, and sometimes to Audrey, now the happy wife of John Ridd. Nor is Colchester quite forgotten. They have drawn Cynthia into the orb of their gracious influence, and she has learned from her step-daughter that it is possible to be supremely happy without much that the world counts as riches.

One other place Secretan and his wife often revisit, and always quite alone—the white house with the green shutters on the hill behind Charenton, where the apple orchards look down upon the flowing Seine. For that old house witnessed the reunion which was their real marriage, and with which the actual journey of life began.



*Twenty-five years ago, this month, died the good Earl of Shaftesbury. His noble life and his many public services merit abiding recognition, and we gladly present this little tribute to his memory.*

## The Hero of Child-Life

An Appreciation of the Earl of Shaftesbury

By the Rev. A. B. BOYD-CARPENTER

AMONG social reformers no name stands higher than that of Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. A man of deep piety, of earnest, resolute will, of tender sympathies, of firm faith, and with a keen sense of responsibility, he devoted more than sixty years of his life to the cause of suffering humanity. Bearing an already distinguished name, endowed with considerable intellectual gifts, highly cultured, occupying a position of social and political advantage, he could easily have gratified a just ambition in the pursuit of his own honour and advancement. But he put all personal considerations to one side, and at the call of duty, laboured in face of difficulties, disappointments, opposition, and even hostility, till he carried out those great reforms on which he had set his heart, and that have made his name, not only the most illustrious of his family, but distinguished among the most famous philanthropists of all ages. It is not possible in the space allotted to this paper to even hint at, much less to deal with, all he undertook and achieved. His philanthropic efforts ran out into so many directions, touched so many sides, were so numerous and varied, that there was scarcely a cause of good with which he was not connected, while his personal action was for many years brought into the social life of the nation. It is only with one aspect of his work that we can deal at present. But that aspect was perhaps the most significant, and was the most pathetic, and brings out into the strongest light the tenderness and pity that were so characteristic of him. He was essentially the children's hero, and it is his labour on behalf of these little ones to which our attention must be directed.

Early in life, while yet a boy at Harrow, his heart was touched, and his resolve

was made to take up the work of social reform. But while he was thus resolved, it was not made clear to him at once in what direction, and by what methods, his life's work was to be undertaken.

The call, however, came upon him suddenly and unexpectedly, and found him unprepared. At the close of the session of 1831, Mr. Sadler had introduced his Ten Hours Bill, which sought to limit the labour of women and children in the cotton mills to ten hours daily. At the ensuing election Mr. Sadler lost his seat in the House of Commons, and for the moment there seemed to be no one in that assembly to take up his work. At this crisis Lord Ashley was approached. There were doubts and hesitation on his part. He knew nothing of the question at issue. He doubted his own powers. It meant much sacrifice of personal interest, popularity, and domestic leisure. His decision had to be made at once. He could not refuse, he could not accept. He asked for a few hours to consider the question. He laid the whole matter before his wife and awaited her decision. Well did she justify his trust in her. Without hesitation she gave her noble reply at once, identifying herself with him and his work. "The consequences we must leave. Go forward to victory." The following day Lord Ashley gave his answer and thereby pledged himself to take up the great work which came in his way, and so commenced that long struggle that only after many years ended in success.

But before we can understand what Lord Ashley felt and did, we must form some conception of the state of child labour in England at the time when he commenced his great work. Living when the national conscience has been awakened, and when so much has been done



## THE HERO OF CHILD-LIFE

and is being done for the children, we may be ignorant or forgetful of the awful state of affairs out of which Lord Ashley resolved to rescue the children of his own day. Only as we realise what was prevalent then can we form any estimate of the task which lay before him, and of the courage, resolution,

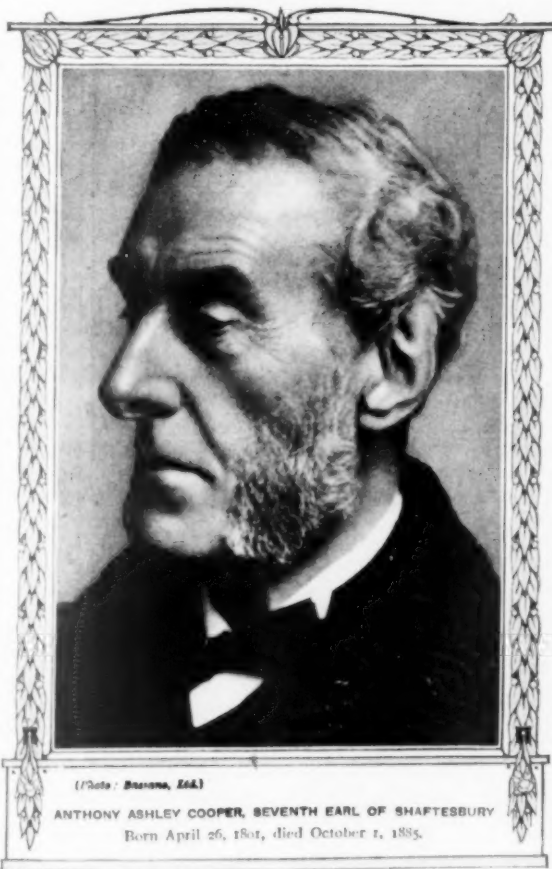
patience, and faith which that task involved. The cotton trade had increased enormously, while the invention of machinery had completely altered the condition of labour. The country worker with his hand loom had been superseded; large factories had been built in towns, and drew thither multitudes of workers; hundreds of children, from ten years old upwards, were plunged into the great vortex of labour. In the midst of noise and dust, and evil smells, liable to injury at any moment,

ill-fed, uneducated, deprived of all ventilation, they worked on an average of fourteen hours a day. Sickness, disease, weariness, stunted growth, misery, and early death were their lot, not only in the cotton factories, but in the silk, woollen, and other industries. It was to rectify this state of affairs that Lord Ashley was called. It was a revelation

to him, and filled him with amazement and pity. From that hour he pledged himself, under God, to rescue his little brothers and sisters. He not only re-introduced the Ten Hours Bill, but he visited the factories, that he might see for himself what was taking place. Armed with this personal knowledge, he

could speak with authority. He demanded the reduction of the hours of labour to ten hours, with eight on Saturdays; that the age of employment should be raised to exclude the very youngest; that night-work for children should be abolished, and that some portion of each day should be set apart for education. These demands were moderate, indeed, and fall far short of what would satisfy us to-day. But they were met by fierce and stubborn resistance. Time after time he

was met by defeat. Time after time, when victory seemed to be within his reach, it was snatched away. Time after time he was baffled by some counter bill less satisfactory than his own. It was not until he had spent fourteen years in arduous, heartbreaking conflict that at last he succeeded in carrying those reforms upon which he had set his heart with



(Note: *Shakespeare, 1664*)

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

Born April 26, 1801, died October 1, 1885.



## THE QUIVER



THE BOYHOOD OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

such heroic resolution. In the meantime, his investigations as to the condition of child labour led him farther afield, and he turned his attention to those wellnigh forgotten children who, out of sight and in darkness, laboured in the mines and collieries. Here a terrible revelation awaited him. The report of a commission laid bare such facts as constituted one of the darkest chapters in our national history. Children, boys and girls, ranging from ten years old and upwards, were set to work in the mines and collieries. The youngest were employed in opening and shutting the doors through which the coal carriages

passed. Alone, in darkness and solitude and silence, unable to stir, bound to keep awake, the least neglect inviting serious consequences, these little ones had to ply their work for from twelve to fourteen hours a day. When older they were harnessed to small wagons, which, on hands and knees, they had to drag along dark, narrow, and rough passages. Others were set to carry loads varying from  $\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. up steep steps, a distance that each day aggregated fourteen times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral — each step imperilling limb and life from falling coal dropped by their weak and tired companions. Children of eight years of age stood ankle deep in water at the bottom of some pit, incessantly pumping up

water through long and weary hours of comparative darkness. Education there was none. Daylight, except on Sunday, was denied them, while their only opportunity for recreation was on Sundays, then they were too tired and weary to do other than rest their exhausted little minds and bodies. Who can measure the misery, the weariness, the terror, the degradation, the cruelty of such an existence? Who can fail to see the disastrous effects physically, mentally, and morally that must have resulted?

This state of affairs called loudly for consideration, and the appeal was voiced by Lord Ashley in directing the attention

## THE HERO OF CHILD-LIFE

of the House of Commons to it. "Is it not enough," he said, "to enumerate these things to an assembly of Christian and British gentlemen? For £20,000,000 you purchased the liberation of the negroes, and it was a blessed deed. You may this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter into the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves of the opportunities for virtue, morality, and religion." Then, in reference to a previous speaker who had declared that to interfere would bring back the barbarism of the Middle Ages, he added: "These, sir, are the ends I venture to propose—this is 'the barbarism' I seek to restore." The bill he introduced was carried. Its practical effects were that no female was to be employed in any mine or colliery, and no male under ten years of age; no machinery was to be entrusted to any under eighteen; and that inspectors were to be appointed.

Another class of suffering children called for Lord Ashley's interference. These were the little chimney-sweeps. For a long time the miseries of these little children had been attracting notice, and various efforts had been made to mitigate their lot. But the majority of the English people had no knowledge of the state of affairs, and it was not until 1817 that a select committee was appointed to inquire into the matter. The report of the committee brought to light the horrors that were taking place. Small children, some of them girls, were apprenticed to cruel masters, who

forced them, often naked, up narrow chimneys, by blows or pricking their feet, or even lighting straw beneath them. Half suffocated, choked by soot, bleeding and bruised, these little ones were forced not only to clean narrow and crooked chimneys, but to put out fires that had taken place in them. An Act had been passed forbidding masters to employ more than six apprentices, and raising the age to eight years. In 1834 an Act was passed raising the age to ten, and making it unlawful to send any child up a chimney that was on fire. In 1840 a bill was introduced raising the age of apprenticeship to sixteen, and forbidding the sending of any under twenty-one up a chimney. This bill received Lord Ashley's



LORD SHAFTESBURY VISITING A RAGGED SCHOOL.

## THE QUIVER

approval. He not only spoke in support, but he made it his business to become personally acquainted with what was going on. The bill passed, but the abuses still continued.

In 1851 Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, called the attention of the House of Lords to the case of these children. In 1861 a committee of inquiry was appointed. In 1864 he succeeded in carrying a bill imposing imprisonment with hard labour on any master who took into a house with him an assistant under sixteen years of age. But soon this failed to prevent the prevalent abuse. From 1872-75 cases of death by suffocation gave opportunity for again calling attention to these suffering children. And it was not until 1875 that he was able to carry a satisfactory measure and bring to an end "one of the greatest reflections on a civilised country."

An incident that occurred some years afterwards will serve to show how some at least had a practical appreciation of all Lord Shaftesbury had done. At a public meeting a speaker happened to mention the name of Lord Shaftesbury. It was received with loud applause. The speaker paused and asked his audience, "What do you know of Lord Shaftesbury?" A man rising in the meeting replied: "Know of him? Why, sir, I was a chimbley-sweep, and what did Lord Shaftesbury do for me? Why, when I was a little 'un I had to go up chimbleys, and many a time I have come down with bleeding feet and hands, and a'most choked. And he passed the bill, and saved us from all that. That is what I know, sir, of Lord Shaftesbury."

But Lord Shaftesbury's efforts did not end here. There were other children whose lot was cast in even a deeper shade of misery and degradation. These were the wairs and strays, the outcasts and homeless, the victims of ignorance, idleness, poverty, and vice, who spent their days and part of their nights, in begging, in thieving, or picking up a precarious means of existence, and then slunk away to sleep under arches, in doorways, up back alleys, or, if they could afford it, in some filthy lodging-house. To some, such may have seemed hopeless

as well as undesirable objects, but not to Lord Shaftesbury. With the spirit of Him Who came to seek and save the lost, he felt moved by a great compassion for them in their misery and vice. He went amongst them. He sought them out. He treated them tenderly. He won their confidence. He threw himself heart and soul into the struggling Ragged School movement till he made it a great success. The schools grew and prospered. Order was established, the numbers were increased, methods were improved, and hundreds of children were gathered in to receive their first lessons in education and religion. But he saw clearly that this work, to be effective, must begin earlier, and that these victims of vice and poverty must be removed altogether from the contaminating influences with which they were surrounded. So he helped to establish homes in which these children could be fed and clothed and educated, and given, as far as possible, the benefits of home life. Hundreds, if not thousands, have thus been rescued, educated, and started in life. So great was Lord Shaftesbury's interest in these homes, so potent the help he gave, that these great refuges have been associated with his memory, and one at least bears the proud and dignified title of the Shaftesbury Home.

Time and space will not allow us to tell of all the noble philanthropist did in his day and generation. But what we have mentioned will suffice to give some idea of the man and his work, and to vindicate his just claim to be called the children's hero. He stands for all time a noble example of one who used his high position, his power and his means, to befriend those who stood most in need of help. He lived up to the high Christian maxim that the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not merely to gratify their own desires. His whole life was one great service in the cause of suffering humanity.

He was a good man, a noble philanthropist, and a brave and resolute Christian statesman whose work was a constant response to his great Master's words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

# Dicky

A Complete Story

By RAMSAY GUTHRIE

WITHOUT a doubt the folks of the Cross Pits had a character of their own. That was the verdict of all the countryside, and it was based on diversified and accumulated experience. How they had acquired the character was more than a puzzle. The "contraptious" was their notorious quality. "The men were as bad as the women, an' the women were worse," was the despairing confession of a humorist. They were always ready to "argee." The subject was matterless. Cavils, wages, religion, politics, the miners' "com-a-tee," these and a thousand things provoked discussion. The Cross Pits men could "alves see t'other side," and for sheer controversial delight they "wad argee that black was white." There were always local problems, and these were debated with the solemnity of a Convocation and the passion of a Parliamentary contest. The fireside, the pit-heap, the flats, the wagon-way were all arenas for the tireless disputants. The men were "champion taalkers." When delegates were needed for the county meetings there was the keenest competition. The voting was always on the "exhaastin' principle," and lucky, indeed, were "the lads at the last." Cross Pits was in evidence whenever the Pitmen's Parliament was assembled. The Cross Pits champions had their "say" on every motion, amendment, and rider. They believed that they were competent to keep the chairman in order, and, as for the officials, they were "farthin' diddlers" in the opinion of the Cross Pits "cheps."

But the women! They could "clip cloots." They would argue at the wash-tubs and clothes-lines, "carryin' the watter an' hagglin' wi' the sand-man."

"Dis tha see the point this mornin'?" would be the challenging query of an aggressive Cross Pits woman to her neighbour.

"When wisdom's perfect there's nowt nae mair to larn," the other would snap. "Thoo needs a few lessons i' the A.B. Abs!"

Then the tussle would begin, the feathers

would fly, and the capabilities of language would be revealed.

"Foreigners" averred that they "wad-dent live i' Cross Pits for a pension," but they never got the chance. The "contraptious" ones were "clannish." Woe to the critic who took them to task! The crowd was up in arms in a minute. The protagonists of yesterday were allies to-day. When the need arose, the disputative was lost in the remedial and helpful. Contentious neighbours were bosom friends when there was a "middlin'" man to tend or a "poorly bairn" to nurse.

"We just enjoy oorsels an' whee hes owt to dae wi' it?" they would smile among themselves. "We're funny, but we're happy," and with that they were well content.

When the Cross Pits was remembered, Dicky Tireman was mentioned. He was Cross Pits bred and born and all the "funny-ossities" were found in him.

Till he was twenty, his mother and he had lived together. After her death he had "hobnobbed bi' hissel'." For forty years no woman had crossed the threshold. All that he needed he secured for himself. He could wash and bake and cook and sew. His mother had taught him everything, and he was as clever at house-work as he was at the pit. He had but one rule to guide him, but that was sufficient. His mother's way was the perfect way. The furniture stood just as she had left it. The domestic utensils hung in the places she had fixed. When things wore out, he replaced them with precisely similar things. There was a "raggy mat" at the fireplace, and a woollen "anti-macasser" on the back of the grandfather's chair.

He was funny to look at, was Dicky. He was above the average height, but thin and angular. One shoulder was higher than the other, and one of his legs was distinctly curved. He had but one eye. The sight of the other he had lost in an accident.

The story of his unexampled coolness was often told. A piece of iron had pierced his

## THE QUIVER

eye-ball. The doctor had suggested the infirmary.

"Thoo thief an' robber!" Dicky screamed. "Isn't me doctor's money kept off to pay tha? Tak' the thing oot an' put a plaister on!"

The doctor wanted chloroform.

"Chloroform's for females, not for men!"

Dicky snarled. "I'm weel-nigh mad as it

who shaved the upper lip while leaving the rest of the hair to grow. It was the joke of the colliery that he had bargained with the barber and won the contract. The usual price for a shave was three-halfpence. Dicky insisted that the area he wished to have cleared was only "the haalf o' a quarter" of the regulation order, and in the end he secured three operations at the price of one.

His pets and pride were the "two yellow greyhounds." Fine dogs they were. It was a sight to see them in the wintry days with their scarlet cloaks and fancy collars. They were wiser than Christians, according to Dicky. Certain it is that they knew his moods and were strictly obedient.

Dicky lived his life through all the years and no one ever disturbed him. He toiled at the pit, kept his house, went his walks, and now and then strolled into Bishopstown.

It was his own description. He claimed to be "semi-religious." Sometimes he went to the Established Church, occasionally to the Catholic, and twice or thrice a year to the Methodist. He had faults to find with all of them. The Anglicans were too respectable. The Catholic service baffled him. The Methodists were "ower noisy." His criticisms were spicy and scorching.

Once a well-known butcher preached in the Methodist chapel, and Dicky by chance was there. The worthy pulpiteer announced as his text, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Dicky laughed outright.

"A fine text for a butcher!"

he observed aloud. "Thoo's usin' the pulpit for a hadvertisin' box! Fie, fie, for shame!"

When the preacher, blushing and confused, affirmed his innocence, Dicky accepted his word with a quizzical smile.

The parson was not a teetotaler, and Dicky was quick to see that his homiletics suffered in consequence. The parson had read the lesson about Daniel and his com-



"He was funny to look at, was Dicky"—p. 1119.

is without completely losin' me senses. Gan on, ye duffer! Pick the bit iron oot!"

Without a wince he bore the pain. He allowed it to be bandaged up and walked home to make his tea.

He was always dressed like a pitman. Even on Sundays there was no disguise. For best he had a fancy fur cap and a blue muffler with big white spots.

He was the only man in the Cross Pits

## DICKY

panions, and the temptations to which they were exposed. He was discreetly silent about the wine, but eloquent about the dainty and luscious foods. Dicky's smirk caught the parson's eye and disconcerted him. After the service Dicky waited to get the criticism "off his chest."

"You seemed to be amused this morning, my friend," the reverend gentleman began, getting the first word in. His tone was distinctly chilling.

"I waas, an' I wassent laughin' for nowt. If I waas a preacher an' selected a text, I waddent hap the truth up because it wassent convenient. Thoo played at hokey-pokey this mornin'. Thoo waas fine about the fancy cakes, but the wine perplexed tha. But mebbies thy Bible's not teetotal?"

The parson was "properly huffed."

"Of course," said Dicky loftily, "if I'd waanted to be a chorch-waarden, I wad hev cracked o' thee sarmon, but seein' I's just semi-religious, I can say me say. Thoo silly lad to tak' offence at me!"

Dicky was never sure that the parson ever forgave him.

There was an impressionable vein in Dicky of an exceedingly curious kind. Big words fascinated him. He would get hold of a word, or rather, a word would seize hold of him, and it would be out in season and out of season. He picked them up in the newspapers, and always when he heard a sermon he was caught by the spell. He was big on "environment" and charmed with "evolution." "Ramification" was a mouthful and "culmination" a clinking term. He knew the meaning of *de novo*, and *vice versa* tripped off his tongue. If people smiled at one he bombarded them with another. A broadside of Dicky's "unusuals" was an experience unforgettable.

He was extraordinarily fond of bairns, and indulged himself in their indulgence. He always had raisins in his pocket, and distributed them to the "little uns." For the christening of every baby he bought a "fakey white shaal."

Sometimes he was seen in the public-house, but his proceedings were peculiar. When any young lads appeared, he warned them off.

"My lads!" he would say, and in the hearing of the publican, "this is nae place for ye! The environment's parnicious.

Bide oot till ye're fifty, an' then, please yersels!"

He put the sprag in many a toper's wheel.

"Thoo hessent the sense I thowt thoo had," he would observe to one who was drinking steadily. "Thoo'll culminate i' the gutter if thoo dissent ca' canny!"

Dicky was more than semi-teetotal, and the publican resented his presence.

"This isn't a Band o' Hope," the publican once giped at Dicky.

"Wise lad!" came the quick retort.

"Hope breathes its last when it crosses thee door. This is the Band o' Simple Simons!"

The revivalist had an awkward ten minutes with Dicky. He bounded in without knocking, and took Dicky in hand at once. Dicky was puffing at his pipe.

"I don't like to see you smoking when I'm speaking," the stranger severely said.

Dicky looked him up and down with his single eye. He scowled, then smiled.

"Thoo's at liberty to wink!" was his saucy retort.

Sharp and stern were the words of the intruder. He had questioned Dicky about his church connections.

"Why, you're neither one thing nor another!" the revivalist exclaimed in horror. "You're neither a Romanist nor a Protestant, neither a Conformist nor a Nonconformist. What are you? Men in these enlightened days should have definite convictions!"

Dicky swept him down again with his eye.

"Noo, if thoo's varry partic'lar to knaa me whereabouts, I'll tell tha. Thoo'll hev heerd o' the latitudinarians? That's my lot. There's nowt like latitude. It gives ye breathin' space an' room for a fling."

The revivalist grew angry, and appealed to Dicky to flee from the wrath to come.

Dicky had had enough.

"Put theesel' on the safe side o' that door, me man, or thoo'll catch the wraath that's come!" and, thoroughly cowed, the stranger made a hasty departure.

Dicky was on the "parmanent list" of all the political parties.

"Thoo waants my vote for the Liberal?" he would say. "Why, I wad think sae! There's naeboddy like the Liberals. Progress is the waatchword o' the world!"

He was affable to the Conservative enthusiast.



## THE QUIVER

"It's a splendid party the Tory party! Them's the lot that keeps tight haald o' whaat they've got, an' wise they are! Me vote? I wad think sae!"

"I've come to solicit your vote for the Labour candidate," so the speaker began.

"Then thoo's come to the reet shop this time," Dicky unctuously replied. "We waant oor aan flesh an' blood to gan to the Hoose o' Commons. The Labour man's a favorite!"

When he was alone he explained it all to himself.

"I've pleased the three o' them an' offended none; by an' by, when I gans to vote, I'll please mesel'!" and he petted the greyhounds, who yelped approval.

The years flew on till Dicky was classed with the veterans. A lonely life he had lived. He had no friend or comrade. Even when his hair was whitened and face was wrinkled he followed his lonely way.

There was high excitement in the Cross Pits when the picture of the new reading-room was exhibited in the cabin at the pit-head. In a continuous procession for days the people wended to see it.

"Cross Pits's in luck for once!" a miner observed to the group around him.

"She'll be a bonny fine place!" another agreed.

"It's the varry thing we've needed this mony an' mony a year! We've just had to sit on oor hunkers an' twiddle oor thumbs at the raaw-ends! We'll hardlies knaa coorsels when we've a readin'-room to sit in!"

"I'm glad for the sake o' the lads," an old man interjected. "It's sad to see them lyin' aboot daein' nowt. They'll mebbies begin to improve their minds when they've a fakey club like this to read in!"

Dicky sauntered in, followed by the greyhounds.

"When ye've aall feasted yer eyes, I'll just hev a peep at the picter, if ye'll aall be sae kind, condescendin' an' obligin'," he laughed.

They stepped aside for him to have the view.

"Noo, it'll be a fine bit o' property! I can see that weel enough." He spoke with due deliberation. "There's nowt gaady aboot it, but it'll be good. It's neither ower big nor ower little, but just the proper size. I wish it waas up an' we were aall in—"

Whaat's this bit place?" He was pointing to a diminutive block at the rear of the picture.

"That's for the caretaker! The caretaker's hoose!" several replied together.

Dicky glanced around with puckered brows and gleaming eyes. A great idea had seized him.

"The varry job for me!" he cried. "I'll away up to the gaffer an' get the forst chance," and, without delaying, and with the dogs at his heels, he turned to the manager's house.

This was a new idea for the Cross Pits, and it was discussed with tremendous vigour. There were a score who wanted the post, and these enlisted sympathisers and advocates. For days and weeks it was the burning question.

"Why mind we've been slow to let Aald Dicky get forst spoke in!" an old man lamented to his "missis."

"Blame theesel'!" she snapped. "Thoo saaw the picter efore he clapped eyes on't. Thoo must hev been blind as weel as daft. But I put the gaffer on his guard. I pelted him with Scriptor. 'The forst 'll be last,' I says, 'an' the last forst.' It's a sin an' a shame for him to waant the job. He's had neither wife nor bairn to keep. He'll be gay weel-off, will Dicky, or else he's been a tarrible spendthrift on the sly!"

The Cross Pits was all eyes and ears while the building was being erected. The space in front became the rendezvous for the men and lads at night. Nothing was heard about the coveted appointment.

Dicky was sometimes seen prowling around the place, and the sight of him excited his rivals to bitter and contemptuous words.

"He sort o' fancies hissel'!"

"He should think a thoosand shames to need a job like this!"

"The gaffer 'll be badly liked if he favours Dicky Tireman!"

"I'll nivver step foot i' the place if he's put in charge!"

Dicky was suspected and criticised and maligned.

Elaborate arrangements were made for the opening of the reading-room. There was to be a public ceremony. The owner of the colliery, of course, was coming. The manager was in and out getting everything ready for the auspicious day. No one was allowed on the premises during the week

## DICKY

preceding, but it was known that tables and chairs and carpets and pictures had come from Newcastle. Not a word had been said about the great appointment. Cross Pits was "botherified."

It was a red-letter day when the building was formally opened. The village was gay with flags and streamers. A free tea was provided in the day-school, and a tip-top concert party was expected.

All the folks were there at two o'clock. Men, women, and children converged to the door. The genial owner was chatting with some of his oldest men. His wife and daughters were "as kind as could be." The manager and the officials were there in their "Sunday best."

Dicky was one of the last to arrive. The envious thought he had a dejected look. He seemed out of sympathy with his surroundings, and stood at the back of the crowd.

Silence fell when the owner began to speak.

"This is a great day for the Cross Pits, and we all rejoice together," he said. "There can be no doubt as to the necessity of the reading-room. By and by, you will see what a splendid place it is. The men and lads will be able to spend their evenings here, reading the newspapers and magazines and playing at simple games. The Institute

will be absolutely free. Light refreshments will be provided, but intoxicants will be tabooed. A committee will be appointed who will have full management of the premises and control of all the proceedings. Now, someone must open the door, and I have a gold key for the purpose. The honour falls to the man to whom we are the most indebted for this beautiful edifice. Now, I must tell you the secret. Where is Richard Tireman, Dicky, as we all delight to call him? Come forward, Dicky, and I will tell them what a sly old fellow you are, and how good and generous!"



"'Wi' these few broken observations, I'll torn the key, an' let ye in.'"—p. 1124.

## THE QUIVER

The wondering crowd opened a way for Dicky, and a few hastened his reluctant steps.

He was half smiling and half crying, and could scarcely meet the eyes of the multitude.

"Some months ago," the owner went on, "I received a wonderful letter from Dicky. He told me that he wished to spend his money for the benefit of the Cross Pits, and that a reading-room was his idea. He suggested that he and I together should see the business through. Well, we have, but Dicky has the honours. I have been glad to give the site, and the bricks were made close by. Dicky has borne all the other expenditures. You will see, therefore, that it is only fitting that he should open the door and present his gift."

How can the astonishment be described? For a while there was the silence of wonder, then a cheer went up, and grateful hearts went out to Dicky.

Dicky was all uneasy. He looked around for a way of escape. They were waiting for him to speak.

"Ye're makin' far ower much to dae about it," he broke out at length. "I begged an' prayed o' them to say nowt at aall, but just to mak' me caretaker an' start *de novo*. It's aall a bit o' selfishness on my part, an' when ye hear the story, ye'll be doon on me. I'm sixty year aald the day, for this is me borthday. I've wrowt at the pit for mair than fifty year, an' I'm gettin' lazy. I waas lookin' roond for a nice canny job an' I bethowt me o' a caretaker's place. Says I to mesel', 'If there waas a bit readin'-room at the Cross Pits, I could keep her nice an' clean an' culminate me career i' genteel style.' I've saved a bit money. There's

nowt to brag about i' that, becaase I couldn't dae nowt else. I used to put me money i' the Savin's Bank, an', be gox! the mair I put in, the mair it made. I've got some that I nivver put in, but divvent gan an' split about it. Noo, I diddent like to see the lads lyin' about i' their off-time. There was nae place for them to gan tae except the public-hoose, an' that's nae environment for laddies, so I thowt if we had a readin'-room an' aall the necessary ramifications, they wad mebbies alloo me to be put i' charge. Mebbies ye'll lend us a hand at the shiftin', an' by an' by, me muther's furniture 'll belang to the establishment. If me muther had been alive she wad hev been pleased wi' the evolution, so to speak. Noo that the maister's split on me, I'll dae *vice versa*. When I mentioned the business forst, he waddent hear tell o' me hevvin owt to dae wi' it. He waanted to dae it hissel', so we negoshyated a com-promise. He waas to gi'e the land an' pay for the bricks, an' my bit money was to pay for the doors an' windows, the tables an' crackets. I hope an' trust ye hev nae objection to the new caretaker. I'll solemnly promise to be kind to the bairns, condescendin' to the women, an' obligin' to the men. Wi' these few broken observations, I'll torn the key, an' let ye in."

What a time he had as he showed them round! All his big words were requisitioned, and many a new one was coined.

Now, he is the King of the Cross Pits, and happier than ever. "Dicky's Club," as the reading-room is called, is constantly occupied, and all his dreams have come true. In his secret heart he chuckles at the cleverness with which he found for himself "a canny, easy place."





(Photo: J. S. Bennett.)

### All Thy Needs

*I SEE the light upon the way before me,  
Though dark the night around;  
I feel beneath the arms that aye upbore me  
O'er life's hard, rugged ground;  
I hear a voice above the storm-wind thrilling,  
Hushing the tempest, and the waters stilling;  
No further need I know than that to-day  
Thou art the Way!*

*I cannot doubt my way when Thou dost  
guide me,  
Nor of that way the end;  
No fear can overcast with Thee beside me,  
No ill my course attend;  
Thy might upholding still, Thy word assuring,  
Thy promise steadfast as Thy name enduring;  
For the day's nightfall as in glowing youth  
Thou art the Truth!*

*I shall not faint beside the way, nor bow me  
Too soon beneath the load;  
With soul-reviving life Thou shalt endow me  
To face the sterner road;  
For me are streams of living water flowing,  
While I await Thy silent leading, knowing  
That now, as for the future's hidden strife  
Thou art the Life!*

JAMES CLAYTON.

### The Magic Hand

THE traveller had held aloof from other passengers, because she was too heavy-hearted to join in the interchange of plans formulated by pleasure-seekers. For while those about her were seemingly happy, light-hearted tourists, she was crossing the Continent in search of health, merely. "Your one chance," had been her physician's verdict.

But as every turn of the wheels carried her further and further from friends, tried and true, more faint-hearted did she become. She had well-nigh lost heart, when her spiritual eyes were opened by the faith of a little boy, who, when the porter lighted the lamps at midday, cried:

"Why, papa, what is he doing that for, when the sun is up high?"

"You will soon know why, my son," was the father's reply, and an instant later the car rushed into dense darkness.

"What is it, papa?" cried the boy, in an affrighted tone.

Then, in a reassuring voice, the parent was heard to say:

"Oh, we are only going through a tunnel, but in just a moment we will come out into the sunlight again. Just snuggle up to me, and give me your hand, and nothing can harm you."

But the tunnel was of unusual length, and pretty soon the almost breathless hush which usually follows the entrance to similar tunnels was broken by:

"I can't see you plain, papa, but I'm not afraid, because you have hold of my hand."

They soon emerged into light and sunshine once more, and then, as the traveller hastily turned her head, she saw a picture worthy to live, for the strong hand of the father was still clasping that of the son, whose curly head was pillowed on the father's breast, as, with love-light in his eyes, the confiding child said:

"The dark can't hurt me, or anything, when you've hold of my hand, papa."

The trustful words of the boy seemed heaven-sent to the erstwhile faint-hearted woman, for as the weary waste of miles between herself and sacred associations increased, the words of the confiding child,

## THE QUIVER

"I can't see you, papa, but I'm not afraid, because you have hold of my hand," seemed to drown all else, until the traveller caught the spirit of the trustful one, and, with courage born of renewed faith, repeated half aloud these words, which came to her mind as if sent as a message from the heavenly Father:

"I the Lord will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."—HELENA H. THOMAS.

### He Saw the Best in Men

IF ever a man was justified in turning with tragic hopelessness away from the human race, it was Jesus of Nazareth. Why did He not give us up? The answer is, Because He knew what was in man. Because underneath the man of lust and murder and treachery He saw another man who cannot be given up. He knew the passion of the Prodigal, the passion which led him from his father's house into every iniquity; but He also knew that in the Prodigal there was a deeper passion which, if awakened, would lead him from among the swine back to the life where he belonged. He knew the disloyal cowardice of Peter, but He knew that below the cowardice and disloyalty there was a Peter who would stand like a rock in the storm. He looked out from His Cross upon a jeering multitude, symbol of the vaster multitude who forever jeer and crucify the good, and there He performed His supreme miracle. He believed in them. He saw what was in them. He saw through the darkness and through the whirlwind of evil passion the real multitude, whose deepest law, whose deepest necessity, is that they shall be loyal to each other and to their Father in Heaven.

—WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN.

WHAT God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything He gives you to do, you must do as well as you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what He may want you to do next. If people would do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what comes next.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

### The Weaving of the Web

"IT is better to weave in the web of life a bright and golden filling." The words rang out with such cheerful decision that the teacher at the school for the blind and I paused before the open door. A

young blind girl was reciting to a group of companions. They were all so cheery and optimistic, in spite of shadowed lives, that I could but express my surprise.

"Yes," answered the teacher, "you have there a practical illustration in 'the weaving of the web'; the bright and golden filling is certainly being threaded in by my girls."

What sort of filling are you and I weaving into the web? Dark threads or bright? Many of us grumble and fuss more over trifles than others do over puzzling knots. Each weaver has snarls to unravel, and the patterns are often intricate and uncertain, but courage, hope, and persistence accomplish much, and their possessor is not apt to be of the kind that "blames heaven for tangled ends."

### The Day of the Lord

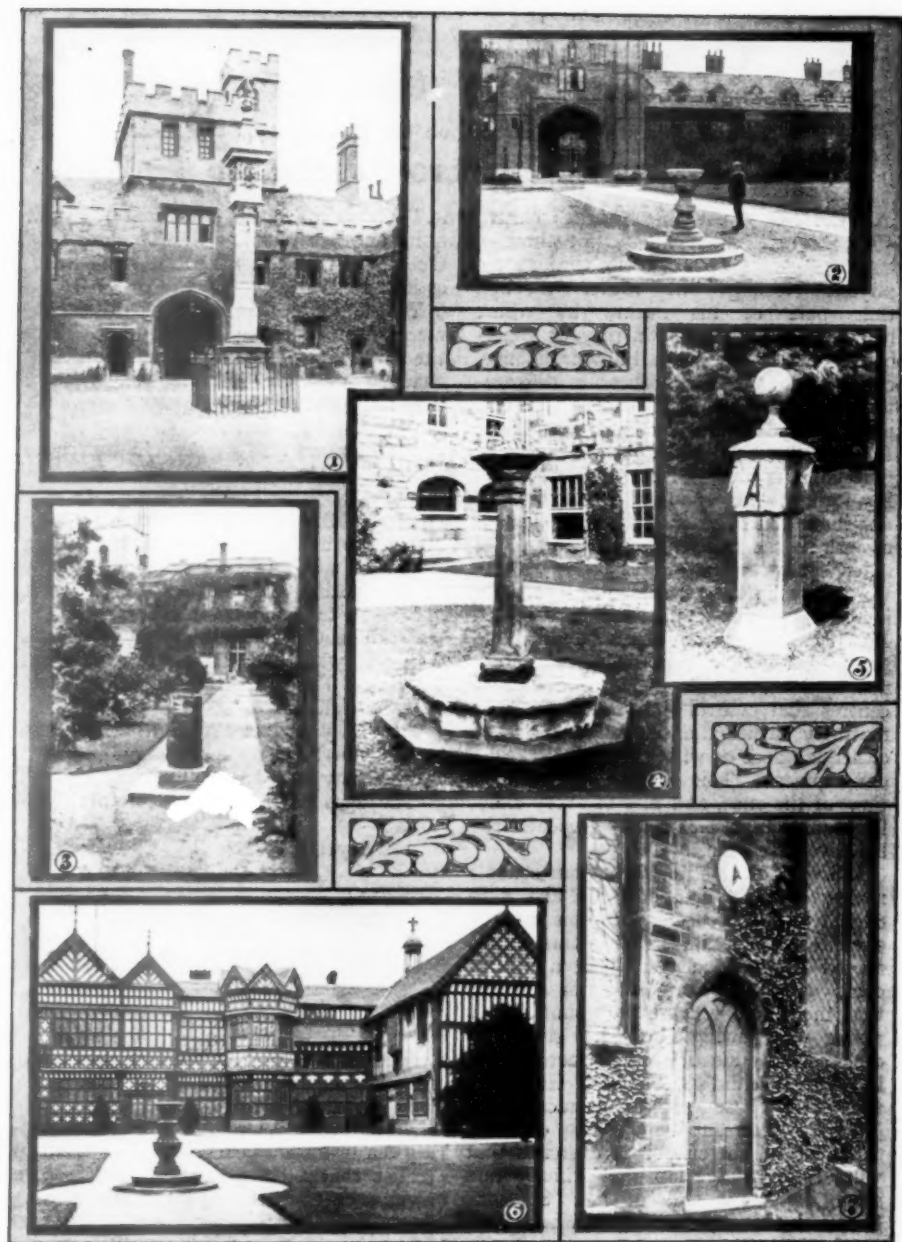
THE day of the Lord is the best of days,  
When the hush of the Spirit falls  
On the waiting heart in the quiet ways,  
Or within the temple walls;  
When a welcome pause in the rush of things  
Gives rest to the wearied brain—  
To the fabled toiler comfort brings,  
And strength for the task again.

Have we guarded well the day of the Lord?  
Have we said, "How keen the strife!  
Some break in toil must the days afford,  
A change in the path of life"?  
While forth on their tasks of pleasure bent  
Men rush with blinded zest;  
And, all unconscious, with vigour spent,  
What the people need is rest.

The ancient law stands unrepented:  
"Ye shall rest one day in seven";  
Have we sought from the earth its fullest yield,  
And turned from the gifts of Heaven?  
Oh, the day of the Lord is a day of praise,  
For the waiting soul shall hear  
The voice of the Spirit in quiet ways,  
When God Himself draws near.

THOMAS COMBER.

A MAN who wants to see a country must not hurry through it by express train, but he must stop in the towns and villages and see what is to be seen. He will know more about the land and its people if he walks the highways, climbs the mountains, stays in the homes, and visits the workshops, than if he does so many miles in the day and hurries through picture galleries as if death were pursuing him. Don't hurry through Scripture, but pause for the Lord to speak to you. Go for more meditation!—C. H. SURGEON.



(Photo: E. W. Jackson.)

#### SUNDIALS—OLD AND CURIOUS.

1. CYLINDRICAL SUNDIAL, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.
2. SUNDIAL IN THE GREAT COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
3. SUNDIAL IN BOTANIC GARDEN, OXFORD.
4. SUNDIAL AT KIRKLEES PARK, NEAR BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.
5. SUNDIAL AT LITTLE MALVERN.
6. SUNDIAL AT BRAMHALL HALL, CHESHIRE.
7. SUNDIAL OVER VESTRY DOOR AT YE OLDE WHITECHAPEL, WHITCLIFF, CLECKHEATON, YORKS.



# The Culture of the Emotions

A Talk to Parents and Teachers on the Education of the Child

By GEORGE HAMILTON ARCHIBALD

A CHILD must be taught chiefly through his feelings, not through his intellect. I do not mean through his physical feeling, but rather through that part of his nature by which he loves, or hates, shows pity or generosity, kindness, gratitude, humour, fidelity, courage, etc. Through these in differentiation from his powers of judgment, reason, thought, or, on the other hand, the powers of the will by which he acts.

A child is almost wholly governed by his feelings—his emotions. The feelings dominate and control the intellectual as well as the volitional. As a man gets older, judgment and reason—in other words, his intellectual faculties—become increasingly the guides of his conduct. All primitive races—that is, all child races—are largely governed by feelings, not by intellect. So, logically, the nerve centres that control the feelings come to maturity earlier than those that control either intellect or will; intellect is a late development. This is true of the history of the race, and also of every child, for each child biologically repeats the history of the race.

It is just at this point that our schools make the chief blunder. The aim is to educate the intellect, and this at the expense of character, for character is rooted in the feelings. The time will come when the State will not demand that the school educate the young child's power of knowing, but will give freedom in the education of character—that is, of the child's feelings. Happy is the child whose parents appreciate the difference and supplement the ordinary education of the school by exercises that will assist to develop the primary and most important side of life. Someone has said that "knowledge without feeling is the curse of us all."

One may feel a truth without knowing it. We say to ourselves, "I felt in my heart that it was right." We say, "I always felt that it was so; now I know

it." It is one thing to feel a truth quite another to know it. To show how true this is the following test is an interesting illustration.

Two ladies, students at Westhill Settlement, were making investigations into the child life of the neighbourhood, and chanced upon the following experiment. The results show how largely the child is governed by his feelings.

Six hundred and ninety children were told the following story:

"Charlie lived in a cottage in the country. One day Charlie went to see his auntie in the village. It was baking day, and when Charlie left to go home to his mother his auntie said, 'Here is a cake to take to your mother.' On the way home Charlie saw a beggar by the roadside who had had nothing to eat all day. The beggar asked Charlie to give him the cake.

"1. If you had been Charlie what would you have done?"

"2. Why would you have done this?"

The ages of the children were as follows:—

8 years	.	.	.	112
9 "	.	.	.	125
10 "	.	.	.	98
11 "	.	.	.	134
12 "	.	.	.	115
13 "	.	.	.	100
				—
				690
				—

The replies of the children are most illuminating. One would naturally think that there is enough sense of what is right and what is wrong in children averaging ten or eleven years to enable them to realise that a child had no right to give away a cake which was given him to take home to his mother; but 523 out of 690 of these children said that they would give the cake to the beggar. "I would have given the poor man the cake. I think the little boy has done right to give him the cake," writes an eleven-year-

## THE CULTURE OF THE EMOTIONS

old girl. An eight-year-old says, "I would have given it to him because he was cold, poor, and hungry, and could not work."

Observe that she does not *know* that the man was cold or that he could not work. She imagines all that. All that she has been told is that he was a beggar and had nothing to eat all day.

One hundred and fourteen of the children say that they would ask their mother, and many of them add that if it was theirs they would give it. An eight-year-old says, "I should have gone home to ask my mother because I had nothing to do with it," but she adds, "If the cake had been mine I would have given it to the beggar."

Only fifteen of the children say that they would take it home. "I would have taken the cake home, because it was not the boy's." While thirty-one of them compromise by saying that they would give the beggar part of it.

The children are nearly, though not quite, unanimous in their kindly sentiment towards the beggar. Many a wise man considers it wrong to feed a beggar by the way-side, and he may be right; but the child thinks differently and does so because he is governed by his feelings, not by reason and sound judgment. Pity, kindness, sympathy—these are the emotions that are called upon in this case.

The surgeon on the battlefield passes by the hopeless cases and uses his skill where it will be of the most use in saving life. He is governed by mature judgment which controls and guides his pity and his sympathy. Character in children is rooted in feelings, and the nurturing of these feelings in young children must be the first consideration of the teacher.

"That which profits the soul must be held in higher repute than that which stimulates the proud intellect or adds money to the purse." Plant culture is far more valuable to the child than plant analysis. The child who tends and waters the plant not only helps that plant to grow, but is at the same time nurturing his own emotions. Tending things makes children tender. Caring for things makes children careful. Prizefighters, robbers, and hooligans are men in whom the emotions of pity, justice, and gentleness have atrophied. At one time in his life the prizefighter



(Photo: H. R. Mees (London))

THE DAWN OF EMOTION.

was probably full of pity and gentleness. Doubtless as a child in school his time was occupied in gaining so-called knowledge, reading, writing and arithmetic, while his all-powerful emotions, instead of being nurtured, were allowed to atrophy. I am satisfied that all the reading, writing, and arithmetic necessary for a child could be taught to him in one-tenth of the time now given to

## THE QUIVER

them, provided these studies were taken at the proper psychological moment, and not, as at present, forced upon the child before his interest in the subject has really awakened.

Character is rooted in the feelings—emotions. The spiritual life of a child is the outcome of nurtured feelings, therefore the education of a little child must be primarily concerned with the culture of his emotions. Emotional nerve-centres must be chiefly utilised in securing study and worthy conduct. The child who is given parts of the Bible to read (suitable enough for an adult), chosen, let us say, from Hebrews, Corinthians, or the Psalms, will soon lay the book down with the feeling that it is a dull book. Henry Van Dyke says: "When you hear a young woman say, 'I do not care for poetry,' say to her, 'Poor thing, who crippled you? Some day-school teacher who set you parsing it?'"

Children need protectors. They must be guarded, lest these tender emotions be crushed. I believe it to be just at this point that the average Sunday school is making its greatest mistake. It

is all a question of point of view. The average teacher fancies that if he can get the child to learn the Catechism or the Bible by heart, or get him to know something about God or Jesus or Abraham, he will be benefited thereby, but it may be quite the contrary. Knowledge without feeling is the curse of us all. It is that baneful thing which blights our best intentions, and the teacher or worker who fails to appreciate this point of view will ever thwart his own best purposes. Once let it be appreciated that the religious education of a child can only be accomplished by the culture of his emotions, and our whole day-school curriculum and Sunday-school system will be rapidly reorganised. The education of the nineteenth century has been that of the head, but the education of the twentieth century will be that of the heart. Then, and then only, will there be true religious education.

"What to the man who loves the air  
Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?  
And what is wealth and fame to one  
Who is a brother to the sun,  
Who drinks the wine that morning spills  
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,  
And sees a ray of hope afar  
In every glimmer of a star?"



## A LEGEND OF THE STARS

ONCE, long ago, the Queen of Night,  
The moon so wondrous fair,  
Wore diamonds, like a crown of light,  
Upon her dusky hair.

Their light was hidden when she slept,  
And pitifully, in fear,  
Earth children grieved and sadly wept  
That all was dark and drear.

Roused by their sorrow she awoke,  
And answering their cry,  
Her peerless chain of diamonds broke  
And strewed them o'er the sky:

This thoughtfulness, this act of love,  
To mortals still yields light,  
The diamonds glitter yet above  
Which we call "stars" at night!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.



## How Fortune Came to John Ford

A Complete Story

By CONSTANCE CLYDE

T. T. GOSWAMI

THERE was no doubt that wealth ruled the world. This was John Ford's belief as he went on his lonely way from apartments to office, and from office back to lonely apartments. It was quite certain that gold was the dominant force; that men—and women—judged you by your money-value, and that a man who could not compete in the hospitality of golf-playing, motor-driving humanity might just as well give up the struggle. Worth mattered nothing, talent mattered nothing; personality was meaningless, compared with money, money, money.

He had seen it when he first came, a shy, clever young man, to this provincial town and this solicitor's office. He was a gentleman's son, but poverty brought him in contact with those of another type. He did not object to this; he was no snob; only—these others were after all his "real people"; it was amongst them, spite of his poverty, that he should take his place. Why not? He was as good as they were in everything except money; ten times their superior in brains. A consciousness of his value kept his upper lip stiff during the period when he saw himself relegated to a lower place. With a face that still flushed at the recollection, he remembered the first intimation of this when old Lady Badlington affected not to see him at that garden party where he was feeling so out of it. Everyone talked of her ladyship's short-sight, of course, but he shrugged his shoulders—the affliction didn't prevent her from recognising rich Tom Cappem at forty yards' distance the Sunday following. Yes, John Ford understood that form of myopia

very well. It was some consolation to remember, looking back on that humiliating time, that at least he had never made any advances—had retired within himself in silent dignity.

Well, social life had marked him "out," but still there was work and a career. He had talent. In his quiet country home, not only the mother who doted on him had believed that. Examinations had proved it; and now every year was adding to his knowledge and his ability. Even here, however, the God of Money kept him from final success. On every matter of difficult and delicate undertaking, another than John Ford was despatched. At first he thought little of this—did not see through the worldliness at all—poor fool. He was young, he told himself, still. This other was older, more experienced, so he reminded himself in his self-communings. Then came the day when someone who was his junior was put over his head—a young man with expectations, and of important family.

John Ford all but sobbed like a girl that night, till common sense came back to him, and with it a fuller realisation of the world's vanity.

Money ruled everything; money ruled even in love. Would Grace Milford, the rich landowner's daughter, smile so radiantly at young Cappem if he were not his baronet uncle's heir? John Ford had been wont to converse quite frequently with Miss Milford on the few occasions when they met. She was so dear and sweet, and at first, perhaps, the fatal mercenary blight had not affected her character. At least, she had spoken to him quite often at this

## THE QUIVER

time, and he had listened in silent happiness to her little flow of talk, her half-veiled admiration of his talents, and then—

Well, there had come a pause; a pause he had not wished to break, and in silence, with heightened colour, she had slipped away, to talk gaily with young Cappem when he seized the opportunity to come near her—young Cappem, the heir to thirty thousand and a possible baronetcy.

The love of money! The old, old truth, which he was realising in spite of himself. Money ruled everything and every person. Want of it had kept him back in love, ambition and social standing. Oh! if he could but gain it, and show these people that even with their own dirty weapons he would fight and win.

So thought John Ford, in the bitter musings that were the sole relief to hours of hard, mental toil, idly dreaming how his whole life might change in a moment, and then—the strange, incredible thing happened. Fortune did come to John Ford; came just as it had come so often in dreams—by means of an unexpected legacy from a scarcely known relative.

It happened one evening after his customary lonely hour over pipe and books. The news arrived by the last post sandwiched in between two other letters, one an invitation which he almost accepted till he fortunately remembered that the donor was one of those—so it was alleged—given to helping the forlorn. Well, he wanted no social charity. He flung the card into the fire, and so, with a little aftermath of bitterness in his mind, he read the Canadian lawyer's letter. And in that reading, the bitterness became a strange and alien thing never to influence him any more.

For in one moment he had become rich, rich beyond the dreams of avarice; at least, as dreams went in Kelvington. He was no more John Ford, the nobody, but John Ford, the heir to twelve thousand a year, and heaven knows what else besides in the way of estate and houses.

The mental shock occasioned by this news did not last long with John Ford. Almost at the same moment he was able to read the letter coolly, and to examine it for signs of some ghastly hoax. But there was no doubt as to its truth. The firm was a reputable one; the late client

was undoubtedly his uncle; the fortune certainly his.

He was the nearest relative, and Allan James Ford had died intestate.

So now John Ford was wealthy, the equal of those people who had ignored him.

And somehow, as this knowledge became part of him, the bitterness in his soul seemed to dissolve. A foretaste of victory made him feel more tolerant of these worldlings. He was so much superior to them now, even according to their own miserable standards, that he could afford to smile—to disregard their snobbishness. After all, why should he let that fault exasperate him as it had done? It all mattered so little now.

He was still thinking how little it mattered when he set out as usual next morning, his wonderful secret in his heart. He smiled at the morning sunshine, smiled at the stretch of dusty road before him, smiled as Lady Badlington's phaeton rolled past. He smiled again as his eye fell on a red parasol making a fan-shaped streak in the middle of the road.

Lady Badlington received it thankfully as he brought it up to her. "So good of you, Mr.—Mr. Ford. I suppose there is no use offering you a lift—?"

Well, why not? In a few days she would know that she had obliged John Ford, the young man of wealth and position. It would be rather amusing to be patronised as John Ford, the penniless nobody, for the last time.

So he sat by her ladyship and listened to her conversation, answering freely in turn. And, as he talked, he reflected that there was, after all, such a thing as getting over one's snobbishness, for certainly Lady Badlington after the first minute or so was much more genial and pleasant than before. Perhaps she was a little ashamed of herself.

He went to his office musing over her ladyship's possible shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Gracie, there you are. Now, we'll do the pageant shopping first and the bazaar things afterwards. Oh! by the way, I met that clever young Ford just now. Do you know I think he's quite got over his conceit; so much more amiable and agreeable. I'm quite determined to

## HOW FORTUNE CAME TO JOHN FORD

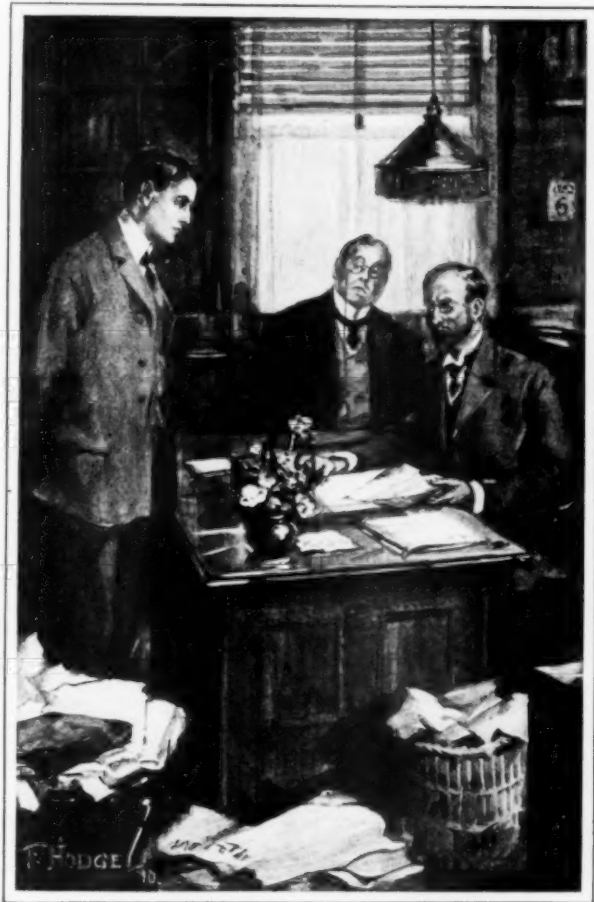
try and bring him forward again. Oh! is that Mrs. Jamieson coming out of Longmuir's? What a dreadful thing this astigmatism is of mine that lets you see clearly on one day and not on another."

"Yes, it must be very trying—I'm glad Mr. Ford has improved," and Gracie followed her ladyship into the shop with such an expectant look fixed on certain Chanticleer hats that the shopman followed her about with them for quite ten minutes after.

\* \* \*

"Mr. Aldred wishes to know if you could see him and Mr. Oxenham for a few minutes."

Still smiling, feeling ridiculously urbane, John Ford went into the inner sanctum and duly made his bow. Mr. Oxenham, the great man from London! Oh! his chief, Mr. Aldred, could not ignore John Ford altogether. He introduced him to those important personages sometimes. Of course, the young man knew nothing would ever come of it. John Ford, answering briefly, curtly the questions put to him, had taken care to show that plainly; Aldred should not fancy that he was fool enough to be deceived. But to-day the thought, of course, had lost its sting. He could not but smile at it, and the gaiety shone in his eyes and quickened his tongue. He could afford to be pleasant—unreserved. Why, if Oxenham offered him that good position in the London firm for which he had once hoped he would not need to take it. Their assistance? He did not want their assistance. His voice grew softer, his manner freer and gentler as he thought of his secret fortune.



"John Ford went into the inner sanctum."

"Then you intend to offer him the vacancy?" These words were being spoken in the inner office as the young man left the outer one a little later.

"Undoubtedly, this very day. The cleverest man you have; and now that his manners have improved so much—"

"Ah! Yes, manners are so important in our profession. I often tried to advance that odd young man, but simply couldn't—too difficile. But he certainly is much improved. . . ."

Over the massed shadows of the twirling summer leaves walked John Ford, homewards, by a longer route, because his



## THE QUIVER

teeming thoughts required the sedative effect of a brisk walk. Round the bend of the road came a young figure white-clad, with tennis shoes to match the racquet that swung from a small hand.

"Miss Milford!" Yes, he could speak to her now. He could walk along with her, look down on the pretty face that was at present so unaccountably pink—doubtless through her late exertions on the tennis lawn.

A new spirit was in him. It mattered nothing, her constraint, her uncertain replies. Why, even from her own poor standard, his friendship was worthy now her possession. His heart bled for this girl, this naturally high-minded girl, who had allowed the canker of worldliness to creep into her pure true nature. Every moment that truth and purity became more evident, as her talk grew franker and happier. If only he could win her while he yet seemed poor.

No! He did not mean to speak that day. How should he hope to subdue that mercenary spirit in one interview. Before he knew, however, the strange thing had happened. He had spoken; he had put the question. And in a moment, as it seemed to him, the girl's hard outer nature melted away. Beneath the shadow of the maples her answer came quickly. "Oh, John, I don't care how poor you are, I will wait for you for ever and for ever!"

"Gracie—dear girl—oh! This makes amends for all your coldness."

"My coldness!" she exclaimed. The sound of advancing footsteps drowned her next words: "Me whom you repelled, making me feel forward."

In his own rooms again sat John Ford. He was thinking once more of the fortune, the fortune of which no one yet knew. He had almost told Gracie, but friends of hers had come up preventing the explanation; but he must tell her to-morrow. She had repented of her worldliness; but, of course, he could not have engaged himself to her but for this splendid news.

The bell rang, and the maid came in with the letters. Another minute, and his fingers were busy with the first of them. He opened it; his gaze fell on the printed heading on top—a strange misgiving seized him. Tingling with apprehension he unfolded the sheet.

He saw the first sentence plainly, the others in short snatches:

"To Mr. JOHN FORD,

"We much regret that we have to amend the contents of a letter just forwarded to you, *re* the estate of your late uncle, Allan James Ford, of this city. As we mentioned to you, every inquiry was made as to a will. Now, however, from a most unexpected quarter has come to light—no doubt as to its genuineness—all to a charity—"

The letter fluttered down on the table, and down by the table sat John Ford lost, lost once more in a world where money ruled. Again he lifted the letter, reading each sentence, now consecutively and clearly, not in flashes. It was too true; the fortune was not his. No fortune was his, and Grace was lost to him for ever.

She would wait for him in his poverty, but well he knew that her parents would not permit this. He himself must give in to their decree. If only he had had something—something to offer her!

His heart rose in bitterness against fate. The cruelty of her tricks!

His hand touched the other letters. He opened one of them—a warm note from Lady Badlington, inviting him to a lunch party; she wanted him so much to meet—the names which she mentioned struck on his mind. Yes, it would help him, such a rencontre, it would put him on the longer road to fortune now alone open before him.

The third missive now lay solitary on the table. He broke the seal. A glance sent a hurried cry of gratitude from his lips. The appointment! The appointment at last! Oxenham's offer so long despaired of, that might give him eventually an income not so much inferior to that which had been his—in fancy—for a day.

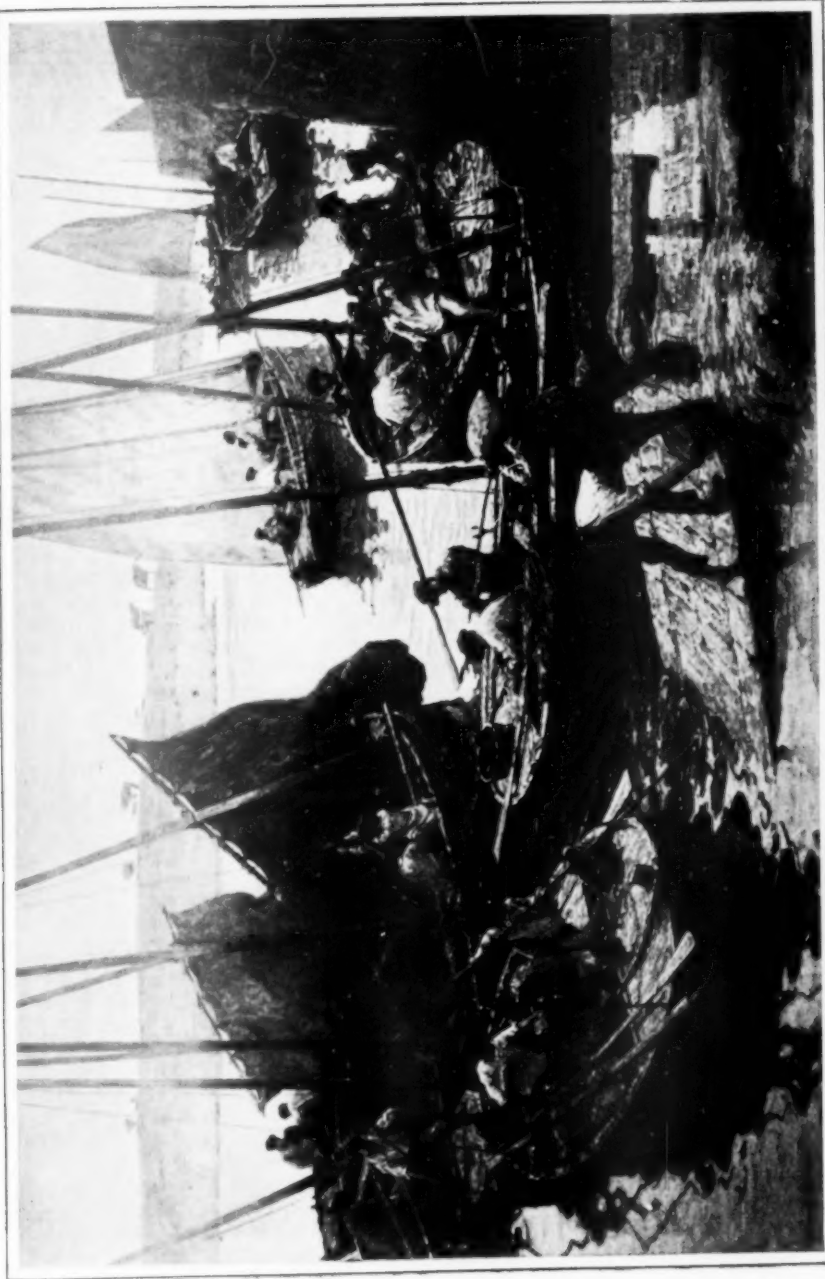
\* \* \* \* \*

In philosophic mood John Ford sat over his pipe an hour later, and contemplated the happy future now before him.

Social success, a good income, and love, all desired in vain were now his.

"And without the least help from that vanished legacy," he said, with a pride that was a part of his character.

But in this belief he was mistaken.



OUT INTO THE WEST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.  
(From the Painting by Terrick Williams.)



## THE USES OF THE POTATO

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THE unwritten law which decrees that because an article is ordinary and cheap it is not worth expending trouble and care upon, is in no case more amply fulfilled than in that of the most common of all vegetables, the potato. Yet no one denies that potatoes have many excellent points. They are universally liked, they are extremely nourishing, and everyone acknowledges that, should the supply ever fail, there is nothing—animal, vegetable, or mineral—that could be adequately substituted in their place. Bread and potatoes are undoubtedly the two staple articles of food. No meal, be it served at the table of the richest or poorest man on earth, is complete without them, but, taking into consideration its great, albeit sadly neglected, possibilities—for there is hardly a course in which it may not figure to advantage—the potato has every right to feel itself a much aggrieved and badly treated comestible.

It is astonishing how, meal after meal, this vegetable figures on the menu, "plain boiled"; how, morning after morning, the potatoes left over from the day before are placed with the kitchen refuse to be thrown away. Just because it is cheap and ordinary it is neither worth while spending a little time and trouble in varying the manner of cooking and serving it, nor is it considered necessary to save the remains from a previous meal to be converted into one of the many possible dainty and appetising dishes which should be the special pride of every woman worthy of the time-honoured name of housewife.

During the winter, greens are scarce and expensive, and potatoes are one of the few vegetables on which one can rely; it therefore behoves us to make the very most of them and obtain as much variety as possible from the limited means at our disposal.

It is popularly supposed that the most ignorant cook can boil a potato, but a little observation must surely prove that this is by no means the case! It is a matter of individual taste whether potatoes should be peeled before they are boiled or if they should be cooked in their skins. The Irish peasants, to whom the potato is bread, meat, and vegetable, prepare their staple article of diet as follows: Select the potatoes as nearly equal size as possible, wash off the earth and scrub very clean with a hard brush. Rinse well and arrange them compactly in a saucepan. Pour in sufficient cold water to just cover the potatoes, and when it boils throw in the salt, allowing one teaspoonful to a quart of water. Simmer the potatoes till they are nearly cooked, but let them boil rapidly for the last three or four minutes. Pour off the water, raise the lid of the saucepan to allow the steam to escape, and let it stand by the side of the fire until all the moisture has evaporated, then peel and send to table, wrapped in a hot cloth, as quickly as possible.

In Lancashire, where potatoes are also largely consumed, the mill folk declare that the skins should be cut off before the vegetable is cooked. They put the potatoes into the saucepan, cover them with cold water and let them boil until tender. Then

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT

the water is drained off, and salt plentifully sprinkled in, and the saucepan stood by the side of the fire for half an hour, the contents being forcibly shaken every few minutes. Thus cooked the potatoes are very dry and floury.

The ordinary recipes for frying, baking, chipping, etc., etc., are too well known to need any special comment, and I propose to direct the attention of my readers to some of the more uncommon methods of using potatoes, in the hope that these will prove useful during the ensuing months.

### Brown Potato Soup

Six large potatoes, two large onions, one quart of stock, one and a half ounces of clarified dripping, half an ounce of flour, salt, pepper and a little grated cheese.

Peel and slice the potatoes and onions. Put a little dripping in a frying-pan and fry the potatoes and onions until they are a delicate brown, then add them to the stock. Simmer until the vegetables are soft. Rub them through a sieve and return to the saucepan. Melt the rest of the dripping in a small saucepan, stir in the flour, salt, and pepper and add to the soup. The grated cheese may be placed on the table and added to the soup at will, or, if preferred, little cubes of fried bread may be rolled in cheese and handed with the soup.

A very nourishing soup for invalids can be made from potatoes. Take half a pound of mashed potatoes and place in a saucepan with a pint of milk. Stir well and boil for half an hour, then rub through a sieve, beat in the yolk of an egg, and half an ounce of butter and salt to taste. Heat again and serve in a dainty covered basin. If the egg is not liked, a little crushed tapioca or a couple of tablespoonfuls of cream may be substituted.

### Methods for Using Cooked Potatoes

There are so many ways of using up potatoes left over from a previous meal that one might almost fill a book with recipes. The following are simple and good.

To every pound of cold boiled potatoes allow two tablespoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of minced onion, one ounce of butter, and a little milk. Mash the potatoes, stir in the melted butter, onion, and flour, and add sufficient milk to moisten them. Press into a greased mould and bake for three-

quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Turn out of the mould and serve very hot.

### Potato Cutlets

These may be used as a substitute for a meat course, and are generally much appreciated by children.

Put two pounds of cold boiled potatoes into a basin, and beat to a smooth pulp. Warm two ounces of butter and add to the potatoes with salt, pepper, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, a very finely minced onion, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and let it stand till cold. Form into neat cutlets. Place a little piece of macaroni at the narrow end of each, brush with egg and dip in bread crumbs, to which a little grated cheese has been added. Fry in boiling fat and serve with brown gravy or tomato sauce.

### Potato Scallops

Two pounds of cold potatoes, half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter (or good clarified dripping), two ounces of grated cheese, pepper and salt to taste. Rub the potatoes through a sieve and mix the cheese with them. Melt the butter (or dripping), stir it to the potatoes with the milk, and mash till quite smooth, then add the pepper and salt. Place the mixture in a greased piedish (or scallop shells, if preferred) and cook in the oven till brown. Before serving, brush over with butter and sprinkle with grated cheese.

To make cases of the remains of cooked potatoes is an excellent way of disposing of them.

Mash the potatoes, allowing one egg, a quarter of a pint of boiling milk, and a seasoning of salt and pepper to each breakfast cupful of potatoes. Beat the mixture till it is very light, then arrange the potatoes in a wall on the dish on which they are to be served. Brush over with butter and dust with bread crumbs. Bake in the oven for half an hour. Any kind of filling may be used, mince, hash, creamed fish or poultry, or, if preferred, eggs may be broken into the centre of the dish, sprinkled with salt, pepper, and grated cheese and baked in the oven till cooked.

Bread, rolls, muffins, and scones can all be made from potatoes, as can also delicious puddings, cakes, and savouries. Recipes for these can be had on application.

## NEGLIGÉE SLIPPERS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

By HELEN BRUFORD

HOME-MADE slippers that do not at once proclaim their origin may, to those who have never tried the experiment, seem very difficult to manufacture; yet, with a little time and trouble, really smart, comfortable, and at the same time inexpensive slippers may be "turned out" by the amateur shoemaker, that could hardly be detected from the same article purchased from the shop.

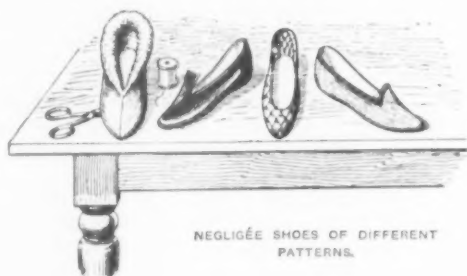
How many of us, amongst our possessions, treasure oddments of cloth, plush, velvet, satin, etc., as being too good to throw away, even while admitting them to be of very little value to keep, and it is from just such materials as these that the cosiest and best of rest slippers may be made.

Slippers, for instance, made from art shades in cloth, bound with velvet, astrakhan, or fur, and lined with scarlet flannel, are all that could be desired for warmth, service and appearance for everyday wear, while for high days and holidays the velvets and satins may be brought into use, and may be made as daintily as one pleases. Sateen makes an excellent lining for these. Black velvet lined with red, ruby lined with pink, or dark shades of blue lined with lighter blue, form pretty contrasts. Satin slippers

may be quilted, first placing a layer of cotton-wool between the lining and material.

Of course, the first thing to be done is to procure a good pattern. A very good plan, if one happens to have a pair of worn-out but otherwise well-fitting slippers of cloth or other soft material, is to cut one of the slippers from its sole, using a sharp pen-knife and cutting as closely to the sole as possible; then, after ripping open the back seam, press out the whole piece with a hot iron, being careful to preserve the

original shape whilst doing so; next cut the pattern in paper, allowing for turning in at outer edges, also an extra length from back seam cut as shown in Fig. 1. The cloth shoe may now be removed, when, if cut correctly, your



NEGLIGÉE SHOES OF DIFFERENT PATTERNS.

pattern should appear as in Fig. 2, the dotted lines showing where the seam should be joined, the remainder to fold back on either side of seam to serve as stiffening for the heel, as will be explained later. When small remnants of material are being used, extra joins may be made as shown (see Fig. 3) without in any way damaging the appearance of the slipper, as indeed such joins are frequently found in slippers of the best workmanship.



Fig. 1.

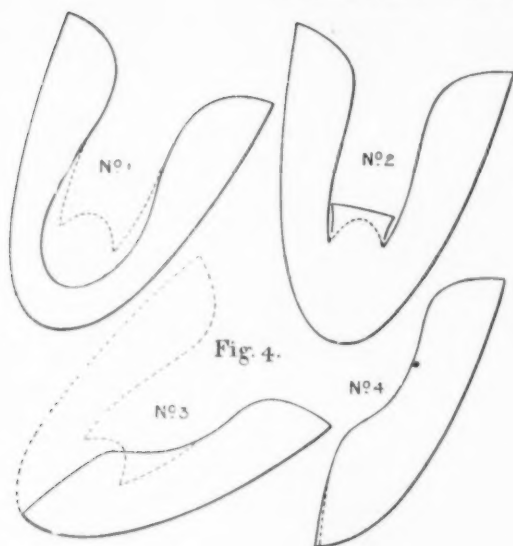


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT



Having once obtained a good pattern of the right size, other styles may be very easily cut. Fig. 4 shows how to manipulate the same pattern in cutting three different styles of slippers. In No. 3 pattern, as will be seen, the toe is cut in two pieces, joining immediately half-way down in the centre of front. It is well to remember, whatever the pattern, the wide turning-in on either side of the heel seam should always be allowed, except in the case of quilted slippers, where, of course, no extra stiffening will be required.

An exact pattern of the sole should also be taken if the slipper is to be home made throughout, otherwise lambskin soles may be obtained at about one and sixpence to two shillings a pair which, besides saving extra work, add a touch of luxury to the finished shoe. However, good wearing soles may be made by placing evenly together several thicknesses of cloth, cut exactly to pattern, and stitching as shown (see Fig. 5). It may be here mentioned that a sewing machine is almost a necessity for the turning out of really business-

like work. The edges of the soles may be bound with a strong, broad binding to match the slippers, which binding should be stitched on about an eighth of an inch from the selvedge on the inner side of the sole, as will be seen in Fig. 6. This is to allow for sewing into slipper. The exact method of sewing in soles in this manner is given in Fig. 7.

To make the slipper, first cut material and lining to pattern chosen, then join each separately, folding back at the heel, as already mentioned, and stitching down with a row of stitching on either side of seam. This is a simple but very effectual arrangement, adding not a little to the comfort and appearance of the shoe. All other seams may be stitched in the same manner. The heel may be made still firmer by semicircular rows of

stitching (see Fig. 8) which do not at all disfigure the work when finished. If, however, the slippers are to be made entirely by hand all seams must be opened and pressed before making up.

Now place material and lining with seams facing and tack smoothly together. This will require great care if the lining is to be well-fitting and free from creases. Next the tops have to be bound, unless the material is not suitable for binding, when both edges must be turned to face inwards and the whole neatly stitched. There remains now only to add a strong gathering thread with which to draw the slipper into shape (see Figs. 9 and 10), and the upper will be finished ready for soles. Referring to Fig. 7, we shall see that this most difficult

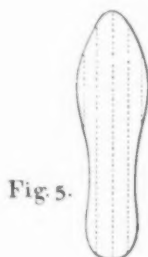


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

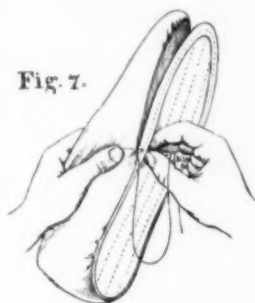


Fig. 7.



## THE QUIVER

part of the work can, by exercising care, be done quite neatly. The thread used must be very strong, as it has to be drawn tightly to prevent unsightly gaps when the slipper is turned. It is better, before commencing sewing, to divide the upper in four and tack to the sole in the centre of toe, the centre of heel, and on either side of the waist. Be sure your measurements are correct or the slipper will be spoilt by turning out all awry. Another important feature is to properly turn the slipper. Begin by turning the heel, drawing it carefully over, straining the stitching as little as possible, and gradually pressing out the toe whilst doing so. When the whole has been turned, place one hand inside the slipper, and, holding it firmly sole downwards on the table, work into

Fig. 8

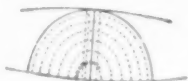


Fig. 9



Fig. 10.



shape with the fingers, pressing outwards from the inside and pushing in from the outside until there are no stitches visible. A pair of cork socks of the right size, covered to match the lining, may be afterwards fitted into the slippers, making the work complete.

Slipper-making, once given a trial, will be found an attractive and useful occupation

for the leisure hour, making a pleasant change from more fanciful work, which is sometimes apt to become tedious on account of the long waiting for results. Dainty, well-made slippers, especially when finished with the lambskin soles, also make nice Christmas or birthday presents where, as is so often the case from one girl friend to another, a gift of needlework will be appreciated more than a costly present.

## Magazines for the Month

THE October number of *Cassell's Magazine* contains the opening chapters of a new story by Mr. Keble Howard, the popular author of "The Smiths of Surbiton" and "The Smiths of Valley View." "The Happy Vanners," the title which Mr. Howard has given to his latest work, is a delightfully amusing story of a caravan holiday which will be read with enjoyment.

The same number contains an exceptionally interesting article on the outstanding characteristics of "The People of Birmingham" by Mr. Tom Browne, and some helpful advice on Old Pewter Collecting by Mr. Fred W. Burgess.

Then, too, the three serials conclude, and announcements are made of the new ones to appear in the November number, the first issue of the new volume. That useful series, "Careers for Educated Girls," is continued, and deals with the profession of a Children's Nurse; there is an illustrated needlework article; autumn fashions are adequately treated, and, with all these interests, fiction is not forgotten, for there are several most excellent short stories.

THE October number of *Little Folks* contains a great many specially good stories. "Brave Biddy" by Bessie Marchant, and "When the Chalk Slipped" by Ralph Simmonds, are sure to be extremely popular, whilst "Pictures in Matches" the little ones will thoroughly enjoy. There are also several interesting articles and any amount of bright verse and pictures.

READERS of the *Girl's Realm* for October will find much to interest and amuse them. For one thing, there is a charming original play, especially written for girls to act, that will appeal to the dramatically inclined.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING FOR WOMEN

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEY, M.B.

"There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it behoves every one of us  
To say the best of the rest of us."

THIS is a philanthropic age, and women are waking up to a sense of their responsibility with regard to social work to a greater degree than ever before. Charity is becoming organised, practical. The educated conscience is no longer content with a casual gift of money to some "good cause"; there is a feeling abroad that the man and the woman beneath ought to have a chance, and that each one of us is called to do some share of the work entailed in providing this chance. The result is that women of all classes are coming forward, and there is something very admirable in the increasing number of women who are doing splendid social service to-day. But there are not nearly enough. Those who have seen something of city slum life, who have come in contact with the preventable misery and unhappiness which exist in the world, know the immeasurable mass of work that has to go undone for lack of helpers. Each woman who is willing to do even a little is an asset to those who are fighting on the side of good. The average woman is unselfish and altruistic at heart. Appeal to her sympathy, tell her something of life low down amongst the submerged, of the women who are struggling heroically, helplessly, with the fearful odds against them, and she at once desires to help. The vast majority of people are apparently heedless of suffering simply through ignorance. They lack intuition, perhaps, and cannot understand unless they are brought face to face with what exists. They do not see the terrible poverty, the temptations, the difficulties which other women, less fortunate in their birth and environment, have to meet every day of their lives. They do not know that many poor souls sink into the depths for lack of the hand that they might stretch out if they wished. If they could realise this they would come forward gladly and do what they could. I am quite sure of that fact. Therefore, I appeal to women for their help. I ask the women who have leisure, to give some

part of their time regularly, faithfully, to the service of their fellow women. I ask for the gratitude, sympathy and co-operation of women for the splendid band of noble and enthusiastic souls who form the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army is well named. It saves the bodies, minds and souls of untold thousands every year. It carries on a breathless fight with the great evil forces of the world, the hydra-headed demon of drink, vice and grinding poverty. I have so often heard women say that they would like to do some work for the submerged, but they do not know how to set about it. It is difficult, I know, for women who lead the conventional sheltered life to get in touch with those whose greatest need is the practical sympathy of a good woman. Let any such women apply to the Salvation Army and they will be provided with opportunities innumerable of doing real good work for others. Mrs. Bramwell Booth has formulated a scheme of mercy for alleviating the suffering of women and children, so comprehensive, complete and far-reaching that it must arouse the admiration of the whole civilised world. Common sense and economy are outstanding features. Devotion and universal love, self sacrifice and understanding sympathy are characteristics cultivated by each unit of the Salvation Army. The combination of solid common sense and enthusiasm is a good one. It makes for success. The Salvation Army succeeds so well in the work it undertakes that it has won the respect of all the world. The social work that it is doing for women and children must appeal to every woman who takes any interest at all in the big things of life. The magnitude of its work makes it difficult to do more than mention in this article the various branches of social reform included in the scheme.

There are fifty Homes for women under Mrs. Booth's supervision. There are shelters for the friendless, homeless and yet respectable women who form perhaps the saddest phase of city life. Hundreds of these have no sleeping place for weeks but the Embankment or Hyde Park. For the sum of threepence a woman

## THE QUIVER



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

EXTERIOR OF LORNE HOUSE.

can procure a night's lodging at a London Salvation Army Shelter—a clean bed, a rest and chat by a warm fireside, a semblance of home. The woman whose home has been broken up through no fault of her own, the girl who tries so bravely to make an honest existence by selling flowers, toys, matches in the street, the country servant girl out of a place and adrift in London, are all sure of a welcome and a kind greeting from the Salvation Army officer in charge of one or other of these Shelters. She is also pleased to receive visitors interested in social work and only too glad to put anyone in touch with what the most critical would call "deserving cases." The sad bit is that there should be so many "deserving" who must go unhelped.

Then there are the Rescue Homes. "Mrs. Booth will gladly help any girl or woman in need of a friend." The simple message printed on the cards which are distributed amongst shipwrecked women, destitute of all that makes life worth living, has brought consolation and ultimate peace to thousands. There are twenty-five Rescue Homes in this country, and over two thousand girls will pass through them in one year. These girls are not only trained in housewifery, cooking, sewing, etc., to fit them to make an honest living, but they leave the Home to go to some definite work, and are supervised and guided by an Army

officer until they are able to stand alone. When visiting these Homes I was interested to learn that a great many keep in close touch with the Rescue Home in after life, and repay in many cases the £3 which has been expended upon their training and regeneration. Thus the donation of one grateful girl provides the opportunity of salvation for another. Reflect

upon this fact: three pounds is the price of a girl's chance to live once more a self-respecting life.

The Inebriate Homes deal with the drink problem by reclaiming those who have sunk into the gutter through yielding to the temptation of drink. The routine of the Salvation Army Inebriate Homes, the physiological effect of vegetarian diet, the psychical influence of inculcated will-power and self-control can "cure" what has long been considered incurable—the confirmed inebriate woman.

Then the magnificent work of the Army with regard to women prisoners is well known to all penologists. They go into the prisons and make friends with the hopeless men and women convicted of crime. They help the discharged prisoner to find employment, and, if they had the funds, they would organise labour colonies to supply work for all discharged prisoners, and thus reduce the ranks of habitual criminals and the expenses of our prison system.

But the best work of all is concerned with the children. Let any woman who has a dawning interest in social reform pay a visit to "The Nest," a home-like house with shady lawns in Clapton, and she will become an enthusiast at once. It is a Rescue Home for babies, a veritable paradise for these children who are taken from brutal and drunken parents, from an environment of vice and misery. A visitor to "The

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT

Nest" will be interested most by the bright, happy expressions of those waifs of the slums. Youth invariably refuses to be ignored, and the good influence of the Salvation Army officers at "The Nest" soon metamorphoses the sad, shifty elfin beings who come there into natural, happy, healthy children. Their days are filled with useful work and simple pleasures, and the discipline is so excellent that the children are "good" without effort. The younger children have instruction suitable to their age, with a liberal allowance of health-giving games, the older girls are taught to sew and cook, knit and wash, to fit them to be useful members of the community at the end of their training. The idea of this Home for waifs was the outcome of the Maternity Homes started by Mrs. Booth some years ago. These Maternity Homes have done splendid work on behalf of poor, friendless girls who can claim only the shelter of the workhouse when they come to their hour of trial. One of the most difficult social problems of to-day is concerned with the young mother and her illegitimate child. What can she do when she leaves the workhouse, her baby in her arms? How is she to procure work, to be saved from starvation or worse? This is the problem that Mrs. Booth and her staff are helping to solve with the Maternity Homes. These Homes provide shelter and necessities for friendless young mothers in their trouble; they save the lives of

thousands of babies by giving them care and attention during the precarious early weeks of their existence. They find work for the mothers and a chance of getting a foothold once again in the respectable strata of society. This work, of all work, should appeal to women of the prosperous, sheltered classes. It is no new work which may or may not turn out to be of use. It has existed for years and saves thousands of girls from sinking altogether after a first mistake. It is work that deserves to be extended; that ought to be helped. And help is needed if the scheme is to be enlarged as it should be.

It is proposed to erect a new Maternity Hospital for women and children and for the training of nurses to go into the homes of the people. Because men and women are generous when they can be, and eager to alleviate pain and help the friendless, the Salvation Army have already got £20,000 towards the erection of the Hospital. Whenever they have in hand another £5,000 they will be enabled to start the building of the first wing of the new Hospital, which will accommodate forty-eight patients. The whole scheme will provide for a hundred patients and thirty nurses, and it is estimated that £50,000 will be required. It seems a large sum, but the money would be forthcoming in a month if those who could spare it only realised for one moment what a powerful factor for good this Hospital will be. The



(Photo: Photostat Agency)

WOMEN AT WORK AT LORNE HOUSE.

## THE QUIVER

contrasts of social life, the inequalities and injustices which exist everywhere strike home to us all when we think seriously of what life means to many of our fellow creatures. There is so much to do and so little time for us to do it in. Let those who can work come forward. Let those who have money give some small part of it to help in this work. And let the others who have not one hour in the week to spare for the work, not one shilling they can afford to do without, give at least of their sym-

instructive, admirable. One of the most interesting of these homes is Lorne House, the lease of which has been presented to the Salvation Army by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise quite recently. Lorne House, which is a small Maternity Home, accommodates ten or twelve young mothers with their babies. The nurse in charge is pleased to show visitors the well-kept, home-like rooms, and the bright day nursery with its array of cots, in each of which a small well-trained infant lies peacefully



(Photo - Pictorial Agency.)

A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

pathy and goodwill. The Salvation Army is glad of it all, as grateful for sympathy and interest as it is for the subscriptions which are so much required. Mrs. Booth is always pleased to send pamphlets and papers describing the women's work, and "The Great Idea," by Mr. Arnold White, gives a comprehensive statement of the Salvation Army's scheme of social reform up to date. Any woman who can spare time to spend a day visiting a few of the Homes under the organisation of the Salvation Army will find much that is interesting,

asleep for hours whilst its mother is busily engaged in cooking, ironing, or dress-making downstairs. The bright, cheerful atmosphere of the place is typical of all the Salvation Army "Homes." One feels the spirit of these places at once; one realises that the women and girls who come under the influence of these splendid Army officers have a real chance of "salvation," an opportunity to live a new life, to "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." And that is "charity" of the best kind.



### For all This, Many Thanks

THIS number is the last of another volume—numbered XLV., as readers will see, but in reality the forty-ninth volume issued since the first number of *THE QUIVER* appeared on September 1st, 1861. Next month we start our fiftieth volume, and at the close of the year we celebrate our Jubilee. It is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge the continued interest and support of readers the wide world over. The letters of appreciation and encouragement which continually reach me afford ample proof of the fact that this magazine not only holds its own in the interests of the reader, but that it has established for itself a firm place in their hearts. I feel, after reading these generous letters of appreciation, that it is *your QUIVER*, and that you are as deeply interested in its success as can be the Editor or the Publishers. For all this, many thanks.

### Our New Volume

AND now for our new volume, which is to complete the fifty years of our existence. On another page of this issue will be found an interesting interview with Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey, as well as the announcement that she is to contribute the serial story for the year. "Cynthia Charrington" has already captivated my fancy, and I am sure that when my readers have finished even the first instalment they will be as keenly interested in the characters and the plot as I am. In addition to this serial running through the whole volume, I am pleased to be able to announce that Amy le Feuvre is to contribute a short series of four stories under the title, "Round a Sundial." All who followed "A Country Corner" through our pages a couple of years ago will be delighted to renew the acquaint-

ance of this popular authoress. In addition, I have arranged for short stories by such well-known writers as Annie S. Swan, J. J. Bell, Lillias Campbell Davidson, Ada Cambridge, Evelyn Everett-Green, Ethel F. Heddle, etc.

### The Bishops of Ripon and Durham

IT is a great pleasure to be able to announce that our old friend the Bishop of Ripon is contributing a series of devotional papers on "Life's Tangled Thread." I know that these will be of great help to my readers. Another old friend of *THE QUIVER*, the Bishop of Durham, is also writing a short series—this time of an autobiographical character. Readers will remember his lordship's paper in a recent issue, "In the Days of My Youth." The Bishop will continue the narrative in "Pages from My Life Story," and will draw from a deeply interesting fund of reminiscences.

### A Galaxy of Writers

AMONG the contributors I have secured for the new volume I might mention a few writers of articles. The Episcopate is ably represented by the Bishops of Ripon and Durham, as I have already mentioned; in addition, an article by the Bishop of Chichester, entitled, "The Christian and Society," is a feature of our November number. By general consent the foremost preacher among the Free Churches is the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., D.D. Dr. Jowett has written a beautiful and inspiring message, "The Dayspring from on High," and this will appear in December. Dr. Jowett is to be succeeded in his high office as President of the National Free Church Council by one of the most winning and forceful of modern preachers—the Rev. Charles Brown.



## THE QUIVER

Mr. Brown has kindly consented to write on "My Childhood's Heroes," and this should prove to be a most fascinating study. Turning to Scotland, I might briefly mention "The Perils of the Emotional Life," by Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A.; "Bucketless Wells," by Rev. Albert G. Mackinnon, M.A.; "Mission Work in Scotland," by Rev. Thomas Hannan, M.A., etc. Few American preachers are more widely known or more greatly respected than the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., who has kindly promised to write on "The Power of the Risen Lord." I am not forgetting the Colonies, and shall be inserting from time to time articles of special interest to Canadian and Australian readers.

### For Young and Old

THERE are articles appealing especially to young people, but I think that older readers will be equally interested in them. Mrs. Creighton writes particularly for those in the hey-day of youth in her charming paper on "Comrades." "Before and After Marriage," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy (author of "How to be Happy though Married"), appeals to married and unmarried alike; whilst I might also mention "Nature's Love Songs," by Coulson Kernahan; "God's Good Women," by Canon Vaughan, M.A.; "The Humour and Romance of Local Preaching," by Morley Adams; "The Next Revival," by Rev. T. E. Ruth, and "A Group of Noble Workers," by David Williamson.

### "Religion and Temperament"

THE Rev. J. G. Stevenson, of Beckenham, has already made the acquaintance of my readers in the Children's Section: his contributions during the coming year will be of quite another order. For some time past he has been greatly interested in the subject of "Religion and Temperament," and will give us the benefit of his studies in a short series of articles under that title. His place in the Young People's Department will be taken by the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D. "Jones of Bournemouth" is known not only through the length and breadth of the land, but all over the world, and his messages to the young people are just as thoughtful, persuasive, and interesting as are his longer pulpit utterances.

### "As Others See Us"

IN my November number I am giving the first of a bright little series of articles by Edith Henrietta Fowler (the

Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton) under the general title, "As Others See Us." The first is a kind of allegory dealing with "Shop Windows." Others touch on "A Sense of Humour," "Swelled Heads," etc. These articles will be welcomed by the many friends of this gifted novelist.

### Some Nature Wonders

THE Nature World is of perennial interest. I have secured some valuable and informing papers dealing with various sides of plant and bird life. The first of these, "Can Plants Think?" by J. L. Richmond, F.R.H.S., is a thought-provoking study into the intelligence of plants. "Nature's Skill and Cleverness," by Frank Bonnett, gives striking examples from the bird world. "In Search of a Home," by H. Knight Horsfield, shows some nests in strange places. Each of these articles will be fully illustrated by photographs and drawings.

### Woman's Interests

A LARGE part of our magazine will, as hitherto, deal especially with woman's and home interests. I am pleased to be able to announce a new series of articles by our valued contributor, Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B. Here are some of the subjects she will deal with: "Home Nursing: How to Train as an Amateur Nurse," "Baby's First Year," "In Times of Emergency," "Social Service on a Small Scale," "A Girl's Wasted Years." Mrs. Blanche St. Clair is to continue her practical notes on cookery and home management, whilst Miss Ellen T. Masters will give occasional fancy-work hints.

### Letters on Life and Love

"AMICA'S" open letters have been so popular that I have asked her to contribute another series. Here are some of the folk to whom her new letters are addressed: "A Mother whose Daughters do not Marry off as She Anticipated," "A Husband who does not Think his Wife Needs any Pocket Money," "A Mother whose only Son is about to Marry," "Sister Martha where Mary has all the Easy Times," "A Servant who Thinks her Mistress Harsh."

### Young People's Pages

OUR young people will find their interests as well served as ever. "Alison" continues her "How, When and Where

## CONVERSATION CORNER

Corner," and will be glad of all the help she can get to pay for the little lassie whom the Companions are supporting in Canada. As I have already mentioned, the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D., will contribute a Sunday Talk every month, and a new feature will be the scheme for teaching little folks needlework, undertaken by Mr. Townsend.



### Are We Losing the Bible?

I HAVE not nearly exhausted my programme for 1911, but I have not the space to go on. There will be, as usual, profusely illustrated articles on general, varied topics, and symposiums on questions of current interest. Among these latter I must mention the collection on the subject, "Are We Losing the Bible?" Much has been heard of late of the neglected home altar, the effects of criticism, etc., and Mr. G. M. Mackness has asked a number of readers to give their opinion on the question. Their replies are illumining and to the point, and I shall print in my next number the contributions of such well-known authorities as Canon Horsley, Archdeacon Madden,

Professor Peake, Dr. David Brook, Dr. Archibald Fleming, Dr. W. L. Watkinson, Dr. Eugene Stock, etc.



### The First Number

I THINK I have said enough to show that our new volume will fully maintain the position of THE QUIVER. I now ask readers to give me all the help they can in extending our borders. The November number commences the volume, and is full of bright features. The stories are by J. J. Bell, Mary Bradford Whiting, Graham Brown, Amy le Feuvre, Mrs. Vaizey, etc.; whilst the articles include, in addition to features I have already mentioned, a fully illustrated description of "London's Towers and Spires," by T. W. Wilkinson. There is a beautiful toned-paper engraving as frontispiece, of the picture, "The First Step in Life," by Joseph Clark.

*The Editor*



## The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

### Brightening the Shadows

THERE is usually sadness in the tone with which men speak about "the lengthening shadows." It is all right, I dare say, but I have seldom noticed any real good come of it. I know it often results in tender poetry, but I should like it better if it oftener led to tender deeds. Sentiment and philanthropy are quite capable of living next door to one another, and yet not be on even speaking terms. The fact is, I fear, that much of our "mournful numbers" about the on-creeping shadow is only make-believe. Everybody knows pretty well from the start how life runs, and the extending shadow brings no surprise. In nine cases out of ten, then, the autumnal note is merely conventional, a poor attempt to cajole ourselves into the belief that we are

religio-philosophising. But we could do better; we could assume that everything worth saying under this heading has already been said, and said well, long centuries ago, and now it only remains for us bravely, trustfully, and, above all, *actively* to fall into line.

### The Question of Autumn

This is the moral, anyhow, which has always come closest home to me on the annual return of the advanced guard and monitors of life's brevity. The summer's brightness has wooed us in wondrous ways, has re-charged the batteries of brain and body with fresh energy, and given us the subtlest of pleasures—the joy of feeling "fit." Then come the long shadows of

## THE QUIVER

the autumn with their searching question: What are we going to do with our "fitness"? Clearly, like health and strength, wealth and influence, and much besides, fitness is only a means to an end, not an end in itself. So we begin to talk of what we mean to master or accomplish "this winter." I like the good sense of this, for it is putting the stretching shadows to their purpose. They don't want preaching or poetising; what they want is, by their very quietness, to help us to find ourselves and our best work in the world. So they turn the key on our holiday moods and bid us buckle-to.

### The Season of Good Intentions

To the healthy-minded, autumn is invariably the season of Good Intentions. But, just as with so much else, the good intentions are frequently so good that we cherish them for their own virtuous sweetness, and spring is on us again ere we are aware of it, and, so far as our character and disposition are concerned, we are no further forward. The mastery of a language, the perfecting of an art, or the learning of a science (the things usually planned for the winter months) are all good, and blessing goes with them, but they are apt to lead us to ignore the one study which should be going through all—the right cultivation of the heart-life. This is the main thing.

How may we best do it? We have all tried many ways, but those who have tried most will be the first to agree with me when I say that no method ever has been, or ever can be, successful which has not had kindness at its base. Kindness is the saving salt of all that is worth saving in us.

### To Keep the Heart Sweet

There are many ways, every one with its merits, but there is one which never works amiss or fails to make and keep the heart sweet. Just this—taking some poor, weak, lonely child to our heart. It is the Master Himself Who discloses the secret of its wondrous power when He says: "He that receiveth a little child in My name, receiveth Me." This is the warranty, and what has a better or clearer?

The Crutch-and-Kindness League brings the means within the reach of all, even of

the farthest-off or most secluded life, the oldest or the youngest. It has the twelve thousand poor crippled bairns of great London in its care. They are very poor, often very pained, and, of necessity, always very lonely. Every member of the League has such a child assigned to him or her, with all particulars of the case given, for the simple purpose of writing a letter once a month to the wee maimed one. It is the letter and not money that is asked for (beyond the shilling of entrance fee), but cast-off clothing is always acceptable. It is difficult to think of anyone, in any part of the globe, who cannot do so much.

Here, then, is work to sweeten all other work being planned for the coming winter. Let some little child have its corner in the heart, to be thought over tenderly and cheered up a bit from time to time with loving words, and everything else cannot but take upon it the tinge of the blessing, including our own hearts.

Full particulars of the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

### New Members

The following is the list of new members for the month:—

Miss C. E. Aspinall, Bangalore, S. India.  
Miss Barbara Bell, Hawick, N.B.; Miss G. L. Bishop, Rochford, Essex.  
Mrs. Cour, Stamford Hill, N.  
Mrs. Dixon, Doncaster.  
Miss Bessie Foley, Tralee, Co. Kerry; "M. F.," Chester; Miss Lottie French, Catford, S.E.  
Miss C. E. Gee, Ibstock, Leicester; Miss May Glover, Croydon.  
Miss Lesley Jackson, Birr, Ireland.  
Miss Ellen Lanauze, Christchurch, New Zealand; Miss L. and Master G. Lindsay, Cambridge, New Zealand.  
Master Leslie Mackay, Cambridge, New Zealand; Misses G. and K. Mackenzie, Inverness; Miss J. G. Madden, Kilmoganny, Co. Kilkenny; Miss Dora Manton, Boscombe, Hants.  
Misses O. M. and D. S. Osmaston, Harpenden, Herts.  
Mrs. Pascoe, Colombo, Ceylon; Miss Ethel Playfoot, Edenbridge, Kent; Mrs. Polson, Nigg, Ross-shire; Miss G. M. Powell, Stroud, Glos.  
Master Cecil Reyersbach, Brighton; Miss Roberts, Boscombe, Hants.  
Miss Evelyn Sholton, Shotley Bridge, near Durham; Miss Elsie Surr, E. Finchley.  
Mr. F. Truebridge, Yetminster, Dorset.  
Miss Dorothy Westcott, Boscombe, Hants; Mrs. Wynne, Killuran, Co. Westmeath.

## After Death—What ?

By the Rev. ALFRED ROWLAND, D.D., LL.B., B.A.

THERE are times in the experience of most of us when we intensely long to pierce the veil behind and beyond which our dear ones live—times when the rushing wind of worldliness passes us by, and the fire of passion dies down, and the still small voice makes itself heard, asking wistfully about our dear ones: "Where are they? What are they?"

Some of us may have gazed on the calm, rigid features of our dead, hoping against hope that the dread secret they hide may be revealed to us; or we may have come back from the graveside daring to say to ourselves: "She is not here, but is risen." But "Where is she? What is she?" again we ask. Indeed, we sometimes feel intensely conscious that we ourselves are standing on the threshold of another life, and that we may cross it by one momentary step; and, naturally, we should like to know more than we do of what is on the other side, just as, if we were expecting to make our home in India or in one of our Colonies, we should read all we could, find out and listen to all we could hear, about a land which, though strange to us as yet, will soon be familiar.

In recognising, as we cannot fail to do, these desires as instinctive, it is well to remember that such inquiry into our future is not forbidden, but is distinctly encouraged by divinely inspired teachers. Paul himself, though he could not reveal what he had heard and seen when he was caught up into the third heaven, is the man who expressly says: "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope." Similarly, when John records his visions of the future, he adds: "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this Book."

Believe me that it is not the promptings of an idle curiosity which impels us to such a study as this. It is a natural and legitimate search after important truth which affects us all in our dearest relationships. Nor is it with the confidence of one who claims to be infallible, or who expects to unravel all mysteries, that we

make this attempt; but we desire to do so in a spirit of lowliness, though with the confidence kindled by the assurance that God is seeking to reveal in His Word more than we know, and to emphasise some truths which we have too long overlooked. . . .

The above is an extract from the first chapter of a deeply interesting little volume from the pen of the Rev. Alfred Rowland, D.D., LL.B., B.A. (Cassell, rs. 6d. net). A short time ago, Dr. Rowland passed through the deep sorrow of parting with her who had been his life's companion and helpmeet, and this gave a powerful impetus to those questions which all of us ask at times: "What lies beyond the grave?" "What of the future life?" First for his own consolation, afterwards for the help and comfort of others, Dr. Rowland carefully and patiently studied the subject of the hereafter, and his conclusions were summed up in a series of addresses delivered in connection with the "Merchant Lectures" at the Memorial Hall, London, during the early part of this year.

All who heard them were deeply impressed, and after he had been repeatedly urged to publish them, Dr. Rowland finally agreed to my request to allow the publishers of *THE QUIVER* to issue the volume.

"After Death—What?" does not profess to be an exhaustive or academic study of the subject of the after-life, but I venture to think that thousands will draw inspiration and comfort from its pages, and will thank me for the introduction. The little book is divided into four sections. In the first of these the author discusses the question, "Is there an Intermediate State?" From this he goes on, in his second chapter, to the deeply interesting inquiry, "Will Conscious Personality Continue after Death?" The third section is entitled "What of Possibilities and Opportunities after Death?" whilst finally he deals with the question, "Why are these Inquiries of Value?"

THE EDITOR.

# Sunday School Pages

## POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

### OCTOBER 2nd. THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS

*Matthew xxv. 1-13*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The coming of the Bridegroom. (2) The request of the Foolish Virgins. (3) The fate of the unprepared.

#### The Testing Time

THE Foolish Virgins did not realise their unprepared condition until the hour of testing came, and then they suddenly discovered that they were not ready to meet the Bridegroom. In that parable we have a picture of life. Men and women go along comfortably for a time, thinking that all is well with them, then suddenly they are put to the test in some way, and they are not equal to it.

In the quadrangle of Leland Stanford University, near San Francisco, there stood a magnificent memorial arch, built so largely, solidly and splendidly that it seemed as if it would stand for ever. But when the earthquake came, the great arch collapsed in ruin. Its foundations were disclosed, and then the truth was seen. Instead of being of solid stone, as they should have been, the builder had put in chips and rubble. "The Leland arch," says Dr. J. R. Miller, "is a type of many lives which seem successful for a while and then suddenly collapse. The secret sin comes to light; the foundation rottenness is disclosed; the whole structure falls in wreck."

A pastor tells the story of the conversion of a lady who had lived entirely for self, and whose sins had never caused her any uneasiness. One night while alone in her room, she saw the lamp which lighted it suddenly go out. Although she was alone she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), "There is no oil in the lamp!" The word thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five Foolish Virgins who had no oil and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the Bridegroom. It occurred to her instantly. "No, I have no oil in my lamp. What will become of me?" She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and continued to pray until God answered her favourably, and gave her peace.

### OCTOBER 9th. THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

*Matthew xxv. 14-30*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The lord's departure and the distribution of the talents. (2) The methods of the servants in the use of the talents. (3) The lord's return. (4) The rewards and punishments.

#### Using Our Opportunities

THE lesson of this parable is an obvious one—that we are to be diligent in our Master's vineyard and that we are to make full use of the faculties and abilities with which He has endowed us. Some people are of the opinion that unless they stand in the pulpit they can do no Christian service. But service for the Master can be rendered anywhere, and what may sometimes be regarded as a trivial act may, in the good providence of God, be fraught with far-reaching results.

Some years ago, a lady gave one of Bishop Ryle's tracts to a young man in the Pump Room at Leamington. It resulted in his conversion. In due course he entered one of the American universities, and was ordained by Bishop Potter and appointed missionary to the Spanish-speaking people in New York. From there he went to Mexico to take charge of one of the principal churches of the capital. He translated the whole of Bishop Ryle's tract into Spanish, and it is said that the result is that probably thousands have been led to give up the errors of Rome. This was the result, under God, of one small opportunity taken.

#### Fleeting Opportunities

At the gate of an Eastern city stands a portion of a statue. There is an inscription on the base which gives the conversation between a traveller and the statue. The traveller asks: "What is thy name?" The statue replies: "I am called opportunity." "Why art thou standing on thy toes?" "To show that I stay but a moment." "Why hast thou wings on thy feet?" "To show how quickly I pass by." "But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?" "That men may seize me when they meet me." "Then why art thou bald on the back of thy head?" "To show that when once passed I cannot be caught."

# The Pure Lactic Acid Cultures

in their best and most active form are embodied in St. Ivel Cheese, and all who make this delicious dainty a regular part of their daily diet are bound to find an improvement in their health. The latent germs of disease will be exterminated and the system kept in splendid condition.

# St. Ivel Cheese

(LACTIC)

St. Ivel Cheese is not a fad, as any person may demonstrate to his own satisfaction by taking a short course of it. It has the approval of the medical profession, and is made under ideal conditions under the supervision of skilled bacteriologists.

6½d. each, from Grocers and Dairymen.

APLIN & BARRETT, etc., Ltd., YEOVIL.



## TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature and possess several exclusive advantages, such as—  
**Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Adjustable Seat; Heat Regulator;** the Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet; **Exit is easy and immediate—no assistant is required; Durability and Perfect Hygiene.**

DR. GORDON STABLES says: "Foot's Bath Cabinet is the best."

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. B 24), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

## THE "ROOM TO ROOM" PATENT CINDER SIFTER.

B. G. No. 10608.

A Boon to Housekeepers, &c.

Light, and easily carried from room to room. No dust or waste. Saves labour and fuel. Will hold siftings from to ordinary fire grates.

Dimensions. 12 in. by 12½ in.

Weight about 7 lb.

Japanned Red, Green, or Black.

Retail Price **5/9** Carriage Paid U.K.

**WATSON & COOMBER,**

Sole Agents,

**94, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL**

Directions supplied with each Sifter.



Directions: After filling Sifter with ash or cinders, fix on lid and shake handle in slot, then remove cinders and empty cinders in fire grate.

## C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



Neither Scratch nor Spurt.

Attention is also drawn to the **NEW PATENT ANTI-BLOTTING PENS.** Sample Box of either series, 7d.

Works: **BIRMINGHAM.**

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.





## It's the little things that count

And when you have a big family of them, how they do eat !

Quaker Oats for breakfast and supper solves the family food problem.

Not only do the children love delicious Quaker Oats and thrive on it, but the grown-ups enjoy it and get from it more nourishment than from any other food.

And "40 Meals for Sixpence !"

Put delicious Quaker Oats on your home bill-of-fare for thirty days and see how strong you all will be, and how feeble your food bills will be !

## SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

### OCTOBER 16th. THE LAST JUDGMENT

*Matthew xxv. 31-46*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ's picture of the Judgment Day. (2) The division between the righteous and the unrighteous. (3) "Eternal punishment" and "Eternal life."

#### With God

THIS life is the preparation for the life which is to come; in time we decide our destiny in eternity. We can make it "eternal punishment" or "eternal life." "How beautiful to be with God," said Frances Willard when dying. How could she say that? Because for many years she had kept Him enthroned in her heart by giving faithful, loyal, and loving service. She wove her choicest talents into a crown for Him, and He, in His turn, fashioned a crown for her that will glitter down through the ages and up throughout eternity.

A well-known Scottish minister tells the following incident which occurred on board a steamer on the west coast of Scotland that called at the famous island of Iona: "When she reached there all the passengers but two went ashore to view the sights of the place—the venerable cathedral, the tombs, the monastery. The two who remained on board were myself and a jovial-looking man with a rubicund face, the colouring of which must have been an expensive process. I had been often at Iona, and did not care to go there again with the crowd, but I was anxious to know what detained my friend, and asked him why he had not gone ashore. 'Oh,' he replied, 'there seems to be nothing to see but an old church very much out of repair, so I thought I would stay where I am and have a glass of beer.'"

Isn't this an illustration of how many people voluntarily turn away from the best things in life?

### OCTOBER 23rd. REVIEW

IN the lessons of the past quarter we have seen the loving Saviour at work to win men, by warning and invitation and tender counsel seeking to draw them unto Himself. Though Jesus Christ no longer walks this earth of ours that same loving ministry is being exercised, and men everywhere are being invited to come to Him.

In Christ is to be found the only satisfaction. That is the lesson of the New Testament and of personal history. Jenny

Lind, the famous singer, made £30,000 on her American tour under the management of Barnum, but of this she invested £20,000 for benevolent purposes in Sweden. For herself she kept only what was necessary for a living, and for buying a cottage on the Malvern Hills in England. Her wants were few, and she would not have complained if reverses of fortune had compelled her to live literally in accordance with the recipe for true happiness contained in the following lines, written in one of her letters from Boston: "Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendour have been able to turn my mind giddy. Herrings and potatoes—a clean wooden chair and a wooden spoon to eat milk-soup with—that would make me skip like a child for joy. And this—without the slightest trace of exaggeration."

### OCTOBER 30th THE ANOINTING OF JESUS

*Matthew xxvi. 1-16*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The enmity of the Chief Priests. (2) The offering of Love. (3) The traitor in the camp.

#### Love's Choice

LOVE will ever find a means of expressing itself, and our lesson affords an example. A young girl with much tenderness nursed an aged relative when she was well-nigh forsaken by her kindred. At length the old lady died. She left a small amount of money to be divided among a number of heirs. She left also an old watch, the only value of which appeared to be as a keepsake, for it had been worn for many years by the owner and had her likeness in it. The watch was to be given to whichever one of the heirs might choose to take it instead of £100 of the money distributed. One after another examined it and turned away indifferent. They cared nothing for the picture of the old lady, and saw no value in the worn-out watch. But the warm-hearted girl who had been nurse of her who died, made the choice which the others despised. She was ridiculed for the tender-heartedness—which they called foolishness—that led her so to choose; but she had chosen for love's sake and was satisfied. What was her astonishment when, months afterwards, a secret spring in the watch being accidentally touched, an unsuspected extra casing flew open and revealed a wealth of diamonds.



## HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

*The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"*

### MY DEAR COMPANIONS.

The good fairies have been especially kind to-day. For the time of our monthly chat they have given one of the beautiful bright afternoons that have been so rare this year. And I have been reading your Garden Pictures with the window of my corner wide open, and before and about me are the sights and sounds of a late summer day. From our tennis-court come merry voices, the bang of racquets and the swish-swish of the balls. Were some of you athletic people here, I would ask you to "make up a set," or possibly I might even screw up courage to risk inviting you to "take me on for a single." However, as you are not here, I'll try to imagine you at the moment, some at play on your own courts, others happily indulgent by sea or mountains, or busy with the gardens in which some of you have interested me, and others again, hard at work in the daily routine of duty.

I promised, did I not, to give in this chat a batch of letters from Companions abroad. For this reason I must not allow myself too much liberty, though there are lots of things I want to say. First of all, I must answer your queries as to how our Scheme is progressing. It's difficult, you know, to keep up steam over any sort of scheme in the summer days. But I have been very pleased with the letters in response to our pleas. Many of you have indeed been good, and delighted me. Hear this:

"P.S.—Father has just given me another shilling, which he says I have earned. *It's fine to be a worker!*"

Do you know, that postscript gave me a thrill of the delicious kind that comes when one sees a snow-crowned mountain, or a wide moorland stretch of blooming heather, after long days of life in town. I have no intention of telling which of our Companions wrote that. But this I will tell. She wrote a letter one day, approving of our plans for Violet, and saying that she was going to ask her big brothers to give something towards the Fund. On a post card sent in reply, I suggested that if she *worked* for the money I thought there would be far more pleasure for her than if she merely begged it. And this is the result—I quote from her letter, the postscript you have already seen:

"After I received your post card, I decided to earn the money myself, and never mind anybody else. Well, mother was wanting a kimono ("*hug-me-tight*"), so I started and crocheted one. I had a hurry to manage to get it finished in time for our holidays, but I completed the border just in time. So, for my work, mother has given me half-a-crown for Violet."

Please do not any one of you misunderstand me. I do not want you to think I am belittling the efforts many of you have promised to make in *collecting* gifts for our Fund. Not at all. I am hoping that lots and lots of money will come in in that way, through our books and cards. And I realise that asking for money is often a hard task. But the spirit and beautiful earnestness which our—for the time—nameless Companion has shown in the letter is the spirit which I want to see all through every atom of our undertaking. Then, I am positive, our Scheme will be a noble and splendid success. You see, sometimes, as

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

I remarked, begging money may be difficult, or uncongenial. But perhaps one has an uncle or a grandmother, or a big brother, who pets one, and it may be less trouble just to ask him or her for a coin than it would be to carry through some piece of work that requires concentration and time, and—possibly—the giving up of some pleasure. I think, though, that you all will follow my thought.

### "It's Fine to be a Worker"

is a confession of happiness that has to be experienced to be understood. I will not attempt to describe its sensations. Our plan gives every one of you the chance of having the joy of it personally.

across the beautiful springy turf which has been tended by many generations of skilful gardeners, and let us climb this steep grassy bank starred with twinkling pink and white daisies. How we children loved tobogganing down here on tea-trays, and oh! what interviews we used to have afterwards, with irate parents and indignant gardeners!

"These two outer paths lead round to the fruit and kitchen gardens. You can see from here the green figs and the ripening peaches hanging close to the wall; and those dwarf trees, trained along by the side of the paths, bear juicy pears and luscious plums—just at the right height for the hands of small fruit-raiders, but of that not a word!

"Ah, but it is this winding middle path that you are longing to follow, and I hear your cries of delight at the wonderfully blended tints on all sides—here deepest crimson, there the faintest possible blush pink merging into white—peonies, nodding hollyhocks, balsam, geraniums, swaying poppies, snapdragons, begonias, clove carnations, columbine, roses, roses everywhere, musk, dwarf and standard in the beds, ramblers covering the arches and pergolas,

"Then come stately white lilies, lupins and philox,



BEATRICE D. YATES.

EFFIE AND JEANIE FORBES AND OUR  
BABY COMPANION MARY ISABEL.

HILDA WILSON.

SOME MORE OF OUR COMPANIONS.

Let us turn next to the Garden Competition. *Ruth Owen* (age 18, Gloucester) wins the Senior Prize, with her charming sketch of

### A Real Dream Garden

"Come, mount with me upon a swift dream-chariot, and let us glide back through two long years over hills and valleys, fields and cities, to the garden where I played as a tiny girl, and where, afterwards, I learnt to feel and to love the mysterious beauty of flower-life. Ah, here we are at the tall iron gate with queer curly griffins peering down from each side at all intruders. Now, shut your eyes, and let me lead you by the hand, for in a moment we shall be at the threshold of a most fascinating old house, and if, as we crossed the cool stone hall, you should catch one glimpse of the wide old oak staircase and the deep seat beneath the rose-coloured window on the landing—well, then, perforce, you would demand tales of a Stuart house and of its garden.

"But now we have safely reached the little door beyond the hall, so open your eyes, for the garden is before you in all its summer glory. See, away on the left, what a blaze of colour in the sunshine; what wealth of blossom; and how charmingly green and shady are the lawns and the trees before us! Come

inquisitive little violas with one bush of glorious delicately coloured sweet peas in their midst, pure white roses and clematis, and scented pinks. Round this bend, and once again you cry aloud in surprise and admiration, for white gradually turns to palest azure, to mauve, deep blue, violet, and richest purple, as dainty harebells, starry forget-me-nots, and wee lobelias nestle up to the big lupins. Here, larkspur, Canterbury bells, monkshood, love-in-a-mist, and heliotrope dwell together; there, velvety pansies lift up their faces to their tall friends the irises, and the purple clematis bends down to whisper tidings of the great world to the eager listeners beneath its arched watch-tower. We stay one moment at the summer-house, to gaze upon the tiny fountain whose waters sparkle gaily in the sunshine; then turn down a narrow grassy track between rows of golden sunflowers and evening primroses. We pass beneath the temptingly low branches of the big chestnut, and cross the lawns once more. Let us fold aside this branch of syringa with its hundreds of scented gold and white blossoms, and we stand in the cool greenness of the shrubbery. Sunlight falls softly through the leaves of lofty elms, birches, and spreading sycamores, upon a carpet of green moss and ground ivy, from amongst which blue periwinkles and yellow rock roses peep shyly out at their neighbours the foxgloves, and the prickly butcher's broom.

## THE QUIVER

"We could linger here for hours, and find innumerable treasures, but, alas! we have reached a little arched doorway in a wall, and through here, after one last look down the long green path to the sunlit garden beyond, we must pass out to the world, and gently close the door behind us.

I should love to see it, Ruth!

The Junior Prize goes to Ireland, to *Allison Laidlaw* (age 11, Dublin), for his concise description of his garden. I am very sorry there is not room to print it in full. His little plane trees interest me.

From my letter-case I have taken a sheaf of foreign note-paper you would, I know, all like to handle and read for yourselves.

*Alice King* sends me another pleasant letter from Jamaica:

"I was so happy," she writes, "when I saw my name in *THE QUIVER*. You would not believe how pleased we all were. . . . I think the Scheme splendid! Violet is our little girl now, to look after and to pay her expenses and everything. Don't you think that this is a good plan to help our Scheme? Suppose we each buy something alive, and set it aside for Violet—like a hen, or a kid, or something that would increase. Then whatever profit we could get from the animal we could send to you. I think I will do that, anyway."

Another good plan, you see. Well done, Alice. Do let us hear what animal you choose. I have put down Alice's name for one of the Foreign Letter Prizes this month. Oh, I must tell you that Alice's Aunt Lettice sent me such a kind letter about our Corner. Quite a lot of the most grown-up readers of *THE QUIVER* seem to have an affectionate regard for our Corner, it appears. Of course, some of us are very grown up, and there is no age limit to our Companionship. Anyone who has the happy child spirit is young enough to join. By the way, our youngest Companion is little *Mary Isabel Forbes* (Ballater), who is just two and a half. Isn't it nice to have her picture with Effie and Jeanie? With it I received a dear little letter about her Teddy bears and her cats, and an exciting visit to Aberdeen.

To return to our foreign letters. The Australian Companions have sent me several interesting ones, and a second Prize is won by *Mary Mahon-Jasper*, whose home is in New South Wales. Apropos of the Federal Elections, Mary (who is nineteen) says:

"All the women in New South Wales can vote, and they take the greatest interest in the election and in the politics of the country. When I drove the members of our household to the polling booth I felt very sorry I was not old enough to vote too, but all things come to him—or her, Mary—who knows how to wait. The great struggle English women are making to gain the privilege we enjoy is anxiously watched by their sisters on this side of the Indian

Ocean, and to whisper you a secret, we look on your statesmen as very far behind the times indeed in denying it to you. The laws of this beautiful Commonwealth have been much improved by the women's vote."

We must not get into an argument about "Votes for Women," but Mary's is an excellent letter for a girl of her age.

*Eileen Nelson*, of Melbourne, writes happily of a visit—her first visit—to the Bush country:

"Oh, Alison, I wish you could see our country," says Eileen. "Everywhere you look you see gum trees; great tall trees, and here and there such funny little townships. . . . We slept out on the veranda. I expect it is too cold in England to sleep out; but here a great many do it in the summer time. The birds used to wake us in the morning; the magpie and the laughing jackass were everywhere, and it was so nice to listen to them. There was a pretty little creek just near, and we brought home some beautiful ferns. The maidenhair fern grows in England, does it not? . . . I am thinking about our Scheme, and hope some of us will think of a good way to support our Violet."

Eileen's sister, *Muriel*, has become a Companion, and also sends me a kind letter. She says she should like to see some snow. "Every winter we look for it, but it does not come." Muriel writes that the jackass makes "a noise just like a man laughing; and the magpie has a very musical note."

*Isabel Hale* (Victoria) is yet another Australian correspondent. And she has kindly sent a gift for Violet through her grandfather who lives in Yorkshire.

*Muriel Laishley* (Bluff) is a Companion whose letters are always particularly interesting. Her accounts of her New Zealand life are a pleasure to read. She and several girl friends have a "Busy Bee" society, and have sales for the mission work of their church.

Two Canada Companions write to me in this batch. A new member, *Lorna Gascoyne*, tells about her home on a farm near Pickering, twenty miles from Toronto. There are two creeks running through the farm, and they have plenty of swimming. Lorna has to walk two and a quarter miles to school.

*Miriam Jupe* encloses some fragrant pressed flowers and a money gift in her note from Mongo (Saskatchewan). This is the first Canadian contribution towards Violet's Fund, and very welcome it is. "Bee and I—Bee is my little sister—are sending two shillings between us. I hope Violet will get on all right," says Miriam. She has just been making a new red frock for her doll, and a white sash.

## The Distinction of Daintiness

**A** DAINTY figure is very pleasing to look upon, and is one of woman's greatest charms; it has a distinction all its own. Classical beauty of feature a woman may not possess, but if her figure is gracefully slender she can hold her own for attractiveness.

The distinction of daintiness is not, alas! hers who has the misfortune to develop obesity. When first this dreaded complaint makes its appearance the *corsetière* and the dressmaker may skilfully make the symptoms less obvious, but extreme compression of the figure is not by any means conducive to health; and without health there is an end of feminine charm.

Distracted by the onset of the fiend Obesity, many ladies adopt treatments which are more dangerous than the disease of obesity itself. They starve themselves and take pernicious mineral and other drugs, go in for violent exercises, and so on, but without permanent curative results. Obesity is not to be cured by such means. Whatever temporary reduction of weight there may be is only the result of debilitation.

The one great lasting cure for the disease is Antipon, which attacks the root evil—that distressing morbid physical condition wherein waste matter, which, were the body in a healthy state, would be eliminated, remains in the system and turns to unhealthy fat.

Antipon very quickly expels all the superfluous fat which results from this condition of body, and which destroys beauty of form and feature, and so seriously undermines the constitution. The obese condition may be of long standing. Never mind that; Antipon will effect the desired reduction, and, fair readers, the distinction of daintiness will be yours.

Many ladies fear that a rapid decrease such as that which Antipon brings about will produce wrinkles and furrows. Starving and drugging certainly do so; how could it be other-

wise? But Antipon has a very remarkable tonic effect on the skin, which, being freed from the congestion of the pores caused by the subcutaneous deposits of fatty matter, becomes healthily active, carrying away the impurities from the blood which would otherwise cause all sorts of blemishes. The skin is, in a manner of speaking, braced up by Antipon, so that, whatever the decrease may be, wrinkles, furrows, or puffiness are out of the question. The complexion regains the roseate hues of youth and health.

By the admirable tonic effect of Antipon on the digestive system, whereby appetite is rendered keen and the assimilative system perfected, all the starving treatments of reducing obesity stand self-condemned. Properly digested food is as essential to life as are light and air. Health and beauty are impossible without it. During the Antipon treatment and after the course, short or long, is completed, the subject is being constantly kept up to "concert pitch"—the harmony of health and strength—by ample nourishment. It is to a certain extent a process of reconstruction, and the fortunate person who has consistently gone through the Antipon course feels quite

a different being, light and bright, with the proud satisfaction of possessing the distinction of daintiness.

The decrease within a day and a night of first dose ranges from 8 oz. to 3 lb., in accordance with the quantity of overweight.

Antipon is an agreeable, tart, and refreshing liquid, which contains only harmless vegetable substances, and is never unpleasant in its after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on sending remittance), privately packed, carriage paid, direct from the Antipon Co., Olmar Street, London, S.E.



### WHISPERED COMMENTS

He: "She has certainly got tremendously stout since last I heard her sing."  
She: "Yes, indeed. She should take Antipon for a few weeks. It's a marvellous treatment."



## FOOT'S BED-TABLE.

The  
Adapta.

(PATENTED)



Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading desk, simply press a button at the top of the standard. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Car Table, etc.

ing Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Car Table, etc.

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top £1 7 6

No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray, and Automatic Bookholders (as illustrated) £1 15 0

No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but superior finish £2 5 0

No. 4.—Complete as No. 2, but Nickel Plated and Polished Metal Parts £3 3 0

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

Write for Booklet A 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 24),  
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

## HAVE YOU ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

Eczema, Ringworm, Bad Legs, Pimples, Rashes, and Eruptions Quickly and Permanently Cured.

There are no troubles so annoying, worrying, irritating, and humiliating as skin ailments. If you suffer from any skin affection, even though it be slight, you know this only too well. We do not want to remind you of the fact, but to tell you how to gain immediate relief and complete cure.

Do you personally suffer from any form of skin illness? Are you worried, irritated, or disfigured by any breaking out, rash, or blemish in any part of your body? Have you been to doctors and



Use Antexema and be quickly rid of your skin trouble.

hospitals, and failed to get cured? Have you tried various so-called remedies and found them useless? If so, note the fact that Antexema cures every form of skin trouble, whether it be eczema in any of its numerous forms, psoriasis, ringworm, or any of the slighter skin ailments. When you commence using Antexema you are commencing the one treatment you can be perfectly confident will cure you and render your skin clear and spotless.

Skin trouble may be easily prevented, as one or two applications of Antexema in the early stage of any such complaint will arrest its progress, and in a day or two there is not a vestige of anything having been wrong. Never use useless ointments, because as surely as you do your trouble will steadily develop. The spot or pimple will become mattery; it will break, spread, and become chronic. Be wise and start with Antexema immediately, and your skin will soon be freed from all blemish. Antexema cannot fail to cure you, for it has already cured thousands of worse sufferers.

Every chemist, pharmacist and store, including Boots', Taylor's, Lewis & Burrows, and all cash chemists, supply Antexema at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. Also everywhere in India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe. There is no better proof of certainty that Antexema will cure you than our willingness that you should try it at our expense. Fill in coupon or write mentioning THE QUIVER and enclose three penny stamps for family hand-book, "Skin Troubles," and we will also forward a generous Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.—The Antexema Company, 23, Castle Road, London, N.W.

### ANTEXEMA COUPON

Name.....

Address.....

**Antexema**  
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

THE QUIVER, Oct., 1906

## WILDSPUR Embroidery Thread

(BRITISH MADE)

Whether novice or expert it is useless attempting to do any form of fancy work unless the greatest care is taken in the selection of the thread to work with.

"Wildspur" with its choice colourings and lustrous finish, makes the difference between the ordinary and the strikingly effective.

Send for a free testing sample and a copy of the  
"Wildspur Way,"  
the most instructive and interesting booklet.

COPLEY, MARSHALL  
& CO., Ltd.,  
Newmill,  
Huddersfield.



## BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

*Meta Nys* (Utrecht), *Hettie Joubert* (Stellenbosch), and *Viola de Villiers* (Paarl) are Companions whose handwriting I know very well and am always glad to see. I do wish there were space to give extracts from their long letters. Hettie has gone to boarding-school, and has four very jolly room-mates. They have lots of fun.

Meta was to spend two months in Durban, and expected to have a happy time. Viola has been telling me all about the Union Parliament in which English people at home have been deeply interested, and about Lord Gladstone. One of Viola's hobbies is gardening.

And now I have only room to thank the following Companions for letters and cards and loving greetings: *Madge Wood* (Oundle); *Dora Brogdale* (Saltwood); *Maggie Gillespie* (Airdrie); *Margaret Farbridge* (Japan); *Vera Black* (Dundee); *Helen Donald* (Glasgow); *Ida Jones* (Cardiff); *Hilda Wilson* (Macduff); *Alick Duncan* (Pollokshields); *Kitty Miller* (Perth); *Winifred Wicks* (Manchester); *Phyllis Brissenden* (Folkestone); *Clarice Hilton* (Southport); *Molly*

*Bompas* (Eastbourne); *Gladys Richards* (Burton-on-Trent); *Isabel Young* (Sythampton); *Jean Best* (Aberdeen); *Ralph Hill* (Uppingham); *Evangeline Steel* (Nelson); *Madge Brierley* (Blackpool); *Frances Boston* (Bebington); *Marjorie Hayward* (Coventry); *Hugh Goody* (Wimbledon); *Isabel Taylor* (Invershin); *Winifred Topliss* (Louth); *Bessie Lipson* (Nazeing); *Phyllis Cartwright* (Droitwich); *Freddie Pritchard* (Wimbledon); *Adelaide Harris* (Utttoxeter); *Dorothy Cropper* (Chepstow); *Nora Goble* and *Catherine* and *Doris Amos* (Lydd), and others—this is a lengthy list, already.

Your letters are a constant delight. Please send me more, and get all the new members for our Companionship that you are able.

Let me wish "A Very Happy Term" to all our schoolboys and schoolgirls, and joy to you all.

Your friend,

*Alison.*

To become a member of the Corner, the reader should fill in the coupon which will be found in the advertisement section, and send it in as directed. This membership admits to all competitions, etc



## FROM A CARRIAGE WINDOW

By EMILY HUNTLEY

WITH a loud whistle and the rumble of fast-turning wheels the express train darted on its way like a living black monster, leaving a trail of smoke among the cornfields and woods. At the noise, little baby rabbits ran frightened to their homes, but wise old mothers just sat still among the grass and blinked; they had seen that monster pass a hundred times, and knew that with all its noise and smoke it never moved from those shining lines to devour even one timid baby; now a man with a dog and a stick that went "Crack, crack!" was really something to be afraid of.

The meek brown cattle and the quiet sheep went on with their chewing, and all the winged things of the fields kept up their happy song. Even the shy squirrels sat still on the high pine branches and nibbled their nuts, or frisked along to say to the cooing

doves, "Keep still, my dears, it's only an express."

Inside the carriages, the passengers slept, or ate, or read through dreary newspapers; now and then a face turned to the window to watch as the river glided out of sight like a shining serpent, and the little white houses ran by with cornfields and woods in their train. But soon even the children grew tired of trying to count the sheep and horses like an endless Noah's ark, and only now and then could they catch the flick of a rabbit's tail or the gleam of a pheasant's neck; I do not think one of them saw the the harvest mice that blinked, or the bright eyes that peeped among the poppies, and only a little boy called Jack saw the squirrels cracking nuts among the pines. All at once a loud whistle and a sense of all the gliding things growing still, then a jerk, and the

## THE QUIVER

express stood panting a little with surprise to find itself among the quiet growing things and the silent trees. There was a grumbling among the passengers, and a few heads out of the windows looking towards the place where the tired engine driver leaned out to see the buttercups; then back again to the newspapers, or just a minute's glance at the starry flowers that nodded among the bracken above the bank.

But Jack knew exactly why the train had stopped just there, for right in front of his window he had spied a quiver in a little heap of hay, cut down by some watchman who lived in a hut, and he knew there was a wonder to follow.

Sure enough a brown head popped out, then a round speckled body; and with a startled "Cluck, cluck! bless me, children, whatever's this?" a partridge mother fluttered out, partly running, partly flying, calling all the while "Come away! there's danger here!" Of course she had sat hundreds of times as the express darted by, but that was very different from this great still monster, with hundreds of window eyes looking right at her! How could she tell that only one little boy caught the quiver of the hay, and only he counted, as no fewer than ten fluffy, plump chicks ran out and scattered, then gathered in a long wavy line, winding in and out, following mother?

Just as the last speckled baby reached the cover of the bracken clump there was a whistle and a bang, and the great train clattered on its way, as though to say "We have wasted too much time!" The passengers said "That's better!" as speed got up again; but Jack stood by the window straining his eyes till he grew dizzy with the swiftly-running green banks, longing to see another brown mother and her brood. Then he settled into a corner and shut his eyes, and the kind sleep-fairies came to him and showed him the partridges at home.

I could not tell you all he saw and heard, for nobody can ever really tell the fairies' secrets. But there were some things that seemed to come out of his natural history

book, and Jack never forgot them. First he saw a place so cool and green, with flecks of light shining through, that it might have been a mermaid's palace under the waves; but when Jack spied a little brown mother with widespread wings covering something that seemed very precious, he knew it was the world of the green corn where the partridge babies are born.

Again he peeped, and this time it seemed to him that bits of the brown earth itself had come alive and were running through the corn stalks and away to the thick meadows where the grasshoppers jump and the beetles make dainty bites for hungry babies. How proud the partridge mother was to see the little legs growing strong and quick to follow her "Cluck, cluck!"

Then it was morning light and time for the dust bath, and ten little bodies fluttered like mother in the dusty hollow of the road; but when the farmer's cart came that way there was little mother limping along with a draggled wing just to make believe it was broken and give time for her babies to scuttle away. Jack clapped his hands for joy when, with a loud clatter, the brave little bird flew to join her family in the hedge.

Again he saw the cornfields all bare and the last sheaf gathered in; but the partridges had found new cover where the curled bracken turns gold on the hillside, and there were ripe bilberries and all the creeping things that live among the heather for food. And in the evening time Jack watched as the brown folk came again to the bare cornfields, where their sharp eyes could see the seeds scattered from the sheaves, and share an evening meal with the harvest mice and the dormice and all the creatures that feed in the dusk.

Just then there was a bang which Jack thought was the crack of a sportsman's gun, but which was really the jerk of the stopping train. And when Jack met his cousins, the chief thing he had to tell them was the story of the partridge babies which he had seen from the carriage window.

# SPECIAL HEALTH SUPPLEMENT



Containing full particulars of an important arrangement secured for "The Quiver" readers and their friends to personally investigate, without cost, the famous Sandow Treatment, by which members of Royalty,

the nobility, the aristocracy, the medical faculty, and many thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world have been cured of illnesses entirely without medicine.

**Every copy of the October number of "The Quiver" contains this Supplement, and every Supplement contains Special "Quiver" Forms by which no less than 24 people may obtain the advantages attached to this offer.**

*There is on our part our obligation of any sort attaching to the use of the forms in the following pages, as they have been printed by special arrangement to make the Sandow Treatment even better known to "The Quiver" readers than it is at present.*

**Readers are specially invited, after filling in and forwarding to Mr. Eugen Sandow the coupon which meets their own case, to give the remaining coupons to their friends, to whom the knowledge of the wonderful avenue to perfect health would be useful.**

**T**HE name of Eugen Sandow is known throughout the world as that of a man who has devoted his lifetime to the health improvement and physical betterment of the British Nation. He is the founder of a remarkable treatment for the medicineless cure of illness, which has often been noticed in the pages of THE QUIVER, and which has brought about such astonishingly successful health results that the most eminent medical men testify to its wonderful efficacy.

This Supplement contains a more important offer in connection with the Sandow System than has hitherto been published in the pages of any magazine, and is of particular interest to readers who are suffering ill-health, or have relatives or friends thus afflicted, because not

only can the reader and friends secure, without cost, an illustrated book showing just how the treatment is applied in such a condition as their own, but every form carries with it the advantage of a personal letter of opinion upon the inquirer's own case, if full particulars are given of the individual's present health condition.

The marvellous success with which the Sandow Treatment has met is due to the fact that it is a natural treatment in which drugs or irksome dietary play no part, and that in the majority of instances it can be taken at home, and also to its world-wide reputation as the most certain curative treatment ever discovered—a reputation built up of results always gratifying to sufferers, and in many instances so

## THE QUIVER



Photo: Central News.

**MR. H. LABOUCHERE,** Proprietor of the well-known newspaper and exposé of sham, "Truth," which, after a full investigation of the Sandow Treatment, vouched for the fact that it cured 94 persons in every 100 of their illnesses, and gave substantial relief to 99 out of every 100 persons.

by this treatment, and in no instance have the findings been otherwise than highly satisfactory.

The treatment is one of simple scientific exercises, the movements of which are so easy and gentle that they can be made without effort, without causing fatigue,

surprising as to appear well-nigh incredible.

Many investigations have been made by well-known newspapers and medical men of the claims advanced for and the results secured

closest attention being paid to the age, constitution, and condition of the sufferer, who consequently receives just the exercises which are known from experience to



THE SANDOW INSTITUTE.

32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., the world's headquarters of Curing Illness without Medicine, from whence advice is daily given to callers and by post to hundreds of inquirers in all parts of the globe.



A REDUCED FACSIMILE of "Truth's" report on the Sandow Treatment of illness without medicine, by its special investigator, issued in the interests of the public, and fully authenticating the claims made for this marvellous form of cure.

give the greatest benefit.

Twenty-four illustrated books have been produced by Mr. Sandow, each dealing with one of the illnesses or conditions which this treatment has proved so successful in curing. In the following pages will be found the titles of the books and twenty-four coupons, each of which entitles the sender to a copy of the book



**MR. EUGEN SANDOW,** the founder of the natural treatment for the medicineless cure of illness which has secured highly successful results such as cannot be claimed for any other form of treatment.

SPECIMEN COUPON	
THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY OF THE BOOK REQUIRED AND FREE OF CHARGE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD BY MR. EUGEN SANDOW'S METHOD.	
Name	James Brown
Address	15 White Street Green Park Manchester
IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.	
ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 32 ST. JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.	

This specimen coupon shows all that it is necessary to do to secure a copy of any of these books. Fill in your own name and address on the coupon relating to the particular book desired in the space where "James Brown, of White Street, Manchester," is filled in on this specimen. Then post the coupon with your name and address to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.



REDUCED FACSIMILE of the first book in the Sandow Health Library, which consists of 24 illustrated volumes, for copies of any one of which every reader is invited to make application.

and without fear of strain by the frailest woman suffering severe illness equally with the strongest man who is temporarily out of condition. For every patient a separate course of individual treatment is prescribed after his or her illness has been thoroughly considered, the

to which it relates. It is only necessary to fill in the coupon for the book required, cut it out, and post it to Mr. Eugen Sandow, at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W. The book and a letter containing a personal opinion on the inquirer's case will be sent as nearly by return of post as possible.

THE TITLES OF THE BOOKS, AND FORMS TO OBTAIN SAME, WILL BE FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.



## SPECIAL HEALTH SUPPLEMENT

### The Sandow Health Library

the vols. of which are Free to our Readers

THE great danger of **INDIGESTION**, the cure of which is explained in (Vol. 1), arises from the fact that it is a complaint which, because it is endured more or less by all, leads sufferers to ignore its early symptoms in the belief that they will disappear of their own accord. This is the greatest mistake that can be made. By slow degrees the complaint tightens its grip upon its victims, sapping their energies, and decreasing their abilities. Work is shorn of its attraction; pleasure affords no enjoyment, and life becomes a burden. Yet the complaint yields readily to the Sandow Treatment, as is fully explained in this book.



Digestion commences immediately food enters the mouth.

(Vol. 2) is another common ailment, numbering its sufferers by hundreds of thousands. Neglect of it is certain to lead to serious illness, even endangering life itself. Unless the system is cleared of the poison, the direct consequences are to be anticipated. How they can be escaped and the sufferer's health restored, is made clear in Mr. Sandow's book, which deals with this all-too-prevalent trouble.



One of the many distressing symptoms of indigestion is that the stomach revolts at the mere sight of food.

No one can suffer from

(Vol. 3) and remain long unaware of the fact, and the man or woman who is thus afflicted hardly needs to be told how urgent is the necessity for prompt attention. He or she will be more interested to learn that scientific exercise, as prescribed by Mr. Sandow, provides the surest treatment for liver complaints, as has been demonstrated in thousands of cases. A copy of the book which deals with liver troubles in their different aspects will point out just how and why relief may be secured, and cure eventually effected, if the advice given is followed.



Showing how the nervous man is transformed into a healthy, upright vigorous being by a course of Sandow Treatment.

(Vol. 4 and Vol. 5 respectively) are dealt with in separate books, because they affect the sexes in totally different ways, although their results are similar. There are, unfortunately, few amongst us who are not affected by "nerves" in a greater or lesser degree, a condition which not only depreciates

#### THE QUIVER

##### Vol. 1. INDIGESTION

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET, LONDON, S.W.

#### THE QUIVER

##### Vol. 2. CONSTIPATION

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET, LONDON, S.W.

#### THE QUIVER

##### Vol. 3. LIVER TROUBLES

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET, LONDON, S.W.

#### THE QUIVER

##### Vol. 4. NERVOUS DISORDERS IN MEN

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Rev., or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET, LONDON, S.W.



## THE QUIVER

individual confidence and effort in work, but robs life of its joys.

In these books Mr. Sandow calls attention to the prevalent and highly dangerous habit of self-drugging. His warnings must not be lightly regarded, for he speaks from the experience of daily contact with men and women whom he has practically saved from physical ruin. From veritable nervous wrecks, unsound in body and mind, he has transformed them into bright and vigorous beings. Should you be a sufferer there is every reason why complete recovery should be made in your case.

It is also because of the decidedly different manner in which men and women are affected by that unsightly complaint

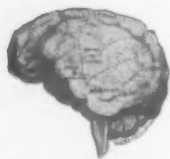
**OBESITY** (Vol. 6 for Men, Vol. 7 for Women) that Mr. Sandow provides a book for each sex. Woman's physical construction is so different from man's that the results of obesity are in her case even more dangerous. As regards a man, too much fat hampers his activities, and encourages such



In the book, "Obesity in Women," ladies are shown how they may secure permanent relief from this disfiguring affliction.

complaints as rheumatism, gout, and Bright's disease, indigestion, stomach dilatation, enlargement of the heart, and disorders of the liver. In the case of woman, stoutness affects her both mentally and physically. Of the many forms of flesh-reducing treatment there is only one natural treatment—Sandow's. Without drugs, without interference with the daily routine of life, without unpleasant diet restrictions, Sandow's Scientific Exercise, gentle and pleasant in application, certain and permanent in effect, restores and keeps the body to its normal condition. Of this ample testimony is found in the reports, published in these books, from patients who have taken treatment.

If it is **HEART AFFECTION** (Vol. 8) which gives trouble, Mr. Sandow's



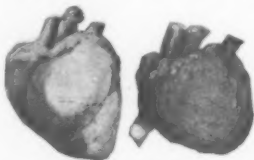
One of numerous interesting illustrations in "Nervous Disorders in Women." It shows the different areas of the brain which control different parts of the body.



Photographs of a man before and after treatment for obesity.

As regards a man, too much fat hampers his activities, and encourages such complaints as rheumatism, gout, and Bright's disease, indigestion, stomach dilatation, enlargement of the heart, and disorders of the liver.

In the case of woman, stoutness affects her both mentally and physically. Of the many forms of flesh-reducing treatment there is only one natural treatment—Sandow's. Without drugs, without interference with the daily routine of life, without unpleasant diet



A healthy heart and an enlarged heart. Sandow's Treatment is eminently suitable for cases of heart affection.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY ( Gratis and Post Free to any part of the world ) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 5. NERVOUS DISORDERS IN WOMEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 5<sup>th</sup> JAMES' STREET LONDON . S W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY ( Gratis and Post Free to any part of the world ) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 6. OBESITY IN MEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Rev., or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 5<sup>th</sup> JAMES' STREET LONDON . S W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY ( Gratis and Post Free to any part of the world ) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 7. OBESITY IN WOMEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 5<sup>th</sup> JAMES' STREET LONDON . S W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY ( Gratis and Post Free to any part of the world ) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 8. HEART AFFECTIONS**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 5<sup>th</sup> JAMES' STREET LONDON . S W.

## SPECIAL HEALTH SUPPLEMENT

book is well worth writing for. You can read therein of large numbers of the medical profession who recommend their patients suffering from various heart troubles to seek Mr. Sandow's advice and treatment. You can read therein that which



The lungs are strengthened and their capacity enlarged. The quantity of air used by the average person per breath is 230 cubic inches, whereas 300 cubic inches should be used by the average healthy individual.

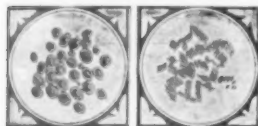
will give every confidence—reports from many patients who have been benefited beyond expectation when suffering from palpitation, dilatation, enlargement, valvular injury, etc.

Asthma, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Emphysema, Hay Fever, and other

(Vol. 9) are relieved and cured by this system. Applicants for the book on this subject will find much useful and interesting information, and may gather hope that, no matter how bad their case may be, the Sandow Treatment will give them the relief they desire.

Martyrs to GOUT AND RHEUMATISM (Vol. 10), hopeless, perhaps, because no treatment has benefited them, can find hope in Mr. Sandow's book on these complaints. The Sandow Treatment, by a happy combination of the required exercises, clears the poison from the blood,

and prevents its re-accumulation. Age is no barrier to the possibilities of a cure, for the treatment is gentle and graduated, being prescribed with due regard to the age and constitution of each sufferer.



Blood in a healthy and unhealthy condition, in which latter state it prevails in sufferers from Anæmia.

ANÆMIA (Vol. 11) is a condition which Sandow's Treatment has proved highly successful in curing. There is not a single sufferer who would not be benefited by it almost immediately, for scientific exercise enriches the quality of the blood by increasing the life-giving red corpuscles, enlarges the scope of its circulation, and makes it more thorough and uniform. Women who suffer should secure this book, which will direct their steps upon the road to more perfect health than they have probably ever known.

In his book on KIDNEY DISORDERS (Vol. 12) Mr. Sandow makes plain the urgency of immediate attention to kidney warnings—that feeling of being generally "out of sorts," more or less severe pains in the region of the small of the back, capricious appetite, etc. Such are the earlier stages, not necessarily alarming if taken in hand

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATE AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 9. LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS**

Name

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATE AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 10. RHEUMATISM AND GOUT**

Name

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATE AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 11. ANÆMIA**

Name

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATE AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 12. KIDNEY DISORDERS**

Name

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

## THE QUIVER



"Physical Deformities in Men" shows how the treatment is applied in the cure of such disfigurements as wry neck, curved spine, flat chest, stooping shoulders, etc.

run is in taking advice, but often productive of serious consequences. His prescriptions of scientific exercise are specially directed to toning up the nerves and improving the circulation of the blood when it has become sluggish; and all who are interested are invited either to call personally at the Sandow Institute, when the best possible treatment can be carefully reasoned out, or write for Vol. 13.

at once, though weakening because they interfere with the natural efficiency of the other organs, and by lowering the resisting power of the body render the sufferer an easy victim to disease. All call for attention, and it is necessary that the slightest symptom should be dealt with promptly, so as to avoid the possibility of serious development.

As Mr. Sandow points out, the great danger sufferers from LACK OF VIGOUR (Vol. 13) well meant, no doubt,



A case of posterior spinal curvature cured by the Sandow Treatment.

The most common of

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES (Vol. 14) are spinal curvature, round shoulders, prominent shoulder blades, stooping, flat chest, narrow chest, and wry neck, and where any one of these is in evidence the sufferer will learn how he or she may be cured by writing for Mr. Sandow's book.

The young woman is the object of Mr. Sandow's particular consideration



Before and after treatment. A curved spine in a woman adjusted to its natural position.

(Vol. 15), and where she suffers from any skeletal defect, such as spinal curvature, abnormal position of the hips, round shoulders, misformed or contracted chest, etc., he urges upon her the importance of seeking a cure without a moment's delay.

Although a minor affliction,

(Vol. 16), productive of stuttering or stammering, cause a deal of inconvenience, and it behoves everyone labouring under the misfortune of impediment of speech to have the



Defects in speech yield readily to the Sandow Treatment.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 13. LACK OF VIGOUR**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please say whether Mr., Rev., or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES'S STREET LONDON W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 14. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please say whether Mr., Rev., or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES'S STREET LONDON W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 15. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please say whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES'S STREET LONDON W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 16. FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS IN SPEECH**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST JAMES'S STREET LONDON W.

## SPECIAL HEALTH SUPPLEMENT

trouble adjusted at the earliest possible moment. As a first step, application may be made for this book, which will show the sufferer the importance of correct breathing in its relation to perfect speech.

"What are **CIRCULATORY DISORDERS**" (Vol. 17), I hear readers ask, for one may be suffering some form of them in ignorance. Their causes are many, including weak heart action, unusually small arteries, changes in the coats of arteries rendering them elastic, poor nerve control over the blood vessels, varicose veins, etc.; but it does not matter which of these causes may be present, the Sandow Treatment removes all of them.

There is nothing more distressing than facial disfigurement resulting from **SKIN DISORDERS** (Vol. 18). The only method by which they can be permanently cured, bringing back beauty to the face and regaining good health, is to first purify the blood by improving the digestion, at the same time stimulating the tissues to discharge

the super-accumulation of waste which has been poisoning the blood and inflaming the skin, which is exactly what the Sandow Treatment does.

It is hardly necessary to dwell here on the advantages which the sturdy, healthy, well-set-up man has over his less fortunate fellow-creatures in all all know that it is the wall. Nothing but scientific (Vol. 19) will build up the perfect man. It is a mistake to think that physical culture merely means the development of big arms and shoulders, the rest of the body being all out of proportion. It may be that some systems have this result, but the Sandow system produces perfect physical proportion, no part being over- or under-developed.

By the never-really-ill, never-really-well man or woman Mr. Sandow's book on

**EVERYDAY HEALTH** (Vol. 20) will be received with the keenest interest. It shows how by the Sandow Treatment, on which it is only necessary to spend a few minutes daily, anyone can keep always in a condition of perfect health—the most valuable asset man or woman can possess.

To parents Mr. Sandow directs his book on



A full explanation of this diagram of the circulatory system will be found in the book on "Circulatory Disorders," together with other interesting illustrations.



Showing the effects of exercise specially directed to development of the back, shoulders, and arms.



Sandow's Treatment speedily restores the individual who is always ailing and out of condition to a state of perfect health.

**THE QUIVER**

**Vol. 17. CIRCULATORY DISORDERS**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

**Vol. 18. SKIN DISORDERS**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

**Vol. 19. PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT FOR MEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Rev., or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

**Vol. 20. EVERYDAY HEALTH**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR. SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 52 ST. JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

## THE QUIVER



Illustrations showing how a feeble, fragile boy is built into a strong, sound, healthy youth.

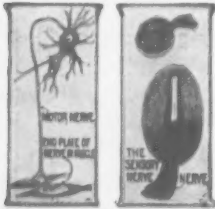
**BOYS' AND GIRLS' ADULTMENTS** (Vol. 21), and everyone who has charge of children will find in it a wealth of invaluable information which, if followed, may be the means of saving much worry, which is the unhappy lot of those whose children are sickly and ailing.

Mr. Sandow's little book on

**FIGURE CULTURE** (Vol. 22) tells what a great mistake it is to think that scientific exercise produces large, hard muscles. The Sandow Treatment, by building up the body where it is required and reducing superfluous flesh, gives that natural roundness of parts which is the whole beauty of the ideal feminine figure.

**INSOMNIA** (Vol. 23) is one of the most trying and serious complaints, and the only hope of a permanent cure lies in scientific physical exercise, applied with the most careful consideration of the condition of the sufferer.

From **NEURASTHENIA** (Vol. 24) spring several serious nervous diseases, such as aphasia, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, neuritis, functional paralysis, and weakness of the spinal column. What is man or woman to do to escape its influences? What are the possibilities of a cure being brought about? The answers to these queries are given in the book for which every sufferer will naturally write.



The motor and sensory nerves which are affected in neurasthenic individuals.

All who suffer ill-health or lack of condition are invited to either call at the Sandow Institute and discuss the suitability of scientific exercise treatment in their cases, or to write for a gratis copy of any one of the before-described booklets which deals with their complaint or physical requirement, without any obligation to adopt the treatment. The descriptions and coupons entitling to copies of the other volumes of this Health Library may be kept and handed to friends for their use. Address **EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.**



Women quickly acquire beautiful figures by following the Sandow Treatment, as these photographs show.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 21. BOYS' AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 32 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 22. FIGURE CULTURE FOR WOMEN**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 32 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 23. INSOMNIA**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 32 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.

**THE QUIVER**

THE FILLING IN AND FORWARDING OF THIS FORM ENTITLES THE APPLICANT TO A COPY (GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD) OF MR EUGEN SANDOW'S BOOK ON

**Vol. 24. NEURASTHENIA**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

IF THIS FORM IS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETTER GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF APPLICANT'S ILLNESS OR PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS THE BOOKLET WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIAL LETTER OF ADVICE AS TO THE SUITABILITY OF THE CASE FOR TREATMENT BY MR SANDOW'S METHOD.

ADDRESS TO MR EUGEN SANDOW, 32 ST JAMES' STREET LONDON, S.W.



GOLD MEDAL



## RECENT INSTALLATIONS

Compton Place, Eastbourne  
Chatsworth, Derby  
Hawarden, Derby  
Eaton Hall, Cheshire  
Bayham Abbey  
Eridge Castle, Sussex  
Ripley Castle, Yorks.  
Boden Hall, Cheshire  
Townley Hall, Drogheda  
Ardlert Abbey, Kerry  
Peek, Frean & Co, Ltd.,  
London

Pilkington Bros., Ltd.,  
St. Helens  
Dorman, Long & Co., Ltd.,  
Middlesbrough  
Sir J. Farmer & Sons, Ltd.,  
Salford  
General Post Office Cable Dept.  
Crossley Bros., Gorton  
Keen, Robinson & Co.  
Messrs. Protheroe & Morris  
National Gas Engine Co.  
Chance Bros., Birmingham

St. Helens Collieries  
Atherton Collieries  
Wharnccliffe Collieries  
Times Mill Co., Middleton  
Autograph Co., London  
W. N. Froy & Sons, Ltd.  
Commercial Gas Co.  
Baylis, Jones & Baylis  
Dr. Barnardo's Homes  
Royal College of Surgeons  
Messrs. Allen & Hurbury's  
Apollinaris Co.  
National Provincial Bank of  
England  
Messrs. Coutts & Co.  
Morning Post  
Graphic  
Great Eastern Railway  
Atlantic Transport Co.,  
Ltd.  
Booth Steamship Co.  
Aberdeen " "  
Allan " "  
Western Telegraph Co.  
Central & South American  
Telegraph Co.  
Commercial Cable Co.  
John Walker & Sons  
(Distillers)  
Manchester Corporation  
Electricity Works  
Newcastle Electricity  
Supply Co.  
Newcastle & District  
Electric Co.  
City of Birmingham Elec-  
tricity Supply Co., Ltd.  
Cleveland & Durham Elec-  
tricity Supply Co., Ltd.  
Bristol Electricity Supply  
Co., Ltd.  
Sunderland Electricity  
Supply Co., Ltd.  
Darwen Electrical Works  
Derby Electrical Works  
Chelsea Electric Supply  
Co., Ltd.  
Preston Electricity Works  
Stockport " "  
Eastbourne " "



THE HOUSE,  
OFFICE, AND  
WORKS TUBE.

**WHAT  
KILLED THE  
FIRE?**



**"KYL-FYRE" THE FIRE  
EXTINGUISHER**

Let us send you full particulars Post  
Free, and you will be surprised at the  
number of Equipments and Testimonials.

COSTING 5/-



THE MOTOR CAR AND  
YACHT TUBE.

**Kyl-Fyre, Ltd., Eastbourne.** 7, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C., and  
92, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.



## Pensions for Men and Women

By PERCY AVERY

### OLD AGE

THE man or woman who is bent upon making a safe and certain provision for Old Age cannot do better than turn his or her attention to the attractive offers which are being made by some of the leading insurance offices. But in this direction great care must be taken in making a selection if the best results are to be obtained, otherwise a good deal of disappointment is sure to arise at some future time.

### PENSIONS FOR WOMEN

The majority of women who, for a livelihood, are dependent upon their own exertions, seldom require life insurance in the ordinary sense, and some of the offices, realising this, have come forward with excellent schemes. In one instance, as an example, a lady who, at the age of thirty, will definitely make up her mind to save £4 ros. every quarter for twenty-five years, and paying these sums regularly into the insurance office, will hold the absolute guarantee that when she attains the age of fifty-five, a certain life income of £50 a year will be hers. She has also the valuable option of drawing one sum of £690 in lieu of the income. Should she not attain the pension age, all the payments are returned to her friends, with or without interest as the case may be, and should she after a few years be unable to keep up the premiums, no loss is thereby sustained, as each payment made secures proportionate benefits at the age of fifty-five.

Every woman, therefore, who will bring herself to make some sacrifice in this direction, cannot do better than effect an investment of this kind.

### COMBINED FAMILY PROTECTION AND PENSIONS FOR MEN

Men mostly require, in addition to old age provision, protection for others in the event of premature death.

It is, of course, folly to rush blindly into the matter of life insurance, and accept the first offer which may be made. There is too much of this done already, with the inevitable result that the majority of people do not insure under anything like such favourable terms as they might, if only more care were given to selection.

There are something like eighty life offices who are eagerly seeking the annual savings

of the British public, each having an "axe to grind," and it will be readily understood it is no easy matter for a man to obtain the most favourable terms for the special class of policy he may require.

The tremendous financial strength of some of the offices fully justifies a continuance or even an increase of the splendid results which in some cases are being paid. A man of thirty can secure a policy of £500 to share in profits, for a half-yearly premium of about £9 os. 8d., the policy money being payable to himself at the age of sixty, or to his friends, should he die before that age. Taking one of the offices showing excellent results, the bonuses, which are added every five years, should amount to fully £360 by the time he reaches the age of 60, thus giving him a total of £860 for an investment, the total outlay of which cannot exceed £542, and even less than this if the premiums can be paid yearly instead of half-yearly. There is no other system of saving which can compete with this and at the same time provide insurance protection.

### ANNUITIES

Insurance officials say that persons who take out annuities usually live to a great age. This is hardly surprising when it is remembered, that once a sum of money is sunk, the only trouble experienced is to prove you are alive, which should not be difficult, and then to draw the half-yearly or quarterly income as the case may be.

### BETTER TERMS TO PERSONS IN FAILING HEALTH

Competition has made it possible for a person who is below the average state of health to secure terms far more favourable than the ordinary rate. The best income which can be obtained by a man of 60 in good health, with an English or Scotch office, in respect of £1,000 sunk, is £91 3s. 4d., and the worst £84 1s. 8d. An annuitant who at the outset will submit to medical examination, and is found to be below average health, can receive much better terms, and in some cases obtain twice or even three times the income provided under the ordinary rates. Intending annuitants should therefore be medically examined, and profit by their infirmities.

Readers may address enquiries to the Editor, marked "Insurance."



ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON,

Head Office of the Corporation.

## Endowment Assurance Policies OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

ARE SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO SECURE:—

- I. A profitable return upon savings put by at regular intervals.
- II. A provision for old age, and
- III. Maintenance for dependents, if the Investor should die prematurely.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED** under certain conditions.

\*.\* Life Annuities are granted upon specially favourable terms to persons who are in bad health. More than double the ordinary rates have sometimes been quoted.

The operations of the Corporation include Fire, Life, Sea, Accidents, Employers' Liability, Fidelity Guarantee, Motor Car, Plate Glass Insurance and Trustee and Executor Business.

Incorporated A.D. 1720.

Governor:  
Sir NEVILLE LUBBOCK,  
K.C.M.G.

Apply for full prospectus to the Secretary at the  
Head Office:  
ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

**Advantageous Assurances at all ages**  
may be effected with the Century old

## Norwich Union Life Office



This Boy  
will have an  
**EDUCATIONAL  
ANNUITY**  
of £100 from  
age fourteen to  
nineteen.



Age 25

In this case a  
**Half Premium  
Endowment**  
costs £23 6s. 8d. p.a.  
for first five years  
and £35 18s. 4d. p.a.  
for next 25 years.  
At age 55 insured  
draws £1,000, with  
added Bonuses.



Age 30

Pays £7 a year  
for 30 years, and  
at age 60 enjoys  
a Pension of £30  
a year for the  
rest of life, or  
takes  
£360 cash.



Age 45

Thinks of  
**ESTATE  
DUTIES**  
and pays  
£32 10s. 10d. a  
year to secure  
£1,000, payable  
at death.



Age 65

Deposits  
£500,  
and enjoys an  
**ANNUITY**  
of £52 5s. 5d.  
for remainder of  
life.

Write for particulars of the scheme most suited to your needs to

**Dept. Q, NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE, NORWICH.**



# Jacksons'

*famous*

10/6 BOOTS, 3/9 HATS,  
& 21/- MACS.

These have the "Jackson" quality—the best.

Jacksons' Hats are noted for their smart appearance, their perfect fit, and their durability.

One Price only, 3/9.

Jacksons' Boots are the most comfortable. They are stocked in half-sizes, and every foot can be properly fitted. They wear well and always keep their shape.

One Price only, 10/6.

Jacksons' Raincoats and Macs will keep out the rain. Cut in the latest style, and equal to made-to-measure coats that cost double the price.

21/- and 30/-.

Jacksons' Ltd. have over sixty branches. One of these is almost sure to be within easy reach of you. If not, write for Price Lists, etc., to JACKSONS' LTD., Victoria Works, Stockport, and your requirements will be supplied by post.



## SIX REASONS WHY babies thrive on Nestlé's Milk

1. **NATURAL FOOD.**—Milk is the natural food of infants. Nestlé's Milk is the purest milk with all its original cream, and nothing added but pure refined sugar.
2. **EASY TO DIGEST.**—Nestlé's Milk is easy to digest, and agrees better than fresh milk with children who are at all delicate.
3. **PURITY.**—Nestlé's Milk is guaranteed free from disease germs. It is not a patent preparation, but pure milk, unskimmed, uncoloured, undrugged, and unadulterated.
4. **STANDARD QUALITY.**—Unlike fresh milk, Nestlé's Milk always contains exactly the same proportion of cream.
5. **FLAVOUR.**—Babies like the deliciously rich and creamy flavour of Nestlé's Milk, and take to it at once.
6. **THE SIXTH** and many other reasons are given in booklet "Nestlé's Milk as a Food for Infants." Write for free copy.

Address, Nestlé's, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

# Nestlé's *condensed* Swiss Milk

*Richest in cream.*

*Best for every purpose.*

**Four Points**

**Zanetic Ink Paper**  
which, in conjunction with the  
**Zanetic Patent Writing Board**

Ensures the most Perfect Copies possible (in every way equal to the ink-written original), without any appreciable trouble.

The act of writing produces both copies with the minimum of trouble and expense.

A dozen sample sheets of Zanetic Post Free 1/1 anywhere, or send stamped envelope for Free Sample and Lists of Penduplicate and Copying Books to

**Q. ZANETIC,**  
13, Wellington Street, Leicester, England.

**SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL**  
FOR GREY HAIR.

**6d.**

SEEGER'S tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired, BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THOUSAND USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. SEEGER'S is permanent, washable, has no grease, does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle 2/- post free 2/6. Trial bottle post free 7d. Chemists and Stores everywhere.  
HUNNE LTD.,  
Finsbury, London.

**QUITE A GOOD THING** For the Table  
ASK FOR IT.

**HONEYCOMB MOULD**

Every Cook and Housekeeper will be pleased to hear of this Honeycomb Mould. A Jelly Top and Creamy Base. Self-separated in one operation. Rich as a cream and a sixth the cost.

3d. Packet makes 1½ Pints.

Here's Another Good Thing—"SUNSHINE"

The First and Most Economical

**CUSTARD POWDER**

6d. Tin makes 24 Pints.

# WOMAN'S



# CHARMS

Of Skin, Hands and Hair  
Preserved by

# CUTICURA

For preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands; for allaying minor irritations of the skin and scalp and imparting a velvety softness; for sanative cleansing and, in short, for every use in promoting skin and hair health, and bodily purity, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unsurpassed.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennox, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, a Guide to the Best Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

# Get well!

If you are suffering from Constipation, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney troubles, or are feeling generally out of sorts



a simple, safe and sure way of getting well is to take a few doses of

## Holloway's Pills



If I were really very ill,  
And asked to take the nicest pill,  
I fear I'd have to sadly frown,  
And say "I could not get it down."

**CARNA SALTS TABLETS** have come to the relief of those who dislike taking Pills. They can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee, cocoa, or hot water, and being tasteless, they will not spoil the flavour.

**CARNA SALTS TABLETS** are a purgative and a tonic—not a purgative. They purify the system but do not strain the organs.

**CARNA SALTS TABLETS** are especially good in cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Giddiness and Nervousness. They are absolutely harmless.

**CARNA SALTS TABLETS** are a Blood Purifier, and when it is remembered that the blood traverses every organ of the body, it will be seen that the benefits they confer must be priceless.

**CARNA SALTS TABLETS** give you a BRIGHT, BUOYANT FEELING.

IN BOXES, 1s. SAMPLE FREE for One Penny Stamp.

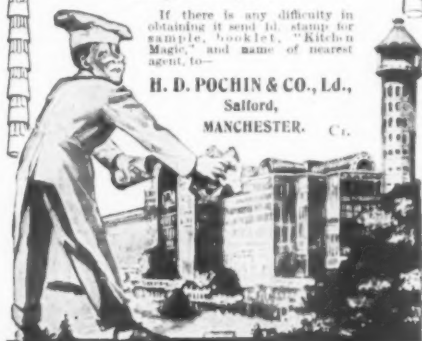
Of all Chemists, or of  
**CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., 110, Strand, LONDON, W.C.**

## PANSHINE KITCHEN MAGIC

Even the Crystal Palace would be bright and smart if it were cleaned with Panshine.

Panshine cleans and polishes all glass—windows, picture glasses, mirrors, and fine table glass—and it has a hundred and one uses in cleaning everything but clothing.

Sold in 1d., 3d., and 6d. economical droppers everywhere.



If there is any difficulty in obtaining it send 1d. stamp for sample, booklet, "Kitchen Magic," and name of nearest agent, to—

**H. D. POCHIN & CO., Ltd.,**  
Salford,  
MANCHESTER, C.

## Don't miss page xviii.

Will not turn black or rub off. Has been used for thirty years, and is **STILL THE BEST.**

## ARDENBRITE LIQUID GOLD.

for decorating Chairs, Frames, Fenders, Gas Brackets, Hot Water Radiators, Figures, Cornices.

Sample post free on request.  
**T. PAVITT & SONS, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.**

## Which?

YOU CANT HAVE BOTH.

Will you have a  
**NASTY HEADACHE**

OR A

**Dr. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE?**



Which cures HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, price ONE SHILLING, or direct, 14 stamps in the United Kingdom.

**TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.**



THE QUIVER

# Sozodont

and the  
Children's Teeth.

برای دندان

Most people who have bad teeth owe this defect to lack of care in their childhood.

If children are made to clean their teeth with Sozodont at least once a day—preferably twice—the teeth will be far less liable to decay and will look clean and white and be thoroughly useful well on into life.

Sozodont is a reliable antiseptic and prevents tartar deposit. It keeps the teeth sound and white.

Sozodont is in three forms—powder, liquid, and paste: each equally effective. Try the powder first; it meets the requirements of most people. In 6d. and 1s. sizes.

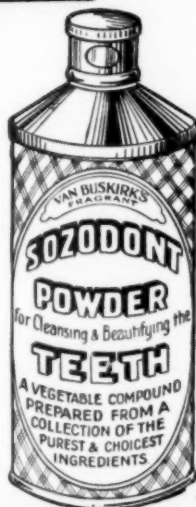
From Chemists, Druggists, and Stores.

Trial sample sent free on receipt of penny stamp to cover cost of postage.

HALL & RUCKEL,

LONDON: 24, Holborn, E.C. MANCHESTER: 111, Corporation Street.

A1



## BROWN BREAD made from the original REYNOLDS' WHEATMEAL

is the most nutritious cereal food. Recommended by specialists on diet and digestive bread. Choice wheat only is used in manufacture. Once tried never absent from your tea-table.

Sold everywhere by Bakers and Grocers.

Postal Address —

J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., 53, Flour Mills, Gloucester.



COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed) .....

Address .....



# DISEASED HIP

**YET ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE  
AFTER UNDERGOING THREE  
OPERATIONS WITHOUT SUCCESS.**

Mrs. Newman, of 14, Lennox Road, Finsbury Park, London, N., writes:—"I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but, owing to the great benefit my son has received from your Clarke's Blood Mixture, I feel it my duty to do so. My son suffered from Tubercular Right Hip, and was in and out of hospital for 18 months; he was so bad we were afraid we should lose him. After undergoing three operations, which did him no good, we decided to try your world-famed Clarke's Blood Mixture. After taking the first bottle we noticed an improvement in him, so we kept it up, and now we are glad to say he is quite cured, but for the shortness of his leg, which, in our opinion, would never have been if he had not gone through that terrible torture in Hospital. Everybody we meet marvels how he got well, and we are always glad to say it is your Clarke's Blood Mixture. You can make whatever use you like of this letter, and we are at the disposal of anybody who wishes to call about this wonderful cure."



MASTER NEWMAN  
(from a photo)

## Important to All.

Blood Mixture—that's why in thousands of cases of skin and blood diseases such as **Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Tumours, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.**, it has effected truly remarkable cures where all other treatments have failed.

For cleansing the blood of all impurities from whatever cause arising there is no other medicine just as good as Clarke's

*Clarke's Blood Mixture, which has over 50 years' reputation, is to-day in greater demand than ever, and the proprietors solicit all sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.*

## Clarke's Blood Mixture

*"Clarke's Blood Mixture is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."*

**HEALTH.**

*Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11/-, or post free on receipt of price direct from the Proprietors, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.*

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.**

**CURES ALL . . .  
SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES.**

# ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH LINEN

World Renowned for Quality and Value.

LINEN produced in our own Looms at Banbridge, Co. Down, is excellent in quality and reasonable in price.

## Irish Household Linen

Dinner Napkins, 1 by 1 yds.	5/6 doz.
Table Cloths, 21 by 3 yds.	5/11 each
Linen Sheets, 2 by 2 yds.	13/6 pair
Linen Sheets hemstitched, 2 by 3 yds.	15/11 do.
Linen Pillow Cases (trilled)	1/4 each

## Irish Handkerchiefs

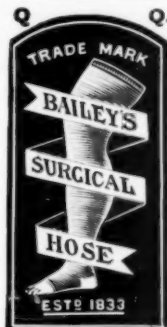
Ladies' Linen Hemstitched	2/11 doz.
Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched	5/3 do.

## Irish Underclothing

Newest Shapes in the Best Materials.  
Ladies' Fine Longcloth Nightdresses, from 1/11 each, trimmed Lace or Embroidery.  
Ladies' Knickers, trimmed Embroidery, 1/6 pair.  
Wedding Trousseau, Lingerie.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

**Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.**  
36, C. Donegall Place, BELFAST.



CATALOGUE FREE.

# TRUSSES, BELTS, and EVERY ARTICLE for SICK NURSING.

"Varix," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free two stamps.

**W. H. BAILEY & SON,**  
38, Oxford St., London.  
(City Branch, 52, Fore St., E.C.)

# INDIGESTION

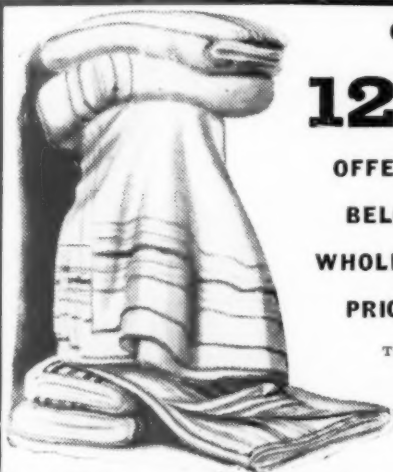
is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

## WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

## WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST AS GOOD."  
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1/6 per Box.



# GALAXY BARGAIN SALE CONTAINING

# 12 Blankets, 21/-

OFFERED  
BELOW  
WHOLESALE  
PRICES.



MONEY  
RETURNED  
IN FULL IF  
NOT FULLY  
SATISFIED.

The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount.

- 2 **SUPERB QUALITY CREAM BLANKETS**, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52 in. by 72 in., beautifully whipped with crimson.
- 2 **HOMESPUN HEATHER-COLOURED BLANKETS**, a most durable and useful blanket, 70-80 in. by 70 in., bordered.
- 2 **YORKSHIRE COMBINED WHITE TWILLED BLANKETS**, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished and edged, size 51 in. by 70 in.

# FREE



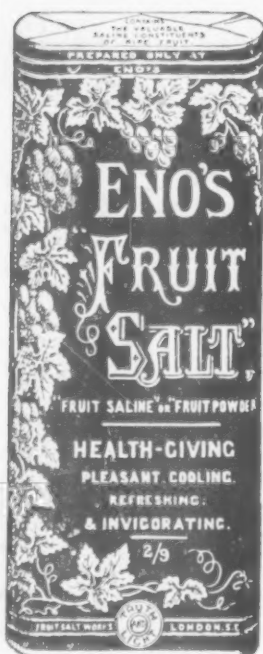
12 WHITE BEDROOM TOWELS  
GIVEN WITH EACH PARCEL.

- 2 **LARGE COLOURED SHETLAND BLANKETS**, very durable quality, soft, warm, and comfortable, full size, 45 in. by 65 in.
- 2 **WARM WOOLLEN BLANKETS**, soft. Twill make, splendid durable quality, size 52 in. by 54 in., weight 4 lbs. Very warm.
- 2 **CREAM-COLOURED WARM, FINE QUALITY CRIB BLANKETS**, soft as velvet, wash well, and beautiful finish, full size.

All orders executed in rotation as they arrive by post.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Bedsteads, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Dressing-tables, Curtains, &c., post free, if, when writing, you mention "The Quiver," LONDON.

**F. HODGSON & SONS, DEPT. Q. MANUFACTURERS, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**  
IMPORTERS AND MERCHANTS.



There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,'

THE OLD TIME EVER POPULAR HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation.  
Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking.  
Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison.  
Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse,  
And Feverish Conditions generally. It proves beneficial in the early Stages of Diarrhœa.

**CAUTION.**—Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.



TEA-  
TIME

is specially  
welcome if

**BORWICK'S  
BAKING POWDER**

has been used in making the Cakes,  
Tarts, and Pastry.  
Everything so light, digestible and appetizing!

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

**Campbell**  
The **PERTH  
DYE WORKS**

Costumes cleaned from 5-/-; Gent's Suits, 4-/-; or dyed the **WARM COLOURS** now seasonable. Also Gloves, Feathers, Hats, Curtains, and other Furnishings. Eiderdown Quilts re-covered. Furs remodelled.

**ROWLAND'S  
MACASSAR OIL  
FOR THE HAIR**

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes It.  
Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this fact. Golden Colour for Fair Hair.  
Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.

